From the collection of the

San Francisco, California
2006

Yours truly

Aunt Sue

# MERRY'S MUSEUM,

## PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, WOODWORTH'S CABINET,

AND

## THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

EDITED BY

ROBERT MERRY, HIRAM HATCHET, AND AUNT SUE.

VOLUMES XLIII. AND XLIV.

New York:
J. N. STEARNS, PUBLISHER,
No. 111 FULTON STREET.
1862.

# CONTENTS OF VOLUME XLIII.

**From January to June, 1862, inclusive.**


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Silver and Gold | 1 |
| The Maiden's Dream | 5 |
| The Snow-ball | 7 |
| Brother Towler | 8 |
| The Esquimaux | 13 |
| Little Florence's Curiosity | 14 |
| My Little Dog | 16 |
| Uncle Merry's New Idea | 17 |
| About Writing Compositions | 18 |
| A Sagacious Dog | 19 |
| Our Common Schools Forever | 19 |
| Sunday School Lessons for a Year | 20 |
| Why Have the Indians Disappeared? | 21 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 23 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 28 |
| The Happy Home | 32 |
| February Sports | 33 |
| Silver and Gold | 35 |
| The Robin Redbreast | 39 |
| The Ruined Villa | 40 |
| My Little Fairy | 41 |
| Little Florence's Curiosity | 42 |
| Armor | 46 |
| Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag | 47 |
| Nellie's New Dress | 48 |
| Sweet Morning | 52 |
| The Old Razor | 53 |
| The Village School | 54 |
| About Writing Compositions, No. 2 | 55 |
| A Sunday School-Teacher's Experiment | 56 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 57 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 61 |
| Giving a Party to a Tombstone | 65 |
| Robin in his Father's Boots | 68 |
| Arthur | 69 |
| Renny's Uniform | 70 |
| Brother and Sister | 73 |
| The Gushing Fountain | 74 |
| Silver and Gold | 75 |
| Our Portrait Gallery—The Hog | 79 |
| The Sugar Camp | 80 |
| A Finished Education | 82 |
| Who Wants $4 a Day? | 83 |
| About Writing Compositions, No. 3 | 84 |
| Manliness | 85 |
| A Merry Christmas without Presents | 86 |
| A Dear Little Man | 87 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 88 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 93 |
| April—Who's an April Fool? | 97 |
| Silver and Gold | 98 |
| Something about Bees | 102 |
| Renny's Uniform (concluded) | 105 |
| The New Kite | 108 |
| Giant Trees | 109 |
| The Great John Smith | 112 |
| Historical Enigma | 116 |
| Do You Know How to Read? | 117 |
| Manliness | 117 |
| Introductory Address for a School Exhibition | 118 |
| Feed My Lambs | 119 |
| Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag | 120 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 122 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 125 |
| A Story for Fannie | 129 |
| Silver and Gold | 130 |
| The Horn or Trumpet | 134 |
| The Morning Bouquet | 135 |
| Muffling the School Bell | 136 |
| Farewell to my Village Home | 139 |
| A May Song | 139 |
| My Pet Chicken | 140 |
| How to Live Long | 142 |
| The Blacksmith | 144 |
| Make a Geography | 145 |
| Be What You Seem | 146 |
| The Eagle | 147 |
| The Sociable Visitors | 149 |
| Maggie and her Newspaper | 150 |
| Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag | 151 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 153 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 157 |
| Shall We Sing in Heaven? | 160 |
| Silver and Gold | 161 |
| Musings | 166 |
| The Home Society | 167 |
| Birds of New York | 170 |
| A Lion in Love | 172 |
| Red, White, and Blue | 172 |
| The Crab | 173 |
| Flowers with Wings—Butterflies | 175 |
| Nervous Henrietta | 177 |
| Patience and Anagrams | 179 |
| Curiosities of Names | 181 |
| Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us | 182 |
| Helping to Build Nests | 184 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 186 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 190 |

# CONTENTS OF VOLUME XLIV.

**From July to December, 1862, inclusive.**


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Bessie's Fishing | 1 |
| Little Learners | 5 |
| The Boy Soldier | 6 |
| Memory's Pictures | 10 |
| The Three Rivulets | 11 |
| How to Live Long | 13 |
| Signs of the Zodiac | 15 |
| The Magic Glass | 16 |
| Silver and Gold | 19 |
| The Rhinoceros' Darling | 24 |
| Little Dandelion | 24 |
| The Crown Pigeon | 25 |
| Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag | 26 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 27 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 29 |
| Labyrinth | 32 |
| The Grateful Indian | 33 |
| Johnny Best | 35 |
| Silver and Gold | 37 |
| Twilight | 41 |
| Birds of New York | 42 |
| The Butcher Bird | 44 |
| Bessie's Fishing | 45 |
| April Showers | 47 |
| Alpine Peasants | 48 |
| Deaf, Dumb, and Blind | 49 |
| A Western Sketch | 50 |
| The Stormy Night | 51 |
| The Home Society | 52 |
| Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag | 56 |
| The Virgin's Tower | 58 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 59 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 62 |
| Marie and her Dove | 65 |
| Life's Better Moments | 66 |
| Silver and Gold | 67 |
| Treasures of Thought | 71 |
| The Cabbage Tree | 72 |
| Old Jowler | 73 |
| The Home Society | 75 |
| The Silly Boy | 80 |
| Anna Hathaway's Tales, No. 9 | 81 |
| Proverbs of the Billings Family | 85 |
| Damascus | 86 |
| Ned, the Learned Seal | 87 |
| Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag | 88 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 90 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 93 |
| Home Society | 97 |
| Silver and Gold | 101 |
| The Secretary Falcon | 105 |
| Our Pet Kitten | 106 |
| Suspension Bridge | 107 |
| The Noisy Trio | 108 |
| The Loaf amid the Rushes | 109 |
| Patience and Goodness Rewarded | 112 |
| The Stern Teacher | 113 |
| Aunt Friendly and her Little Musicians | 114 |
| Life | 115 |
| A Song for Jennie Jenkins | 115 |
| Miss Myrta's Troubles | 116 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 120 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 124 |
| The Union Song | 128 |
| A Land without a Storm | 128 |
| Just for Fun | 129 |
| Silver and Gold | 130 |
| Frederic and his Rabbits | 133 |
| Willie's Chat with his Rabbits | 134 |
| Remember the Poor | 135 |
| Zelma | 136 |
| About the Goat | 139 |
| A Plea for the Cat | 141 |
| Selfish Richard | 143 |
| Charlie and Meggie in Chestnut Time | 145 |
| Stand Like an Anvil | 149 |
| The Crane | 150 |
| The "Try Company" | 151 |
| Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag | 152 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 154 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 157 |
| Charlie and Meggie at Christmas | 161 |
| Mount Spirlingstein | 169 |
| Silver and Gold | 170 |
| Peace at the Cross | 174 |
| Work | 174 |
| Fishing—A Holiday Rhyme | 174 |
| The Little Old Man in the Corner | 175 |
| The Flight of Time | 177 |
| Rhymes for the Nursery | 178 |
| The Daughter's Gift | 179 |
| The Old Mill | 183 |
| Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends | 184 |
| Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer | 186 |

# SILVER AND GOLD;

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER I.

NATHAN AND GILBERT.

"I MUST get a stick," said Nathan to himself, with a smile, "I must get a stick and hang my bundle on it, as sailors do. That will make it seem as if I were going to seek my fortune; perhaps I am—who knows? It may be that I shall hear or see something while I am gone that will be as *good* as a fortune to me as I grow to be a man."

He slipped on his light summer jacket and went down stairs, to bid the family good-bye.

Nathan Morgan was a clerk in a store in a country town. He had received permission, the day before, from his employer, to pay a visit of a week to his father and mother, who lived about ten miles away. Very glad was Nathan of the opportunity, particu-

larly as he had not had a vacation before for nearly eight months. Nathan was scarcely fourteen years of age, but as his parents were poor, it had been found necessary, a year or two previous, to place him in a position to earn his own living, and accordingly he became the errand-boy of Mr. Reynolds, the principal merchant of the town. He lived in Mr. Reynolds' family, and in many respects had a comfortable home; yet the happiest moments the little exile knew were when, alone in his own room, he thought of the quiet old farm-house where he had spent his childhood; of his father and mother; of the wild tangled paths in the cool woods where he had so often wandered, with Spot, the watch-dog, walking sedately at his side; of the little pond on which he and his sister Majory had many a time gone rowing in the pleasant summer mornings, and of a dozen other beloved companions, some of them boys, but most of them farm-yard pets, such as Crook Horn, the cow, and Dove Eye and Flash Fire, the two mules.

Nathan was going to walk the ten miles that lay between him and his home; there was no other mode of accomplishing them, unless he hired a man to drive him in a wagon, and this Nathan was too poor to afford. The road was tolerably good, but rarely traveled on account of the numerous hills over which it passed. There was another—newer—road, winding around the foot of these hills, which was far more frequently used, although it made the distance much greater; but Nathan preferred the old one, as being more direct. He was young and strong, and he did not mind the hills, if he could save time by going that way. Every moment that could be spent among his friends was precious. Nathan had not been home, as I said before, for eight months. The winter had been severe, and the storms had been so constant, and the snow so deep, that the roads for a long time were impassable. When they ceased to be so, and the spring came, Mr. Reynolds was too busy to spare him, and it was not until the heat of summer arrived that Nathan, at last, found a vacation. He had received letters from home, however, that consoled him under his troubles, by giving what, to him, were delightful accounts of all that was going on at the farm. Sometimes, too, his father, when driving to the town on business, would fetch Nathan's mother, or little Majory, to the store to see him. On such occasions, Majory always brought a basket containing some small gift for "our Nathan," such as a home-made cake, or a pair of stockings or mittens, knit by her own industrious fingers, or a country cheese made of soured milk and sweetened with fresh cream. Majory knew what was good, I can tell you!

Nathan had often walked these ten miles before. He was perfectly acquainted with the road, but it seemed to him to-day as if the distance were longer than usual, so great was his anxiety to get to his journey's end. He did not stop once to rest, but walked on fast, alternately singing and whistling to keep up his spirits.

At length, from the top of the last hill, he caught a glimpse of the house. How beautiful it looked! the windows gleaming in the sunshine, and the white walls just showing glimpses of themselves through the old cherry trees! He hastened onward, quite encouraged and refreshed by the sight.

About half a mile from home, Nathan saw a boy of about his own age whom he used to know quite well.

"Well, Gilbert," said Nathan, stopping, "how are you getting on nowadays?"

The boy looked at him for an instant or two, then he said:

"Are you Nathan Morgan?"

"I think so," Nathan replied, smiling.

"How you are grown!" said Gilbert, advancing toward him, "I hardly knew you at first. Are you going to stay long this time?"

"A week, or so," said Nathan.

"I'll come over and see you then, I guess," said Gilbert, as Nathan moved on, nodding good-bye as he went.

The remaining half mile was soon accomplished. With a beating heart, Nathan entered the front yard of the farm-house. He paused for an instant from the very anxiety that he felt to know if all were well. He dreaded to hear ill news. He regretted now, that in his haste he had not asked Gilbert how things were going on at his old home.

Then he dashed forward, and as soon as he reached the door, began to call out "Mother!" and "Majory! Majory!"

A door was suddenly opened, and a little girl about twelve years of age appeared on the threshold; she looked startled and bewildered, but she was smiling, too. She darted toward Nathan, and in less time than I can describe it, her two fat little hands met around his neck, and she was kissing his cheeks. Poor Nathan sat down and held her fast in his arms while he returned her kisses in silence. He did not feel as if he could trust himself to speak.

"Oh, Nathan!" cried Majory, "how glad I am! how glad I am! Mother was wishing for you only yesterday. What has kept you away? Have you been sick?"

"No," replied Nathan, "only I have been as busy as a whole hive full of bees. How are mother and father? Is mother in her room? Can I go right up, Majory?"

"Too many questions at once," said Majory, laughing; "but come, we'll soon find mother, and I do believe *she'll* answer everything."

Nathan followed her as she passed lightly up the stairs to their mother's room. The door stood slightly ajar, and the two children paused a moment outside. Neither of them liked to surprise their mother too suddenly.

"Come in," said a voice.

Nathan opened the door and entered, Majory following. It was a plainly but very comfortably furnished apartment. A bed stood in one corner nicely made up, and decorated with a red-and-white patchwork quilt, the work of Mrs. Morgan's own hands, while on the opposite side was a washstand, a small pine bureau, and a chair. The windows were curtained with coarse white muslin, and opened upon a beautiful view of the country. Facing these windows sat a middle-aged woman in a rocking-chair. Her back was toward the door, so that she did not see Nathan. She was sewing; after Nathan's entrance she still continued her work as unconcernedly as possible.

"Is that you, Majory?" asked a pleasant voice that he knew as well as he knew his own. "Is that you, Majory? Do you want anything?"

"It isn't Majory," said Nathan, pausing, "and I want a *kiss*, mother."

Mrs. Morgan turned toward the door, and suddenly ceased sewing. Like Majory, she looked both astonished and delighted, and keener eyes than those of her young children would have traced anxiety on her face as well. Nathan's long absence had began to trouble her of late.

"I was afraid you were ill," she said, after the first happy greeting was over; "your father was going to take his very first spare time to drive me down to the store to see you."

It is not our purpose to describe the long—long conversation that now took place, nor how Nathan and Majory went out together to the barn to find their father, and discovered him at last, on the next farm, standing talking to a neighbor who was watering a drove of cattle at a brook-side.

The happy boy then visited every one of his father's animals by turns, and talked to them as lovingly as though they had been human beings. He smoothed Spot's shaggy, wolfish head at least twenty times and called him "a perfect beauty," as he danced clumsily around him for joy at his return. The dog never forgot Nathan, let him be absent as long as he would.

The two or three hours that intervened between the time of his arrival and the early tea of the family, passed so rapidly in the pleasure of reunion, that Nathan was quite surprised when he heard Majory blowing the horn as a signal that the evening meal was ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

"If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if fortune fills thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in."

# THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY ELLIAN.

A MAIDEN sat in a large arm-chair,
The sunlight fell on her golden hair,
And the dancing gleam of her eye was hid
'Neath the drooping fringe of the half-closed lid.
The curving lips with a smile were curled,
As she built and peopled a fairy world;
But the *day*-dreams now give place to those
Of the land of sleep, as the eyelids close.
In her dream she sat in the same arm-chair,
But the room was filled with a radiance rare;
And before her stood, in the rosy light,
A graceful form with drapery bright.
If you've seen the gleam of the pale moonlight night;
On the river's breast, on a summer's
If you've seen the sight from some peaceful shore,
*That* was like the robe which the vision wore.
The eyes were bright, and the face was fair, hair;
That shone 'neath the wealth of raven
With a smile on the full red lip she sung
This song to the maiden fair and young—

"Maiden fair, with the gleamy hair,
Like sunset gold in bright rings rolled,
Seekest thou pleasure?
Would'st thou have joy
That ne'er can cloy
In its full measure?
Maiden fair, with the gleamy hair,
In my realm 'tis found, and only there!

"Give me thy hand—we'll seek that land
In whose blue skies storms never rise,
Whose precious treasure
Is a rich joy
That can not cloy
In its full measure.
Give me thy hand—we'll join the band
That revels in that joyous land."

The maiden cried, in a joyous tone,
As she placed her hand in the syren's own,
"I will go with thee to that happy clime,
If such is the joy that will there be mine."
With a wave of the syren's white right hand,
The scene was changed to a fairy land;
Sweet music breath'd through the green-wood trees,
As they softly stirred in the balmy breeze,
And bright winged birds made the forests gay
With their flashing tints and their joyous lay;
And richer flowers than the "stars of earth"
Filled the air with sweets. Sounds of pleasure and mirth
Came through the grove, as a joyous band
Advanced to greet the queen of the land;
As she showered her greetings the crowd among,
The clear, rich voice of the vision sung—

"I bring to you, my followers true,
This lovely pearl from the outer world,
Who seeks the treasure
Of our rich joy,
Without alloy,
In its full measure.
So I've brought to you, my followers true,
This lovely maid, with the eyes of blue."

And "All hail!" they cried to the maiden fair,
With the soft blue eyes and the gleaming hair.
So she joined the band, and she danced and sung—
The loveliest far, 'midst the fair and young;
And they crowned her clustering wealth of curls
With crimson roses and milk-white pearls.
Her praises were sung by the minstrel's strain, [vain.
And suitors knelt, but they sued in
So gay was the band, and the sky so fair,
That the maiden thought truest joy was there.
But she weary grew of the dance and song,
And slowly the moments dragged along—
Though the laughter rung just as sweet and clear,
It meaningless seemed to her wearied ear.
Fain would she return to her dear old home,
But the syren said, "Nay, sweet—my own—

Best loved one of my fairy train,
Oh, here, in my joyous land remain!"
"Nay, fairest queen, I fain would go,"
Said she, "to my home, where they
love me so."
Then the syren cried, with a mocking
laugh,
"I would willingly trust thee to find
the path
That would lead thee forth from my
fairy land.
Nay, maiden, when thou gav'st thy
hand
To fly to my realm, 'twas there to *stay*,
With the happy band, 'neath my joy-
ous sway." [ed;
The glee went on—*another* was crown-
Their voices rang with a joyful sound.
But the maiden sighed, in a low, sad
tone,
"Not pleasure alone! not pleasure
alone!"

The rose-light faded—the spell was
broke;
The gleeful sounds grew faint—she
awoke.
She was sitting still in the great arm-
chair,
But no sunlight shone on her golden
hair;
The moonlight fell in a silver stream,
And she laughed with joy that 'twas
all a "Dream."

## CHARITIES THAT SWEETEN LIFE.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

## THE SNOW-BALL.

Keep it rolling—that's the way;
Keep it rolling, rolling;
Roll for work, or roll for play,
Keep it rolling, rolling;
Gathering, growing, let it go
Over the soft and feathery snow.

Keep it rolling; only see
How it grows by moving!
That's the way with you and me—
Advancing is improving;
'Tis not by the much we know,
'Tis by doing that we grow.

Keep it rolling; if it rest,
'Twill be hard to move it then;
Then not growing it will waste,
Melting into naught again.
So with us, our chance abusing,
If not gaining we are losing.

Keep it rolling; by and by
'Twill be more than you can do;
While you *can* go forward—try,
More is not required of you;
Whether work or play be in it,
Do it well, when you begin it.

H. H.

It is a glorious thing to resist temptations; but is a safe thing to avoid them.

# BROTHER TOWLER.

## A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

IT was the first day of the New Year; but in Southern Indiana the air was soft and balmy like May, and in some warm nooks there were tender blades of new grass peeping up timidly, as if they knew it was of no use, but really couldn't very well help it.

Two little girls were walking hand in hand down Vine Street, where there is always a fine shade of trees in the summer. Now, the trees were stripped of their foliage, and the bright sun shadowed forth little flickering pictures of their dry branches on the children's frocks and hats.

One of these little girls was tall and slight, and by her light, free step you would know she belonged to that class of girls called "romps." She loved to climb trees and fences and ladders, while her younger sister, the fat, clumsy little Phonie, could only look on in dumb admiration, without ever daring to imitate such wonderful exploits.

When the children got home they rushed in at the side door in eager haste. They found their mother in the kitchen beating cream.

"Well, what is it?" said she; "what makes your eyes shine so, Phonie?"

"Oh!" said Phonie, "we heard a music, and it went tummy, tum, tum—and it was the SHOULDERS striking on their drums—with caps on—a marching! Don't you wish you was a little girl, ma, so you could see 'em?"

"Why, ma!" said Grace, smiling in a way which gave the impression that she was not half so much elated as little Phonie, and didn't want any one to think she was; "why, ma, it was only some soldiers being drilled—it wasn't much! And at Aunt Ann's the boys were firing at a target; Walter hit it the best, and then Benny shot off a gun."

"You cried, then! Grace cried!" said little Phonie, her eyes twinkling with delight; for she thought this piece of news would be sure to make

a sensation. Grace looked a good deal ashamed, but tried to make the best of it.

"Well, I did cry," said she, "of course I did! But, ma, do you think it would look well for a little girl like me *not* to be afraid of a gun?"

Mrs. Preston could not help smiling at this very proper little speech from Grace, who seldom cared much whether anything she did "looked well" or not.

"Oh, dear mamma, mayn't I have some of that?" said Phonie, as Mrs. Preston proceeded to pour the whipped cream over some jellies which stood in glasses.

"You shall have some at tea-time, Phonie, when we eat the cake that has a gold ring in it; but this is for my New Year's callers."

Then, of course, little Phonie wanted to know who were coming and what it was for; and her mother told her that gentlemen called every New Year's day on all their lady-friends, to wish them the compliments of the season. She might have added, that it was a very pleasant custom, though a great deal of trouble. Mrs. Preston had only one German girl (who could not understand much English) for help; and it had taken a great while to make so many cakes and pies and other nice things for the entertainment.

No one had come yet, and she led the little girls into the back parlor, where the table was spread with all sorts of tempting dainties. Phonie could hardly keep her hands off the fruit and nuts; she was as fond of nuts as a little squirrel.

But it was a great wonder to both the children why the windows should be so closely curtained and the room lighted with gas.

"Why, ma!" said Grace, "a person would think it was evening, but it isn't—it's morning!"

Mrs. Preston could give no good reason why she should shut out the sunlight — only that the sunlight wasn't fashionable on New Year's day.

"Now, my little ones," said she, "I am quite willing you should go to grandma's and spend the day, if you choose. Grace, you may brush your sister's hair nicely, and be sure you take good care of her. Don't trust her out of your sight a moment—she is such a little thing. There! the bell rings. Kiss me, darlings, and away with you!"

Then Mrs. Preston went into the front parlor and closed the folding-doors after her, not thinking it necessary to look back and see whether the children obeyed her or not.

But just at this time both the little girls found it hard to leave that inviting table. They dared not taste anything; but it would do no harm, they thought, just to *touch* the cake and grapes.

But when they had gone so far as that, Grace grew bolder, and a sudden impulse seized her to pocket a few of the nice things, if she could only do it without Phonie's knowledge, since it was certain that Phonie could never be brought to keep a secret.

"Come, Phonie!" said Grace, "you go ask Katrina to wet your hair. Point to the water-bucket, and then point to your hair, and she'll know what you mean. Make haste!"

The child heaved a little sigh as she cast a last glance at the nice things; but she had learned to obey Grace, and without a word she trudged off to Katrina.

Then Grace's heart beat fast! She heard two or three gentlemen talking

in the parlor, and knew that at any moment her mother might slide open the folding-doors and discover her.

So making a hasty choice of two large slices of jelly-cake and half a dozen cocoa-nut cakes, she swept noiselessly out of the room, just in time to escape detection.

Her pocket, which was not very deep, was stuffed to its utmost capacity, and one end of a slice of cake stuck out, though she tried her best to press it down; but Grace thought no one would notice it through her apron.

Phonie's hair was brushed with nervous haste, and the two children set out on their walk. They had gone but a few steps when Towler came trotting along with all speed and looking up into their faces as if he would say: "Pray, what have I done that I can't go too?"

"How tickled he is to see us!" said little Phonie. "You're a good brother Towler, aint you, doggie?"

All the family called him "brother Towler," because he was just about the age of Grace, and when Grace was a very little girl, she used to say she had but one brother, and that was Towler!

The dog trotted along beside the children, and every now and then Phonie patted him on the head and chatted to him, believing that her dear "brother" understood her just as well as Grace did.

"Oh, Towler dear!" said she, "I saw a doggie once, that doesn't look like you. He was a black, curly dog, and he had hair just like Gracie's!"

Grace felt cross, and said she wished Phonie wouldn't talk so much —it made her head ache to hear her. But it was the most natural thing in the world that she should put her hand up just then and brush her short, crisp hair out of her eyes. It was what the Irish call "good-natured hair," full of little waves and ripples.

It was a long way to Grandmother Preston's, and Grace, besides feeling guilty and ashamed, was also very anxious to eat the good things which made such a bunch in her pocket. Towler knew there was cake somewhere, and kept sniffing about in a way which made her feel very nervous.

"There! here we are at the schoolhouse, Phonie. Now I want to go behind the school-yard fence to find a book I left there yesterday. Don't you come, Phonie! You must do just what I tell you, for mother said so. So you and Towler just go along, and I'll come in a minute!"

"Won't you let me go with you?" said little Phonie, "and then I'll be *satisfied*."

"No," said Grace; "I s'pose it may take me a good while to find the book, and you must go along."

Grace usually had her way, and Phonie "went along" with her head down and tears in her eyes—while Grace, naughty girl, ate the cake in secret, staining her white apron with the jelly.

Phonie was tired and vexed, and kept thinking about Grace, wondering why she wouldn't let her go with her. Perhaps this was why she missed her road and found herself in a narrow lane which she had never seen before.

Towler, good creature, looked rather uneasy, but followed close by her side. Phonie walked on and on, till she could hardly see the road for her tears. Then she dashed the drops out of her eyes that she might see the track; but it had faded quite away! There was not even a footpath!

"Oh, Towler!" sobbed little Phonie, "this isn't the way to grandma's! and why doesn't Gracie come?"

Phonie now cried heartily, all the while wandering still farther, till she came to the edge of a forest. Here was a little creek tumbling over some small, gray rocks.

"True as you live," said Phonie, "here's a river!"

There was no way of crossing the creek, and the child felt as if she had got to the very end of the world.

"Oh, Towler!" said she, crying afresh, "I talked to myself, and I said, 'I won't cry—don't you cry, Phonie,' and then I cried again!"

Then Phonie sat down on the brown grass and screamed for Grace. At first she thought Grace was answering her, but it proved to be only the echo of her own frightened voice.

What could the dear child do? She thought she might cry all day, and people wouldn't *try* to hear! She was quite sure a bear or a wolf or a *whale* would come out of the woods and eat her up.

But what was that funny little thing on the water? It was partly white and partly red, and seemed to be floating.

"As true as the world, Towler," said the child, "that's a little mite of a wee, wee sail-boat!"

Forgetting her fear of bears and whales, little Phonie was quite intent on watching the cunning little toy. How it came there she never stopped to inquire; the question was, how could she get hold of it?

She waited, hoping it would float toward her; but the wee thing seemed perverse, and would go every way but the right one.

"I know what I'll do, Towler," said Phonie, "I'll go in after it!"

She had often seen Grace wade in Willow Brook, and had even gone in once herself. So she took off her shoes and stockings and stepped into the noisy stream, never dreaming that the water was any deeper than just to cover her feet.

But Phonie was sadly mistaken; the creek was quite deep, and worse than that, the bottom of it was so soft that she sank down, down, at every step!

Poor child! mother's little pet, who had never known any trouble so great that mother couldn't kiss it away. It was hard enough to get lost—it was harder still to get drowned! The water was so cold, too, that it chilled the little one to the heart.

"Oh, father!" she screamed, her voice quivering with agony and fright. "Oh, Gracie! I'll never do

so again! Can't you come! *Can't* you come?"

But the water grew colder and colder—she was sinking down, down. There was no human ear to hear the child, no human hand to save her. She must have drowned, there is no doubt of it, if Towler had not been near. The moment he saw her fearful condition, he plunged into the creek and swam after her with all his might.

Good Towler, make haste! for the water is now up as far as her eyes, and all the noise she can make is a gurgling cry, which grows fainter every instant, and will soon be hushed forever!

But faithful Towler was not too late. He seized her before her head disappeared under the stream. He caught her by the skirt of her strong, Thibet dress, and swam with her to the bank, laying her on the ground as tenderly as her mother could have done.

But little Phonie's limbs were cold and motionless; her face and hands looked white and waxen; her eyes were closed. Could it be that dear, dear little Phonie was *dead!*

The noble Towler crouched down by her side, licking her cold hands and gazing anxiously into her face. No doubt that affectionate creature would have given his own life to bring back the smiles to that white, still face!

But God did not mean that Phonie should die. It happened, if we can say anything *happens*, that Wilhelm Kron, a German youth who lived at Grandmother Preston's, came hither just at the moment poor Towler was beginning to howl with despair.

He shook his head when he saw Phonie's white face, and saw how lifelessly the cold arm dropped down again when he raised it.

Grace was with him, and the agony she felt will never be forgotten as long as she lives.

It is possible that Phonie had only fainted, and might have recovered without assistance; but her father always thought, that in spite of her rescue by Towler, she must have died, if Wilhelm had not succeeded in forcing the water out of her mouth, and had not rubbed her till she was restored to consciousness.

This had been a dreadful day for Grace. When she found that Phonie was not at her grandmother's she was alarmed at once, and without stopping a moment set off in search of her, followed by Wilhelm.

Ah! with what remorse poor Grace remembered her mother's warning, not to trust Phonie out of her sight, "because she was such a little thing!"

Grace thought, then, that if ever she felt her little sister's arms about her neck again, if she ever heard her lisping voice, she would be *so* kind to her! She would never steal cake again; but if she had anything nice, she would not eat it in secret—never, never!

That night Grace confessed her

sinful conduct to her mother without keeping back anything.

Her mother had heard her say her prayers and was leaving the room, for she wanted to go by herself and not let Grace see her falling tears. But Grace had a full heart too—she had not said enough.

"Oh, mamma!" said she, "won't you come back? you didn't say you would forgive me! Oh, what if Phonie *had* got drowned! I can see her, so white and cold, every time I shut my eyes; and then I have to put out my hand and touch her and see she is asleep and all warm and not drowned!

"I tell you, ma, I think this is the last naughty thing I shall ever do! When I wake up to-morrow morning, the first thing I shall do will be to begin the New Year new!"

## THE ESQUIMAUX.

THE Esquimaux, although natives of North America, are evidently different from the aborigines diffused over the country, in language, character, habits of living, complexion, and stature, which is dwarfish. Their features are disagreeable; their complexion, a dirty olive. They take seals and whales in their fishing (not *small fry*, certainly); they hunt the reindeer, wolves, and other wild beasts. Their domestic animal is a large kind of dog, which they prefer or use more than the reindeer. Their canoes are often formed of a whalebone frame, covered with skins, called *kyaks*. They wrap their dead in skins, and deposit in the hollow of a rock.

How they would stretch their cheeks, fattened by train oil, in laughter, could they see us shivering and huddling over the coals, in these winter days! To them it would be like a *make-believe*. And *we*, what should we say, to be placed for a time in their shoes, under the *shadow* of an iceberg, and all those sort of things?

So we have one thing more to be thankful for than we have been in the habit of thinking, and that is, that we are not Esquimaux; and, also, that we are not obliged to eat and be *fond of*) train oil.

# LITTLE FLORENCE'S CURIOSITY,

## AND HOW IT WAS CURED.

FLORENCE AND HER AUNT.

MRS. GRAY, Florence's aunt, lived in a pleasant New England home. As she had no children of her own, little Florence took a daughter's place in her heart, and Mrs. Gray would never acknowledge the truth of the remark, that "none but a mother can know a mother's love."

As for Florence, the danger was greater that she should be too much petted, than from any chance of suffering from restraint.

Every year, when Florence's birthday came around, Mrs. Gray had formed some plan for her special amusement, and the first of May, a sort of double holiday for Florence, was always looked forward to with delight.

One pleasant afternoon in the latter part of April, Florence came rushing in from school, and as usual sought her aunt's room. She rapped at the door, but receiving no answer, tried to open it, when, finding it locked, she began very impatiently shaking the latch and calling out, "Let me in, aunt—won't you let me in?"

Waiting a moment, and receiving no reply, she shook the door with double force, and called with double violence, "*Won't* you let me in?"

"Pretty soon, Florence," was the reply; "run away now a little while—Aunt Mary is busy."

"But I want to come in. I won't disturb you any. Please open the door! I won't even *look* at you if you will let me come in."

A slight rustling was heard—something moved a little—perhaps the shutting of a drawer or a bookcase, Florence was sorry she could not tell which, and then the door opened, and her aunt's face, *rather* grave, but with a little curious smile lurking about it, welcomed her entrance.

"What made you keep me waiting so, Aunt Mary? I expect you have

got a secret! If you *have*, I might as well *know* it, as to keep *thinking* so;" and Florence stooped down and began to lift the lid off her aunt's large work-basket, that stood on the carpet under the edge of her work-table.

"Mayn't I see?" she asked, as her aunt placed her hand on the yielding cover. "You *have* got a secret, haven't you?"

"Who promised not to *look* at me if I would let them in?" said her aunt pleasantly; "and asking questions is worse still."

"But you always want me to come to you after school, and I can't think why you didn't to-day."

Just then the dinner-bell rang, and Florence soon forgot her curiosity in satisfying her appetite. Eager to get back to school, she ate her food very hastily, and began to grow quite uneasy because others were not through as well as herself.

"Can't I have my pudding *now*, aunt? it's nearly school-time."

"There is more than half an hour yet, before you need to go, Florence."

"Well, I *wish* they would give us a longer time at noon. I can hardly swallow my dinner and take a good breath before I am obliged to run for fear of being late."

Aunt Mary chose to take no hints to-day, and Florence was obliged to pat her restless foot a little longer before the dessert was served, and then with hurried and irritated manner she put on her cape and bonnet, and hastened away to school. What was her surprise upon going to her aunt's room later in the afternoon, to find the door again locked against her!

Shaking the knob rather rudely did not satisfy her, but she continued calling upon her aunt so fast and impatiently, that in a very grave voice she was desired to leave the hall and go quietly to her books or play.

Poor Florence! it was but a little trial of her curiosity, and yet she had grieved her aunt, and was feeling very rebellious herself.

"I doubt if she is doing anything, after all," she said to herself. "I more than half believe she kept her door locked to-night because she thought me too curious at noon;" and Florence had half a mind to try the door again, which she very well knew would then be of no use. She next thought of putting her eye to the key-hole, but that would do but little good, so she was obliged to smother both her curiosity and impatience, in obedience to her aunt's wishes.

Slowly she went down stairs, and the look on her face was not the one strangers saw when they called her "sweet Florence," nor the one which so often gained her a warm kiss from her loving aunt. It is the *little thoughts inside* that alter the countenance, just as the little wheels inside a clock make the hands move over the face and tell the true time; and, just as, if anything disturbs these delicate wheels, either the hands are still and tell nothing, or they catch or fall, and tell the time falsely—so when anything disturbs the little springs of feeling in the heart, the face shows it very soon; and there are many little clogs ready to catch these heart-wheels—clogs of impatience, anger, pride, envy, and many more.

So just now Florence went on saying to herself, "I don't see why I couldn't go in *now* as well as any *other* time. I should not have disturbed her in the least; but I don't care, I will go off to play and think no more about it." And so she fully intended to do, but curiosity kept whis-

pering in her ear, "I wonder what she is doing!"

There was a little box-edged terrace just under the south window of her aunt's room, and quick as thought her little feet were on it, as she said to herself, "I can pass the window and tell at a glance if she could see me, should I take a good look." So she took a hasty peep, just sufficient to show that her aunt's back was toward her; *not* sufficient to notice the mirror which hung in front of her aunt, and which was already silently telling of a little girl's face against the pane, shaded by two little fat palms on either side. But Florence did not gain enough by the look to pay for her trouble, as she could see nothing distinctly. Her aunt was bending over the table, and a cup and brush and some papers were near, but she dare not stay long enough to see more, and ran hastily away.

When she met her aunt at tea-time, she was so taken up in relating some little school adventures that she forgot her curiosity, and not finding her aunt's door locked again, it passed entirely from her mind.

The first of May came at last, and Florence knew that a great joy was awaiting her then. Her brother Harry was to meet her on that day—come from England on his first visit. He and another aunt, with whom he lived there, were going to spend the summer with Aunt Mary, and were expected to be there on that day. And Florence was not disappointed. When the stage came rattling in, she ran joyfully down to the old front gate; there were heavy trunks on behind, and peering from out a side window was a face, younger than hers, full of curiosity and delight. It was surely Harry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MY LITTLE DOG.

See my funny little doggie—
Now he must come in and play;
'Tis too cold in winter weather
For us out of doors to stay.

Come, then, Trippie; mamma's willing,
Come in by the parlor fire;
Then we'll set the ball a-rolling—
Chase and frolic till we tire.

But we must remember, Trippie,
Not to make a boisterous noise;
Lively play, but never rudeness,
Is the rule for dogs and boys.

And you know that grandma's napping—
Gently, Trip, your bow-wow-wow;
Pray why don't you ever whisper?
Try it, darling—softly, now.

Naughty Trip, you do not *try* it—
Put your tail down and stand still;
You're an old dog I am thinking—
Learn new tricks you never will.

LAURA ELMER.

---

CONQUEST over one's self, in the hour of victory, is a double triumph.

# UNCLE MERRY'S NEW IDEA.

PLEASE ASK YOUR TEACHER TO READ THIS.

BOYS and Girls, most of you are attending school. Your duties there are among the most important of the present part of your life. On their right performance depends most of your success in this world—yes, beyond this world. Uncle Merry has thought much on this subject, and has been studying to find what he can do to make those duties pleasanter, and to help you in their performance.

We have had, and hope yet to have, many a merry frolic together in the "Chat;" we have spent happy hours in writing and reading the stories and other miscellaneous matters always to be found in these pages, and our brains have been highly exercised over Aunt Sue's matchless Puzzle Drawer; but we believe that even more can be done to add to the value of our beloved MUSEUM and CABINET. We have concluded to devote several pages every month more especially to matters pertaining to *schools*. We shall try to help you in your lessons, by interesting articles connected with them, and by such suggestions and direct instructions as may seem to be needed. Composition and Declamation will receive especial attention.

Uncle Merry has secured the aid of an associate, of many years' experience, both as a teacher and editor, who will give his best thoughts to this department. He also desires the help of *your* teacher. Every teacher has some valuable thoughts or interesting questions, or problems, or other matter which will be of great service to many readers of the MUSEUM. We invite all teachers to send for publication, facts of interest pertaining to the school-room, practical suggestions and hints, philosophical questions, arithmetical problems, etc., in short, *brief*, pithy articles on the many subjects within their observation.

Furthermore, boys and girls, we want *your* help. First, by obtaining subscribers to the MUSEUM, so that we can have means to pay for the best writers and the best illustrations. Look at the fine premiums offered on the second and third pages of the cover, and try to secure one or more.

Second, you can aid us by trying to write for the MUSEUM. Even if you should have to try many times before producing anything worthy to be printed, the benefit of the practice in composition will well repay you.

To encourage you to *try*, we offer the following

PRIZES.

To the boy or girl among our subscribers, and attending school, who will send us the best essay on MANLINESS, we will present four bound volumes of MERRY'S MUSEUM, or a gold pen and case, of Morton's manufacture, worth $5; for the second best, we will present two bound volumes, or a gold pen and case worth $2 50. The essays must not exceed two printed pages of the MUSEUM, and must be received by us on or before February 1st, 1862.

A certificate from the writer's teacher must accompany each essay, giving the age of the writer, and certifying that the composition is original with the girl or boy competing.

Write on only one side of the paper; don't sign your name, but

inclose it, with your post-office address and your teacher's certificate, in a separate sealed envelop.

All the essays will be retained by the publisher, and such as are worthy may appear from time to time in the pages of the MUSEUM.

We expect to offer prizes for other efforts, as the best stories, problems, etc. Will you oblige Uncle Merry by calling the attention of your teacher and friends to this matter? Now let us see if we can not make this one of the most attractive parts of the MUSEUM.

## ABOUT WRITING COMPOSITIONS.

BY UNCLE WILLIAM.

"I HATE to write compositions!" Does not that sound familiar? How many are there, among the thousands of Merry readers, who have not said those very words? Even many of the amiable and obedient children who try not to hate any duty, and who would not *say* the words written above, can not help *thinking* them. I know all about the feeling, and thoroughly sympathize with you. It is not surprising that you do not enjoy the exercise, for it is hard work—not necessarily hard, but most of you make it so. Let me try and make it easier.

Did you ever see a little boy put on his father's boots and attempt to run? What awkward work he made of it! How he floundered and tumbled! Suppose he were required to put them on and run a race, once a week. Would it not be hard work? and would he not complain? Now, the first efforts of children to write compositions usually resemble just such a performance. They have read books and newspapers, the compositions of men and women, and when the teacher requires a composition to be written, they think it must be something of the same kind. They try to put on men's and women's thoughts, but they only get a few of their words, and they use them as bunglingly as they would their father's boots. No wonder they become discouraged, and say, or think, "I hate to write compositions!"

If one of you meets a play-fellow, is it difficult to talk with him? Why, your tongues will rattle like the clapper on a wind-mill. Did you ever think that you make a composition every time you speak? Though you may say only four words, it is nevertheless a composition, which is nothing more nor less than ideas expressed by words.

Now suppose I could overhear your conversation, and could move my fingers nimbly enough to keep up with your tongues, I should then have a collection of your compositions. But you may say, "Why, they would be only nonsense, and nobody would want to read them." That would depend on circumstances. Some children's talk is mostly nonsense; but, on the other hand, some of the most interesting articles published in books, have been nothing more than the actual conversation of children; and every child says many things worthy of being written and printed.

I think half the trouble you have in writing compositions will be removed, if you will get the idea, that you only need to put on paper—not what a man or a woman would think and say—but just what *you* think.

Remember, don't try to run with men's boots on. I shall say more about this, next month, and try to give you some help about choosing a subject.

## A SAGACIOUS DOG.

THE following anecdote, which we find in *Clark's School Visitor*, where its truth is vouched for, will furnish an interesting topic for remark or illustration by the teacher in the social conversational hour which ought to form part of the regular exercises of every school.

"Once, in the spring of the year, several dogs were collected about the carcass of a horse, which lay on the ice. In their eagerness, they ventured upon a thin place, and one of them fell through, while the rest made their escape.

"Poor Jowler tried hard to scramble out again, but every time he put up his fore paws, crash went the ice; and the poor creature was about giving up in despair, when a dog on the shore who had been watching his efforts, at last started to go to his relief. He came slowly—very slowly it must have seemed to the drowning Jowler; but the fact was, he moved carefully and in a zigzag course, in order to be sure of his footing. When he was near enough, he turned his back to Jowler, holding out his tail, which the drowning dog seized between his teeth. Then the noble creature made the most frantic efforts to drag out his shivering friend, but it was a hard struggle. For a time it seemed that they must both sink together; but at length, by the greatest caution and discretion, the brave deliverer succeeded in getting his friend to the shore safe and sound."

## OUR COMMON SCHOOLS FOREVER!

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

[The following lines are very appropriate to be spoken by either a girl or a boy at a school exhibition, or in the ordinary exercise of declamation:]

The school-house where the Yankees grow
Men fit for any station,
And teach them so they yet may know
Enough to rule the nation,
A more renowned, a nobler place
Than palace-hold, where Glory,
With Honor's mask upon her face,
Tells Valor's thread-bare story.

The perishable thrones of kings
A people's voice may banish,
For these are but the meaner things
That with Time's marches vanish;
But that true monarch, Intellect,
That o'er the brain holds power,
In God's almighty hand reflects
A never-fading power.

I'd rather be the man that feeds
The fire fresh from heaven,
Than he to whom for earth's bold deeds
All kingdoms might be given;
Rather I'd raise this hand to show
Parnassus boldly soaring,
Than lift a crown upon my brow
While thousands knelt adoring.

To Common Schools all honor be,
All honor to the teacher,
Who, showing knowledge, fair and free,
Aids the young mind to reach her;
There's not a soul in all the earth
Can bind with galling fetters
The meanest mind that has its birth
In this good land of letters.

While Science lifts her banners high,
Or Art makes strong endeavor,
We'll fling the shout from earth to sky,
Our Common Schools forever!

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR A YEAR.

THE following table of lessons was originally prepared for a Sunday school at Flushing, by our friend Prof. JAMES STRONG, S.T.D. It embraces, in chronological order, the leading events narrated in the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. We believe it will be very acceptable to our readers, most of whom (we hope all) are in some way connected with the Sunday school. A copy can be made and given to each teacher and pupil of a school, who can then know where to find the lesson for any Sabbath.

| Day for 1862. | No. of Lesson. | Subject. | Chapter. | Verses. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. 5 | 1. | Angels at Bethlehem | Luke ii. | 8 to 14 |
| " 12 | 2. | Visit of the Magians | Matt. ii. | 3 to 9 |
| " 19 | 3. | Christ at Twelve Years of Age | Luke ii. | 42 to 49 |
| " 26 | 4. | The Baptist's Mission | Mark i. | 4 to 11 |
| Feb. 2 | 5. | Christ's Temptation | Matt. iv. | 3 to 10 |
| " 9 | 6. | Interview with Nicodemus | John iii. | 1 to 8 |
| " 16 | 7. | Christ Equal with the Father | John v. | 18 to 24 |
| " 23 | 8. | Doctrine of the Sabbath | Mark ii. | 23 to 28 |
| March 2 | 9. | Parable of the Sower | Matt. xiii. | 3 to 9 |
| " 9 | 10. | Calling of the Twelve | Matt. x. | 1 to 7 |
| " 16 | 11. | John's Imprisonment | Mark vi. | 21 to 29 |
| " 23 | 12. | Christ the Bread of Life | John vi. | 26 to 33 |
| " 30 | 13. | The Transfiguration | Matt. xvii. | 1 to 8 |
| April 6 | 14. | Necessity of a Childlike Temper | Matt. xviii. | 1 to 7 |
| " 13 | 15. | Appointment of the Seventy | Luke x. | 1 to 7 |
| " 20 | 16. | Parable of the Good Samaritan | Luke x. | 30 to 37 |
| " 27 | 17. | The Lord's Prayer | Luke xi. | 1 to 8 |
| May 4 | 18. | Christ the Good Shepherd | John x. | 1 to 7 |
| " 11 | 19. | Parable of the Prodigal Son | Luke xv. | 11 to 19 |
| " 18 | 20. | The Lord's Supper | 1 Cor. xi. | 23 to 29 |
| " 25 | 21. | The Agony in Gethsemane | Luke xxii. | 39 to 46 |
| June 1 | 22. | Seizure of Christ | Luke xxii. | 47 to 53 |
| " 8 | 23. | Peter's Denial | Luke xxii. | 54 to 62 |
| " 15 | 24. | Christ before the Sanhedrim | Luke xxii. | 63 to 71 |
| " 22 | 25. | Christ before Pilate | Luke xxiii. | 1 to 7 |
| " 29 | 26. | Christ before Herod | Luke xxiii. | 8 to 16 |
| July 6 | 27. | Christ Sentenced by Pilate | Luke xxiii. | 18 to 25 |
| " 13 | 28. | The Crucifixion | Luke xxiii. | 32 to 38 |
| " 20 | 29. | Death of Christ | Luke xxiii. | 44 to 53 |
| " 27 | 30. | The Sepulcher Guarded | Matt. xxvii. | 61 to 66 |
| Aug. 3 | 31. | Resurrection of Christ | Mark xvi. | 1 to 8 |
| " 10 | 32. | Christ's Appearances | Mark xvi. | 9 to 16 |
| " 17 | 33. | The Ascension | Acts i. | 6 to 12 |
| " 24 | 34. | Gift of the Holy Spirit | Acts ii. | 1 to 7 |
| " 31 | 35. | Peter and John before the Sanhedrim | Acts iv. | 5 to 12 |
| Sept. 7 | 36. | Community of Goods among the Disciples | Acts iv. | 31 to 37 |
| " 14 | 37. | Martyrdom of Stephen | Acts vii. | 54 to 60 |
| " 21 | 38. | Conversion of Paul | Acts ix. | 1 to 8 |
| " 28 | 39. | Conversion of Cornelius | Acts xi. | 11 to 17 |
| Oct. 5 | 40. | Founding of the Church at Antioch | Acts xi. | 19 to 26 |
| " 12 | 41. | Deliverance of Peter from Prison | Acts xii. | 1 to 7 |
| " 19 | 42. | Appointment of Paul as Missionary | Acts xii. 24 | to xiii. 5 |
| " 26 | 43. | Decree of the Council of Jerusalem | Acts xv. | 22 to 29 |
| Nov. 2 | 44. | Conversion of the Jailor at Philippi | Acts xvi, | 25 to 31 |
| " 9 | 45. | Paul's Preaching at Athens | Acts xvii. | 22 to 28 |
| " 16 | 46. | Tumult at Ephesus | Acts xix. | 21 to 27 |
| " 23 | 47. | Arrest of Paul at Jerusalem | Acts xxi. | 27 to 33 |
| " 30 | 48. | Beginning of Paul's Voyage to Rome | Acts xxvii. | 1 to 8 |
| Dec. 7 | 49. | Storm during Paul's Passage | Acts xxvii. | 13 to 20 |
| " 14 | 50. | Encouragement of the Mariners by Paul | Acts xxvii. | 27 to 34 |
| " 21 | 51. | Escape from the Wreck | Acts xxvii. | 38 to 44 |
| " 28 | 52. | Paul's Arrival at Rome | Acts xxviii. | 11 to 16 |

# WHY HAVE THE INDIANS DISAPPEARED?

IF any one should predict that, in a hundred years from this time, America would be mostly peopled by the Chinese, and that the whites would be so few as to be looked upon with curiosity, we should think him dreaming, and somewhat afflicted with the night-mare. Yet such a surprising change would be scarcely greater than this country has witnessed in the last century. The wigwam of the Indian stood on many a spot now covered with splendid city dwellings, and within the century they hunted the bear and deer over many a field where now grows wheat instead of forest trees, and where the scream of the locomotive has replaced the yell of the savage. There are, however, reasons why the present race is much less likely to be supplanted, than were the Indians. They were scarcely more than a superior order of mere animals. They had great strength of character, such as it was, but only the lower faculties were developed. They were brave, cunning, and independent, but they were also deceitful, sensual, selfish, and cruel. It only needed that the means of vicious indulgence should be put in their way, to bring upon them all the destruction which follows evil practices. How could the poor unregulated savage appetite withstand the temptation of *strong drink*, which has proved too strong for such multitudes of higher natures! "Fire-water," and the vices which accompany it, swept them away like leaves before a torrent. A few efforts were made by noble men, among the whites, to educate them up to true manhood. John Elliot, whose name will ever stand bright in history, labored long and faithfully to teach them truth which could have saved them. What a discouraging task he undertook! See him as he stands before them, Bible in hand, proclaiming the saving message from Heaven! But what could he do, almost single-handed? True, he had some success. A few learned to love him and the truth he taught, and were guided by him in commencing civilized life. They learned to hew the forest trees, and build themselves cabins, and cultivate their lands, like their white neighbors. But, alas! there has been only now and then an Elliot, and the poor Indians were much more apt in learning the vices than in imitating the virtues of our ancestors. Besides, many of the whites selfishly desired to possess themselves of the lands of the Indians; and even professedly good men made it an excuse to exterminate them because they were "Heathen." They made war upon them at the least provocation, and

often without any cause, and tribe after tribe was scattered and destroyed; so that now, save on the distant frontier, and here and there an isolated colony, like the Senecas of Western New York and the Cherokees and Choctaws at the South, the memory of the red man alone remains. Surrounded as we are by the restraining and refining influences of Christian civilized society, it is difficult to feel how much we really owe them. A glance at the fate of the Indian shows the truth. What an infinite weight of shame must rest upon those who are so privileged, but who yet go the way of the Indian, give the rein to their passions, and meet the fate of fools.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

UNCLE MERRY gives the "Compliments of the Season," with a full heart, to all the family. But who's this entering the *sanctum* without knocking, just as if he were at home? Much joy to you, boys and girls, for we recognize an old friend, both to you and Uncle Merry. Many things we could tell you, which would make you love him, but we will leave him to speak for himself.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all the Merrys. Don't know the voice, eh? I sent in my card; you will find it on the first page of the cover. You notice that Uncle Robert has invited me to a place near the head of the table, and Aunt Sue honors me by sitting at my side; and now, shall I not be welcome? I have come to remain, and have brought my big bundle. Would you like to peep into it? I'll open one corner.

"Oh, I see a great ball of *yarns*," says Black-Eyes. Yes, I intend to unwind them for you. "Are they *worst-ed?*" asks Pertine. "Oh, here's a whip! What's that for?" To frighten girls that ask naughty questions, and — well, no matter; wait until "Lazy-bones" tries to enter the circle.

"Look at that heap of nuts!" Yes, they are for you to crack. "Uncle, what's this round stick with a knob on the end? And here's a ladle packed in with it." I make *Punch* with that, when I have good *spirits*. "Please don't punch me," says Wilforley.

"Oh, my!" scream three or four of the girls; "see those ugly bugs!" Don't be alarmed, my dears, they're not *hum*-bugs. When properly arranged, they will make a fine addition to our MUSEUM. "I've found a tuning-fork,"

says Willie. Mr. Bradbury lent me that to pitch tunes *into* the MUSEUM. "And there's a photographic apparatus." Aunt Sue gave me that; it will turn out pictures highly colored.

"What's this brown paper parcel, Uncle?" Here, you rogues, have you got into that? That's my bread-and-butter. There, there, that will do for one peep.

And now, dear Merrys, I have come from wandering over many lands, to rest at *home*. For nearly forty years boys and girls have been my constant companions, and though Aunt Sue says I'm not as young as once, I feel like one of you, enjoy your thoughts, love your ways, can join in your studies and your sports, and greatly desire your love. I ask nothing more than to be *head*-boy. I feel confident we shall have many pleasant hours together; if not, it shall not be for lack of effort on my part."

There! shall we not give three cheers and *three* "tigers" for Uncle William and his famous bundle? And now then for our own budget.

---

MY DEAR UNCLE:—You can't guess how glad I am to take up the MUSEUM and not find it full of war news; it is not because I'm not interested in the war, for I am *most decidedly*, as Zephyr can tell you, and especially in that "Naval Expedition," as some of our boys are in it, and I should feel dreadfully if *one* of them was killed. Do put a stop to Willie Coleman's acting. I thought once he could behave, but, alas! he will excite the spirits of the boys and they'll form a company, and make the girls join their pranks. It's all very nice to drill, my fair damsels, fine play to "Forward, march!" "Stand at ease!" but when you come to "*Salute* your *officer!*" BEWARE if Gen. Coleman, Lord Oliver, or Sir Forley are at your head. I'm going to say a few words to Wilforley, and they shall be real sweet. This poetry is just the thing now read, my dear (oh! I didn't mean that), that

"I'll laugh for you,
I'll cry for you,
And oh! you may depend on't;
I'll sigh for you,
I'll *die* for *you*,
And *that* will be the *end* on't."

May it reach your heart and stir the fountains of your soul. Don't be overcome, for I want to tell you that you look like Zephyr, and as you admire yourself *daily* in the glass, you can just think that it is her sweet face. Thanks, Oliver, thanks. Brown-Eyes, welcome. Zephyr, Mr. W. often speaks of you with a shade of sadness on his brow. H. A. Danker, I'll think of you, and if you were here would give you both of my hands and say, "God speed you!" Will ask the All-Father to guard and bring you safe back. I love all those who have gone to the war, for they have gone in a noble cause. But I hear my dear Uncle repeating to himself, "Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home," and take the hint, and leave with two big tears in my eyes, and a kiss, like the one I gave *my* soldier boy when *he* left me for the *last time*, for my brave cousin Henry. Good-night all, and sometimes think of PERTINE.

---

CITY OF THE STRAITS, *Oct.* 28, 1861.

It's only I, Uncles, aunty, cousins, all. On the strength of nine years' acquaintance with many of your names, if not your faces, I thought I would just step in and say "good afternoon." Uncle Frank, while in our city some years since, urged me very strongly to make your acquaintance, and even promised to introduce me himself; but before I was ready to avail myself of his kindness, the news of his death reached me.

Please, for his sake, if not my own, mayn't I come in? I'm but a wee body, and any bit of a corner will satisfy me.

What has become of C. M. Gibbs, Adelbert Older, Nip, and others too numerous to mention?

Willie H. Coleman (North), let's be friends—here's my hand. You, with Oliver Only and Black-Eyes have always been my favorites. Why do you write so seldom? Are you so earnest in your care of "that little girl," that your other friends must be cast aside? Dear Uncles, I was *so* sorry when I heard of your losses. I have tried *hard* to help you by adding to your list of subscribers, but so far have not succeeded. But before the New Year I will at least promise *one*.

Dearest Aunty, I have a word for your private ear—please listen; may I

write to you? I have always loved you, because your kindness and gentle ways remind me, oh! so much, of the darling mother that eight years ago we laid away to rest beneath the orange-trees of our Southern home. Please forgive me for thus intruding myself upon you, perfect stranger that I am. But I am almost alone. I have no one to love. Life has hardly one joy left since my mother's death. WINIFRED.

Welcome, Winifred, not only to the Chat—but to the warmest corner in the warmest, cosiest room of the homestead. Don't say you have no one to love, with so many uncles, aunts, and cousins. They can not give you a mother's love—but such as they have, they give unto you freely, cordially, always.

---

*Oct.* 19, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES:—I have just been reading the Chat for October, and it has helped me to while an hour away, this dreary day, very pleasantly. Ah, Willie! I 'spec Sophie's enough for you. Jessie Linwood, I fear you are growing *depraved;* it must be that that *brother* of yours has a bad influence over you. How is it? Indeed, Sir Oliver! and pray who was so kind as to favor you with a glimpse of my "*illuminated countenance?*" How d'ye, Brown-Eyes? How I wish I could have a ride with you! I am sure you would admire my little "Dancer;" he is *so* black, and a perfect beauty. With love to the Uncles, Aunt Sue, Clara, Mary Stanley, and all the cousins, I close. SAUCY NELL.

---

POINT GREEN, *Nov.* 8, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I am *one* of the many thousands of your monthly readers. I have for *years* taken your valuable MUSEUM, and have taken as much interest in your Monthly Chat as though I was one of your regular contributors. I am well acquainted with Blue-Eyes, Willie H. Coleman, Fleta Forrester, Black-Eyes, Zephyr, and all the rest of the nieces and nephews. I ask, as a *great* favor, dear Uncle, that I may be admitted into your circle. Are my hoped-for *cousins* willing? I assure you I can tease them well, and they like that sometimes, I believe. I was induced to write this by the communication of noble Henry A. Danker. He deserves the commendation of *all* the Merry family, for he serves under the starry folds of our glorious old banner. God bless him! shall be the constant prayer of his new cousin, LESLIE.

Come in, Leslie! You are *pointed*, but not *green*. Take a seat by Uncle Robert, which will insure you a welcome all around.

---

PITTSBURG, *Oct.* 14, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—I see that I am not the only new recruit you admitted for the Oct. Chat; among the new names I notice "Brown-Eyes" and "Mollie Myrtle;" but, before I write further, I must ask that oft-repeated question, is it necessary to get an introduction to all the cousins? If so, I wish you would just introduce me to Brown-Eyes and Mollie Myrtle; as we three became Merrys at the same time, we may as well become acquainted at once. Tell Black-Eyes that I fully indorse her plan! I think I can promise you one new subscriber at least. You write, "If you are for the Union, you can be mustered into service," etc. Now, I think you must have forgotten where I hailed from, when you said that; didn't you know that we had not any rebels or suspected persons in the Smoky City? the atmosphere here don't agree with such. I should like very much to hear from some of your Pitts-Museum readers. But I imagine I see you reaching for—you know what, so I must close.

HUGO.

Do you know, Hugo, how near you are to Black-Eyes? You can make her personal acquaintance very easily. "Westward that star," etc

---

*Oct.* 20, 1861.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I saw my little note in your MUSEUM, with some surprise. I live so far distant, I thought it would never reach you. C. F. W., I am not acquainted with Miss A. L. F. I don't think I am acquainted with any of the correspondents. I did not see Wilforley's name in the Chat this week. I don't believe he is a young gentleman. I still think he is a lady. Don't you, C. G. W.? Brown-Eyes, I should think you and I might be friends; we are both strangers, and of the same age. I am not quite as tall as you are. *My* eyes are

gray. I should like to make your acquaintance, Jessie, and Black-Eyes also. My love to all. From your niece,

MARY E. STANLEY.

---

BATAVIA, ILL., *Aug.* 7.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I have taken the MUSEUM four years, and I thought it was about time for me to become a Chatterbox. I would like to be introduced to Sybil Grey, Jessie Linwood, Oliver Onley, and Annie E. Drummond. Tell Annie (for me), that as I live so near her, I think I will call and see her some time. Love to all, from

COUSIN LOCKWOOD.

---

*Nov.* 11, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE HI :—Here am I, another applicant for admission to the Chat. Please introduce me to all the cousins.

May I have a seat by you, Black-Eyes? I'll try not to talk *too* much, though I *have* "a gift of the gab."

Here's a kiss for you, Fleta, if you would like one, that is. You must consider yourself *flattered*, for I don't bestow kisses on *every one*.

Wilforley, I want very much to see your face in the shape of a "photo;" but as I did not expect to become one of the Merry cousins when your conundrum was given out, I'm afraid I shan't catch a glimpse of your "phiz."

Daisy W., may I have a share of that *love* you sent the cousins! I won't ask for a great deal. Here's *mine*, with a *kiss* in return. MERMAID.

Tell us, fair Mermaid, what wonders there be,
In the fathomless caves of the deep, deep sea.

---

*December*, 1861.

A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Uncles, aunt, and cousins all!

Willie, you *isn't* in earnest, *is* you? Forgive my carelessness this once, and be careful you don't grow up into an old bachelor.

Thank you, Fred.

Now, Pertine! *Didn't* you look at Wilforley at all?

Auntie, dear, we all thank Uncle very much for putting it in our power to have your face in our houses, where we can often look upon it. BLACK-EYES.

Uncle Merry returns thanks for your faithful labors and good-will.

ILLINOIS.

While Uncle Hi is parleying with some of the bashful cousins about coming in, I'll just see if I can't slip in under that horrible hatchet. There, cousins mine—didn't I do that well. I didn't want to be introduced, for just as I'd get ready to make a most graceful courtesy, I should certainly catch my toe against my heel and down I should go. I'm not troubled with bashfulness, but I should, under such circumstances, feel like retiring as soon as possible forever. But I must be quick—I see Uncle H. begins to think I'm an intruder. It's a mistake, Uncle, I'm a regular Merry. Don't let me detain you, Uncle, if you want to grind that hatchet (I'll be done by the time *that* is). Jeannie P., I love you, but you look rather older than ten. Annie E. Drummond, I'd love to see you at home. Although I'm a stranger, let me suggest, if you want to help Wilforley about his name, how would he like it transposed to Lofery Wil?

Don't you think if we could get a photograph of the Uncles, aunts, and cousins, as they *really are*, it would make a "diverting scene," as my good grandmother says. I do. Now, here is quite a middle-aged gentleman passing himself off as a gay youth; then there is a little girl and her mother—the Merry cousin they represent is about eighteen. Then we come to a regular *bona fide* young lady, just as represented. Then a fair young girl in her teens; then, oh! that is one of the brigs that sails under false colors. But there is a fair proportion who sail under the true flag—most of them, I think, are for "Union," or will be some day.

Uncle, don't be trying the edge of that hatchet on your thumb, on my account, you *might* cut yourself.

*Au revoir.* STUMBLER.

---

GOUVERNEUR, *Nov.* 5, 1861.

DEAR CHAT :—Can't I have a seat by your warm fireside this cold November morning? Since so many of the boys have gone to the war, I suppose the girls will have to make up for their loss by coming in the oftener. Perhaps the best encouragement we can offer them to fight well is, the promise of our hearts, and perhaps our hands, if they come off the battle-field without any scars on their backs. I intend going the Union ticket

as soon as I am old enough, be it for the whole country or myself in particular.

Willie Coleman, how is your little "girl?" Mrs. Black Eyes, mamma wants to know how you succeed in making "bread." I send some answers to the puzzles, and had I more wit, should have answered them all. If a body can have Wilforley's photograph by saying "ramrod," then I say "ramrod," and shall expect it. I should like to have Aunt Sue's, but don't know as I have come up to the conditions. My mamma is a terrible punster. The other night, at tea, she asked us, "What man in the Bible was commanded to scream violently?" to which my brother Arthur, without a moment's hesitation, answered, "Daniel" (Dan-yell).

My love to all, Uncles and Aunty in particular. JEANNIE PARKER.

---

FRANKLIN, *Oct.*, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Enter an hitherto unknown cousin who claims Aunt Sue's protection, with a low stool by her side, and begs to be introduced all round.

Ha! ha! how I did laugh when Wilforley and Oliver began to compare whiskers! For I had carefully examined with a microscope the former's photograph in "the place where de whiskers ought to go," and could discover not even an incipient moustache! I'm afraid he'll have to use the same preparation Charlie F. Warren recommends so highly to Oliver Onley.

Bring up your charges, Sophie, 'twill do W. H. C. good; specs, indeed, and a "gay deceiver," go well together. Let's call him Uncle—Uncles Willie, Hiram, and Robert—that *sounds* well.

Oliver, I looked at Ben Franklin last winter, and even went up into the City Hall, where you are to be found—but, alas! I did not see you.

So H. A. D. and Jasper have gone to the wars. I knew there must *some* patriotism among our brave cousins who are so valiant in defending themselves in the Chat. They have the best wishes of us girls, who can only stay at home trying to do all we can for their comfort by knitting and sewing for them.

Fleta, Sybil, Annie E. Drummond, I claim your friendship with the schoolgirl's pledge. Exit.

LUCY W. C.

P. S. WILSON sends a regretful farewell to the Chat, "because we can not agree on the great question of the day, 'Union and Disunion.'" It is so full of kind feeling, and so truly gentlemanly in style, that we share his regrets in parting. Aunt Sue cordially returns his kind remembrances, and would like much to have the opportunity and power of convincing so courteous an opponent that he is under an erroneous impression with regard to the great "question."

TOMMY and JASPER both send their greetings to the whole family. The former called to-day (Dec. 17th) on his way to join the new gunboat Winona, and this afternoon, by a pleasing coincidence, a letter comes from Jasper, dated "U. S. Frigate Potomac, off Mobile." They would like to hear from any of the boys in the navy. Uncle Merry will forward any communication sent to this office for them.

God speed our noble *ships* of state,
And all the boys who man them.

And now, young chatterboxes, listen a moment to a few words from all the Uncles and Aunt*S*. We are in most unmitigated earnest in saying this *shall* be as merry, as happy a year to you all as we can make it. Please read the second and third pages of the cover, and decide if we are not in earnest. "The more the merrier," you know. Can we not at least double the subscription this year? Yes, if each one will only bring *one*. Many thanks to the faithful friends who have already done more than this, and to those who we know are doing their best.

We are glad that Uncle Merry has offered such a fine list of premiums. We know you are willing to labor for your beloved Magazine, but we are pleased to have you receive some substantial proof of our regards. A "Merry" pen or album, or other *souvenir*, will always be pleasant to look upon, in addition to its intrinsic value.

It is intended that all who pay their

subscriptions for 1862 in advance, shall receive the portrait of Aunt Sue. Owing to the early day on which the January number is mailed, some subscriptions may be received after the Magazine is sent without the engraving. All such, whose subscriptions reach us by February 1st, shall receive the portrait in the February number.

Believing you will join us in giving the Magazine a *great lift*, we will all now unite in the sentiment, "Here's long life, and more of it, to the MUSEUM AND CABINET."

## Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

I WISH you all a happy New Year, and only hope that 1863 may find our Merry circle as good-natured and agreeable as does 1862. We miss our pretty *Gazella*, our dear *Busy Bee*, and a few others whose monthly greetings were erst so pleasant. May we soon be RE-UNITED!

Robert Merry offers a gold pen for the correct solution of the Hieroglyphical Rebus on page 30. He will also give a gold pen for the best design for an original Hieroglyphical Rebus, to be sent in before February 1st.

Prizes will be given every month, as usual, for the greatest number of solutions.

TOMMY wins the prize for answering correctly the greatest number of puzzles in the November number.

### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. My first, I believe—though I'll not swear an oath—
   Is human or canine, or neither, or both!
   But either just now suit my purpose quite well,
   Yet we'll *say* genus "*homo*," species "Chestnut Street swell,"
   Who moves in a nerve-killing cloud of ambrosia,
   With a pair of "*gants jaune*," and a mouth-piece of osier;
   And my second casts killingly round on the "fair"
   Who daily shed brightness on Chestnut Street air.
   My whole is a TRAITOR, whose presence, I ween,
   Fort Sumter, Bull's Run, and Manassas have seen.
   *Fleta Forrester.*

2. Transpose an article of food into a verb signifying to abate.

3. Transpose a celebrated naval commander into a town in England; transpose this again into a village in Ohio.

4. Transpose a Persian monarch into a part of the human frame.
   *Nellie A. Mather.*

5. Entire I am a bird; cut off my tail and I shall be a surname; now transpose and I shall be something singular. *Busy Bee.*

6. Why is the best drum in the regiment of no use? *K. C.*

7. (Dedicated to Fleta Forrester.) 3 6 old i e R S 1 ce with 4 2 d B A 4t T L. It i 7 sai 500 that they 4 2 we 5050 an 500 fe 5 0 1 500 e a 500 fr O I 000.
   10 ertion. *Wilforley.*

8. To what port was Henry VIII. bound when he sought a divorce from his first wife?

9. He was ——— who came to ———. Express a truth taught in Scripture by the above, filling the two blanks with the same word taken first forward, and in the second blank backward. *Kruna.*

10. (An old friend in a new dress.) Express with four letters a sentence containing three words and twelve letters. *Clara.*

11. If two of you and I
    With any friends combine,
    There's many a man would for us sigh,
    And many vainly pine.
    *Aunt Martha.*

12. If the earth were annihilated, why would it be a pleasant pastime to make it again?

13. Why would it be sure to be better? *Adelbert Older.*

14. My first describes a person, add an adjective and show that person's condition. *K. C.*

ANAGRAMS.

15. I harm the Chat. *Tommy.*

16. Hen, I am he. *Nedloh.*

17. Mid nice rains. *C. F. Warren.*

18. I sent one part. *Hattie.*

19. Tore a limb. *Jim.*

20. Test Mars. *Sam.*

21. I am composed of 9 letters :
My 8, 3, 6, 4, 5 is passed through many hands.
My 1, 2, 8, 3 is a mineral.
My 9, 7, 8, 3 we often consult.
My whole is an instrument of war.
*Josie.*

22. I am composed of 10 letters :
My 2, 3, 4, transposed, is to embrace.
My 6, 7, 8, 10, transposed, is a stream of water.
My 1, 5, 9, transposed, is to form a border.
My whole is a great author.
*Jasper.*

23. I am composed of 14 letters :
My 9, 2, 11, 5, 10, 6 was one of the Presidents.
My 1, 3, 13, 7, 4 is a wonderful artist.
My 12, 14, 8, 4 we all enjoy.
My whole is a noted place. *Eddie.*

24. I am composed of 22 letters :
My 15, 12, 1, 18 means people in general.
My 14, 20, 4, 6, 10 is a flower.
My 7, 16, 9, 19 is a boy's name.
My 3, 5, 13 is an animal.
My 11, 4, 22 is a cover.
My 22, 2, 21 many dread.
My 17, 8 is an interjection.
My whole was a great and good Englishman. *Ellian.*

25. I am composed of 10 letters :
My 4, 10, 6 is a Chinese measure of length.
My 7, 2 is an interjection.
My 9, 3, 8 is part of the body.
My 6, 5, 1 is to dip in liquor.
My whole to the student is a familiar word. *D. P.* and *W. W. W.*

26. I am composed of 10 letters :
My 2, 1, 4 is an animal.
My 3, 10, 7 may be a luxury or an annoyance.
My 5, 7, 6 most ladies do.
My 6, 9, 8, 7 is an insect.
My whole is very useful, and something that every one should understand. *Milly.*

27. I am composed of 12 letters :
My 6, 4, 8 is an article of clothing.
My 8, 2, 5 is a boy's nickname.
My 9, 1, 11, 7, 12 I hope you never do.
My 10, 11, 3 is a pronoun.
My whole is one of the Merry family. *Fred. Judson.*

28. I am composed of 23 letters :
My 7, 12, 6, 4, 19 may be either frightful or attractive, utile or inutile, legitimate or illegitimate, common or uncommon.
My 1, 11, 5, 13, 2, 20, 22 is a very swift runner, said to obtain his meat from the crocodile's mouth.
My 23, 16, 18, 14 resembles our shadow—it is ever with us, though often unheeded. And we can not run away from it, though too often we act the part of cowards, and endeavor to do so.
My 17, 8, 3, 9 was promised to Abraham, and was the thesis on which Christ founded one of his most pointed parables.
My 10, 15, 21, 16 having wings is incapable of flight.
My whole is incontrovertible. Every patriot's heart feels it, every loyal arm should prove it.
*Fleta Forrester.*

29. I am composed of 11 letters :
My 6, 8, 1, 9, 4, 5 is a metal.
My 3, 5, 7, 8, 1, 2, 11 is a soldier.
My 11, 7, 10 is an animal.
My whole is a popular man in New York. "*Lisbon.*"

30. Change my head several times, and make 1 a unit, 2 a sometimes terrible necessity, 3 what we all gain with power, 4 to command, 5 to dress, 6 what we should all be, 7 a certain season, 8 a body of water, 9 to pierce, 10 fast, 11 a supernatural being, 12 a fast traveler, without which 13 would be useless. *E. W. W.*

31. 1 A 1 000 5 5 H 8 0 ? *Bertha.*

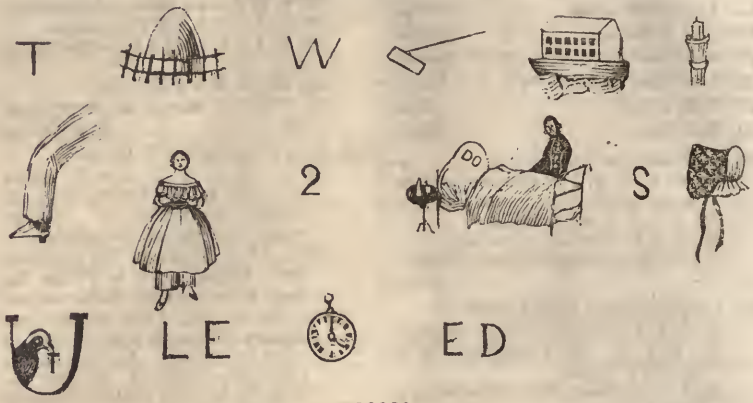
32. Entire I am a river; transpose, and I am what we all possess; behead and curtail, and I am an adverb; behead and transpose, and I am another. *Ada.*

33. Dedicated to Wilforley :

A $\frac{\text{TgEooNdT.}}{\text{I}}$ , $\frac{\text{5a50ue500}}{\text{but}}$ , $\frac{\text{stoo500}}{\text{1001s}}$

*Fleta Forrester.*

34. Hieroglyphical Rebus.




## Answers to Questions in Nov. No.

**307.** Tacarnahaca.
**308.** Harriet Beecher Stowe.
**309.** Liver, livre.
**310.** Cane, Caen.
**311.** Nose, Enos.
**312.** Sap, Spa.
**313.** Mist, Imst.
**314.** Salve, Elvas.
**315.** Skull-cap.
**316.** Concatenation.
**317.** Bandoleer.
**318.** Altoma.
**319.** Sardinian.
**320.** Diamond.
**321.** Caoutchoucine.
**322.** Unparliamentary.
**323.** Hallucination.
**324.** Superlative.
**325.** Man of War.
**326.** Clock, lock.
**327.** Stroll, troll, roll.
**328.** Ben, Apple, Thaw, Amy, Virgo, Impair, Ask. Batavia, New York.
**329.** One cent (sent).
**330.** Fortuity.
**331.** Docile.
**332.** One is fighting for the spoils, the other spoiling for the fight.
**333.** Audito multa, sed loquere pauca (Hear much, but say little).
**334.** Assinego.
**335.** Minnie Idele Bradford.
**336.** Feather.

TOMMY answers all but 307, 312, 313, 317, 318, 332, 334.

*Charlie F. W.* all but 307, 312, 313, 317, 318, 320, 327, 332, 334.

*Mary A. E.* all but 307, 311, 312, 315, 317, 318, 325, 327, 332, 334.

*Bertha* all but 307, 312, 313, 315, 317, 318, 321, 327, 332, 334.

*E. W. W.* all but 307, 309, 312, 314, 315, 318, 327, 332, 334.

*Ellian* all but 307, 312, 314, 315, 317, 318, 321, 327, 328, 329, 330, 332, 334.

*D. P. and W. W. W.* all but 307, 309, 311, 312, 314, 315, 318, 322, 324, 330, 332, 334.

*Kittie F.* answers 308, 309, 315, 319, 320, 322, 324, 325, 326, 328, 329, 330, 331, 336.

*Homely Face* answers 308, 309, 319, 320, 322, 324, 325, 326, 329, 330, 331, 336.

*Clara* answers 309, 318, 319, 320, 324, 326, 328, 331, 336.

*Morton* answers 308, 311, 319, 320, 322, 323.

*Odoacer* answers 315, 319, 320, 326, 331, 336.

*Venerable San* answers 308, 326, 331, 333, 336.

*Josie* answers 308, 315, 328, 336.

*Black-Eyes* answers 315, 326, 330, 336.

*Jim* answers 320, 336.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Pertine.*—Thanks for your nice long letter. I do not know the address of Blue-Eyes; perhaps she will send it to you herself. Your answers did not reach me till the 13th.

*Zephyr.*—With regard to "fairness," read my remarks to *Lizzie L. H.* in the December number. Those pressed flowers are very pretty. I have carefully preserved them. The address you ask for is "*Greenvale, South Portsmouth, R. I.*"

*Homely Face.*—I *do* indorse Jeannette's sentiments—

> "Let those who make the quarrels
> Be the only ones to fight."

Concerning the "color," you may call them a bluish-gray.

*Black-Eyes* informs *Daisy Wildwood* that the *best* way to make such a request is to "send hers, and ask an exchange." B.-E. assures *Jim* that she shall "come to her assistance"

*Morton.*—You are more than welcome, if only for your splendid chirography.

*Arthur.*—You ought to see Morton's writing; you would want to hide your diminished head in some friendly inkhorn (the little end).

*K. C.*—Were you satisfied?

*C. H. L.*—Come a *little* earlier with your answers. Perhaps some day you will be able to do better than to look at that "5th vol."

*Tommy.*—I must thank you here for your kindness in collecting those postage-stamps, and arranging and framing them so very nicely for me; I assure you I shall value them highly.

*C. F. W.*—You must have stretched that "cap" cruelly to have made it "fit you;" *your* letters have always been gentlemanly and *unselfish*, therefore those remarks could in no manner have applied to you.

*Henry A. Danker.*—Did you join the army that you might enlist the good wishes of all the Merry cousins? I have lots of kind messages for you. *Kittie F.* "hopes we shall hear from you often." *Homely Face* "thinks the MUSEUM must be doubly precious to you now, and wishes all the soldiers had it." A New Hampshire young lady sends kind greetings; and others too numerous to mention.

*Josie.*—See "Hints to Puzzlers" on 188 page, December number. "82, third door east of Henry."

*Jasper.*—The letter was directed according to instructions; I hope it reached you safely.

*Odoacer* sends his (?) love to all the cousins, and wishes to be introduced to *W. H. Coleman.*

*Clara.*—You "trouble" me more when you stay away than when you "come." For the rest, I am all expectation.

*Ellian.*—I am glad you like my choice of a correspondent for you. I laughed when I saw how "Ben" received your message to "Bess." The printer is not as familiar with your eccentric "*s*"'s as I am.

*Daisy Wildwood.*—*Ellian* requests me to assure you that she would *very much* like to have you take *Effie's* place. And *Annie E. D.* says you can have her carte de visite if she may have the pleasure of receiving yours.

*D. P. and W. W. W.*—I took the liberty of changing "invigor" to "impair." So there was no "mistake."

*Pennsylvania Dick.*—Mr. - - - says that - - — — - . . . — . . . . . used to . . . . — / —— —— his — — — — . . . — . . "— . . . . . — . —"

*Venerable San.*—If a person sends but *one* answer, it shows me they have at least *tasted* of the good things I have been at some trouble to provide. Time and patience are often more needed than wit and brightness in solving puzzles.

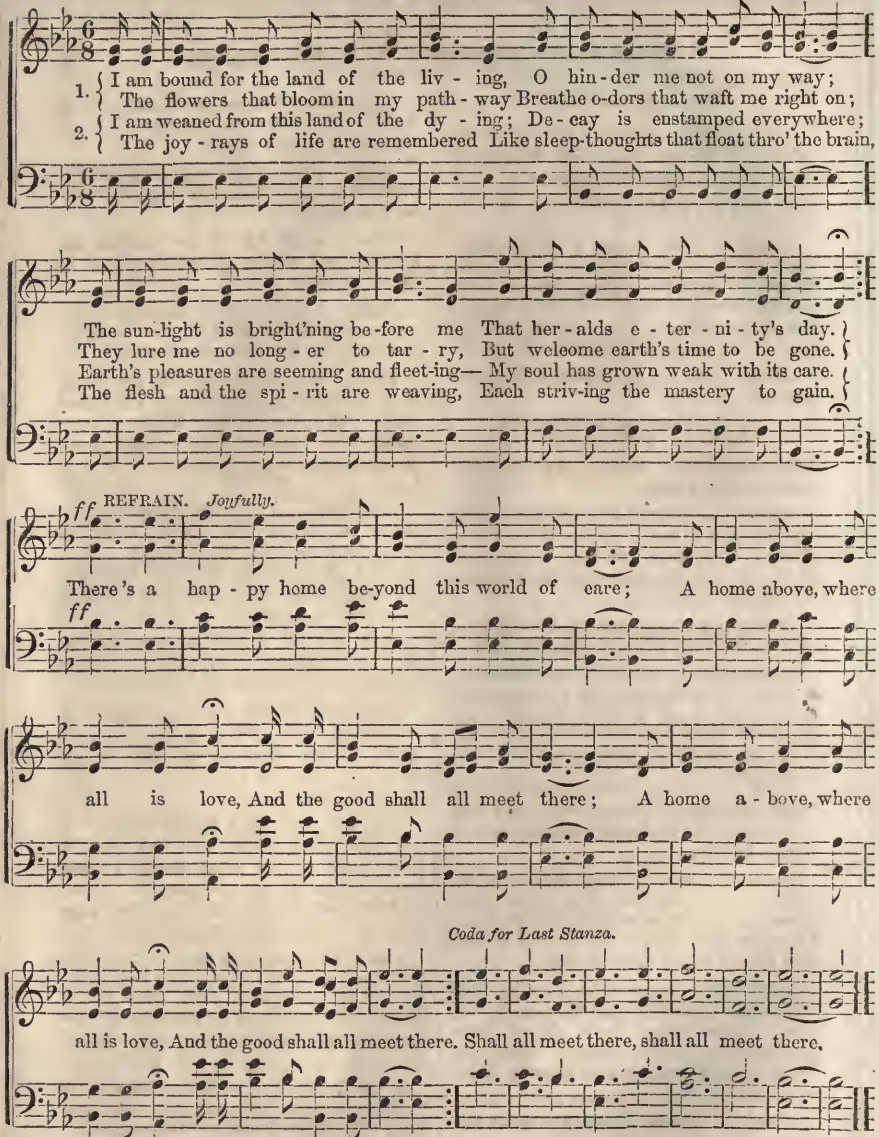
*Jim.*—You came very near losing either your letter or your charade, as they occupied both sides of a page; but that I copied the latter, the former would have been "lost to sight and memory—dear." Is the charade original with you?

Several essays on ants, and answers to October puzzles, reached me after the 13th ult. My "bureau" was completed on the evening of the 12th. To be safe, you had better send all documents for the *Puzzle Drawer* within the first ten days of the month.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *K. C.*, *Tattler* (who omitted to send an answer to the first enigma—"Grandfather"), *Wilforley*, *C. F. W.*, *D. P. and W. W. W.*, *Ellian*, *Minx*, and *Jim.*

# THE HAPPY HOME.

Wm. B. Bradbury. From "Golden Chain." By permission. Copyright secured.


1. I am bound for the land of the liv - ing, O hin - der me not on my way;
The flowers that bloom in my path - way Breathe o-dors that waft me right on;
2. I am weaned from this land of the dy - ing; De - cay is enstamped everywhere;
The joy - rays of life are remembered Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,
The sun-light is bright'ning be-fore me That her - alds e - ter - ni - ty's day.
They lure me no long - er to tar - ry, But welcome earth's time to be gone.
Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleet-ing— My soul has grown weak with its care.
The flesh and the spi - rit are weaving, Each striv-ing the mastery to gain.
ff REFRAIN. Joyfully.
There's a hap - py home be-yond this world of care; A home above, where
all is love, And the good shall all meet there; A home a - bove, where
Coda for Last Stanza.
all is love, And the good shall all meet there. Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

3. I am waiting the summons that bids me
No longer a pilgrim to roam,
But, leaving the past in this death-land,
Make the land of the living my home.
The messenger-angel stands waiting,
The signal to whisper to me,
That the place is prepared for my dwelling.
And the Master is calling for me.

4. The land of the living is yonder;
There life to its fullness has grown;
There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
And sickness, and death are unknown.
There the songs of redemption are chanted,
By a holy, harmonious band;
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land?

# FEBRUARY SPORTS.

## GOOD HINTS TO SKATERS.

THE young folks are now in their very paradise of sports. The smoothly trodden snow makes a race-track of every road and hillside. The streams and ponds are covered with crystal floors, over which the merry skaters may glide swiftly and gracefully as birds on the wing.

We are right glad that the glorious exercise of skating has become popular. Fathers, mothers, and sisters now join the boys upon the pond; the old are growing young again, and the young rejoice in the hearty companionship of their seniors. "Do you think it *proper* for *girls* to skate?" asks Aunt Rebekah, as she slowly lays down her knitting. "Certainly, aunty; it's fashionable. That makes it proper in the eyes of 'the world;' and it is innocent, healthful, invigorating, delightful recreation; and that makes it *proper in itself*." Aunty resumes her knitting with, "Ah! they didn't do so when I was a girl"—and off we troop to the skating-pond, thinking 'if they *had* allowed girls more out-door exercise when aunty was young, she, and thousands more, would not now be invalids, tormented by dyspepsia, nervousness, low spirits, and a thousand other equally fashionable ailments.'

While on our way to the ice, let us give a few hints to young skaters. First, as to the apparatus. A good skate for beginners has a cast-steel runner, a quarter of an inch thick, and slightly grooved. The bottom of the runner should be nearly or quite straight from the heel to where the turn is made at the toe. "Rockers," or skates with a curved bottom, are admirable for experienced performers, but a beginner using them, will find his feet in the air oftener than on the ice. Do not choose skates having a long fanciful curve turning up in front. They may catch in some obstruction, and give you a not easy fall. The curve should end but little above the level of the toe of the boot. A good screw at the heel, half an inch

long, to enter the boot, is essential to hold the skate to its position. It matters little what kind of straps are used, so they be strong and keep the skate firmly on the foot. Be sure that the ends of the straps are tucked away where they will not slip and get under the skate-runner—neglect of this may cause a broken head. Before purchasing, carefully examine the wood of the skates, to see that it contains no cracks or flaws; also notice whether the runner is strongly fastened to the wood. It is very vexatious to lose a good day's sport, or more, because of the breaking down of a skate, to say nothing of the danger to limbs. The skater needs well-fitting, not tight, shoes or boots, of thick leather, to keep the feet warm, and to prevent the straps from hurting the feet.

It would be nonsense to give you a set of rules to learn to skate by. *Go upon the ice and try;* that is the rule by which all good skaters have learned. A few lessons on "parlor skates," which run on wheels, may be of advantage in learning to balance yourself and to strike out with the feet; but practice on the ice is the one thing needful. Some kind friend to lend you a helping hand will be of much service; but don't depend on somebody to tow you all day—use your own toes.

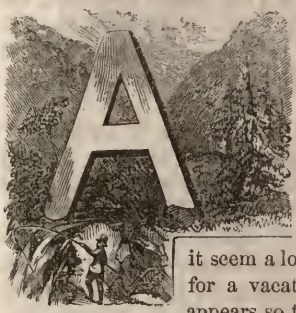
Learn to keep your mouth shut when skating. Of course you may talk as much as is best; but don't go gaping around, breathing through your mouth, and taking in a "bad cold" with every puff of wind. When warm with the exercise, don't stand still; move about more slowly, and cool off gradually. To prevent lameness after a day's skating, immediately upon returning home, rub your limbs thoroughly with the hand or a coarse towel, for ten or fifteen minutes, until the skin is all aglow, then put on dry clothing, in place of the under-garments filled with perspiration. Do this in a warm room, to avoid a chill, and if you have good digestion and a clear conscience, we'll warrant you a good night's sleep, and your wonted suppleness the next day—but here we are at the pond.

# SILVER AND GOLD;

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER II.



WHOLE week!" said Nathan, "only think of that, father! Doesn't it seem a long while for a vacation? It appears so to me. I expect to have a *splendid* time of it."

"And what are you going to do?" asked his father.

They were in the stable, and Mr. Morgan was giving Dove-Eyes and Flash-Fire their meal of hay and oats. It was the morning after Nathan's return.

"Oh, a great many things," replied Nathan. "I am going fishing with Majory to the pond, and I expect to try some sails with Gilbert Smith on the river, and to go to see all my old friends in the neighborhood. I shall be as happy as a king."

Over the armful of hay which Mr. Morgan was in the act of putting in the manger, he looked at his son a little sadly. Perhaps he was thinking how soon the lad must leave the innocent pleasures of his home to return to his work in the town.

"Your mother and I were debating last night, after you and Majory had gone to bed, what little excursion we could get up while you were here, that would make the time pass happily. We hesitated some time between a picnic down to Friar's Hill, and a tramp through the woods to your grandfather's, like we had last year, when you were not here."

"Oh! father," cried Nathan, with sparkling eyes, "if I should be allowed to choose, I should say—"

"Well, what should you say?" asked his father, smiling, as Nathan hesitated.

"I should choose the journey to grandfather's. I have often heard Majory say that it was the most delightful trip that she had ever had in her life. Besides, it is—how long is it since I have seen grandfather?"

"Two years, I think. Well, I will ask your mother again, and we shall see what she says. We have the camp tents still, and in just as good order as they were last time. We are pretty busy with the farm, but I think Dove-Eyes and Flash-Fire could be spared to go and carry the baggage. It will only be a four days' excursion, and the time, after all, will not count much, because—"

"Because Nathan is only here once a year," added Majory, who had entered the stable unperceived. "Oh! father, what fun it will be to go to grandfather's house, as we did last year, through the woods! How Nathan will like the camping out at night! Breakfast is ready—may we talk it over at once at the table?"

When Mrs. Morgan saw, at breakfast, that the proposed excursion seemed to delight Nathan greatly, she said that she gave her consent to its

being undertaken; but she warned Nathan that he would find the journey not entirely one of pleasure, for the fatigue was great, and the route a rough one.

"But the fun!" cried Majory; "why mother, it is just like being a gipsy! Sleeping on the ground in our tents is the greatest pleasure I can think of! I hope they will not mend the old road, and replace the bridge that was blown away, for the next five years, so that if we go to grandfather's farm at all, we will be obliged to journey by the horse-path through the woods and over the mountains."

"That is rather a rash wish, Majory," said her mother, "for if the chasms in the road were filled up, and the bridge replaced, we could ride in the wagon to grandfather's at least a dozen times, where we now go once a year; and besides, many other persons are seriously inconvenienced. It will be a blessing to the whole country when the road commissioners see fit to go to work."

"And then we can not camp out any more," said Majory, smiling gayly. "I shall be sorry for that; for, mother, I do believe your Madge was meant for a gipsy. Won't grandfather be glad to see Nathan, though?"

Here a shadow darkened the doorway, and Majory looking up saw the boy whom Nathan had met the day before, Gilbert Smith. He had a large covered tin kettle in one hand, and a basket in the other.

"Please, Miss Morgan," said Gilbert, addressing Nathan's mother, "our folks have got company to spend the day, and here's some eggs, and they want to know if you'll trade some milk for 'em. This 'ere's the kettle for it. We haven't enough milk in the house to do anything with."

While Mrs. Morgan was gone down to the milk cellar, Majory and Nathan told Gilbert of the excursion through the woods.

"We are going with our tents, just as we did last summer," said Majory. "They are old things, to be sure, but perfectly good still. They used to belong to a camp-meeting, and fell into father's hands years ago, by accident."

"He bought them at an auction," said Nathan, "and he never had any use for them till last season. We have two of them, haven't we, father?"

"Yes," replied his father, "I have owned them for ten years. They were sold at a sacrifice, and I paid exactly five dollars for the two. They have rested peacefully in the garret all this while unused."

"When do you start?" asked Gilbert; "how I wish I could go with you!"

"To-morrow morning early, at daybreak," said Mr. Morgan; "that is, if we really decide to go."

Majory jumped from her chair, and running to her father gave him a great *big* kiss, right between his eyes, at the top of his nose!

"Father," she whispered, "don't you see how badly poor Gilbert wants to go with us? Mightn't we ask him? Just for *this once*, you know. And then he will be company for Nathan, and he'll help us pack and unpack the tents, I'm sure. Can not you try him, father?"

Mr. Morgan looked at her bright face and smiled. "You want everything to come by coaxing," he said; "we will see what your mother says. But don't speak of it now, my dear."

Majory knew what that meant, and went back to her seat satisfied. In a

little while Mrs. Morgan returned with the milk, and Gilbert went home.

Nathan's grandfather lived a long distance off, a number of miles back of the mountains, against whose rocky sides his own father's farm terminated. A year or two before it had only been a day's journey to reach it, by traveling a direct road that was now rendered impassable. A great freshet had overflowed the country, carrying off many valuable buildings, and destroying human lives. In this freshet, portions of the road had been swept away, causing great gulfs to intersect it at such frequent intervals as to render it utterly useless. But this was not all. Even if the road had been in a good condition, it would have been of no service to Mr. Morgan in taking his family to visit his father, for the reason that an old decayed bridge which spanned a wide creek that also lay in the way, had been demolished in the same flood. Scarcely one of its foundation stones remained. Those who found it necessary to pass the little stream, were obliged to ferry themselves over in boats.

There was no open thoroughfare that led in the same direction, and although many complaints were uttered by the people of the neighborhood, no attempt had been made as yet, by the proper authorities, to repair the damage. There was an old, almost forgotten horse-path that led over the mountains back of Mr. Morgan's farm. It had been used in old times, before the regular road was made, by the early settlers of the place, but owing to its roughness and general inaccessibility, it had been abandoned as soon as the new turnpike was opened. It led up the face of the mountain, and back through the woods to the country beyond. It was such severe toil to mount it, that it had never become more than a mere horse-path; it was at once too narrow, too steep, and too rocky for wagons, and, indeed, one had not been known ever to have been dragged up it. It was this path on which Mr. Morgan proposed to travel the next day.

It was soon settled that the excursion was really to take place. The children were delighted at the decision. Majory wanted to fly at once to the kitchen to begin making some cake to add to the store of provisions, and Nathan, for his part, no sooner heard that they were actually going, than he started for the garret to get the tents in readiness.

"Softly, my children," said Mrs. Morgan, "do not be in too great haste. Your father has been telling me that you wish Gilbert to go with you. As we are willing to gratify you, I think that before we do anything else, you ought to go and invite him."

"Invite Gilbert!" cried Nathan, to whom the idea was new. "I shall like that. Majory, I will run over and tell him at once what mother says. Perhaps if you expect to be busy, you had better not go with me. You must save your strength for to-morrow's tramp."

So Nathan put on his cap and went to deliver the invitation. Gilbert was a boy with whom Nathan used to be very well acquainted before he entered Mr. Reynolds' store. They were at the time quite small children. Nathan remembered Gilbert as he had seemed then. He had liked him very much as a playmate and companion, and he did not pause to consider that time might have altered his character as he grew older, and that perhaps they

would not now agree as well as formerly. In the interval, Gilbert's mother had died, and his father had married a widow with five or six little children. She was a kind-hearted, amiable woman, but indolence, the multiplicity of cares with which she was burdened, and a want of system, prevented her bestowing much attention on Gilbert. The consequence was that he became selfish and exacting, and oftentimes said and did ill-tempered things to his new brothers and sisters. His father was a plain country farmer, and Gilbert had grown to his present age with but little education. Nathan, too, had never had the advantages of much study, because his parents had not been able to afford them to him, but they were people of more natural refinement than Gilbert's father and mother, and they had always surrounded their two children with good home influences that were now beginning to show their effects in their expanding characters.

When Nathan rapped at the door of the farm-house where Gilbert lived, a little girl came to it to open it. Nathan did not know her, although he supposed her to be one of Gilbert's sisters; but he wished her a good-morning, and asked if Gilbert were anywhere around, as he wished to speak to him. She was a queer, elfish-looking little thing, with a long mass of uncombed curls hanging down the back of her faded calico dress. Her feet were bare, and had been tanned by the sun till they were as brown as the earth.

"What do you want Gilbert for?" she demanded, with an independent toss of the head.

"I want to ask him something," said Nathan, smiling.

"Well, and what do you want to say?" persisted the little girl, swinging the door gently to and fro.

Nathan was about replying, when Gilbert's father came to the door himself. He was very glad to see Nathan, and asked him to walk in, at the same time bidding the little girl dust a seat for him. Nathan entered. He was much surprised at the scene of confusion that met his eyes. The room was the kitchen of the family, but it presented a very different appearance from the neat, orderly kitchen in his own home. He did not remember to have seen it looking so when Gilbert's own mother was alive. The breakfast dishes were not cleared away, but lay in unwashed piles on the soiled table-cloth. Many of them were broken and cracked, and a noseless pitcher served for a coffee-pot. The floor was full of fragments of muslin, the clippings of work. The ashes from the wood fire were scattered around the hearth; a huge dog was asleep in a corner on a nice shawl which he had dragged from a chair, and one of the children was strutting up and down in his mother's best bonnet, which she had left lying about with the shawl the night before. It was well that Gilbert's father had requested the little girl to dust off a seat for the visitor, for otherwise he could scarcely have found a clean spot in which to take refuge. After wiping the chair with her apron, the little thing gave it a push toward Nathan, and said, with a careless laugh—

"There, then! sit down, if you're a mind to!"

"Hush, Milly!" said her step-father, mildly but reprovingly; "and go tell brother Gilbert to come see Nathan."

"He isn't my brother," remarked Milly, with some decision, and thereupon she shook the dust from her

apron right under Nathan's nose, and whisked out of the room laughing.

Nathan explained his errand, and asked permission for Gilbert to accompany the little party the next day. The farmer looked very much pleased, and said that Gilbert had been longing to go with them ever since his return with the milk in the morning. "And to tell the truth," added he, "I am glad your folks are willing to take him with you, for I have a little business I should like him to transact for me in the neighborhood. I was wondering last week how I was ever to get it done. There is a man over there owes me some money, and I want Gilbert to collect it for me. How long will you be gone?

Nathan stated that the excursion was intended to occupy four days—a day and night of the time to be spent at his grandfather's house for a little visit, and the remainder to be occupied in making the journey to and fro so slowly as not to fatigue the party to too great an extent."

"While we are at grandfather's," said he, "Gilbert will have plenty of time to collect the debt, I should think, and have a resting spell, too."

"What time do you start?" asked the farmer.

"Five o'clock, to-morrow morning, father said," replied Nathan. "Gilbert will have to be at our house a little before that time, he told me to tell you."

Here Milly re-entered the room, her face flushed, and bright tears standing in her eyes. In her arms she held a kitten that was squealing piteously from the tightness of her embrace.

"I told him," she said, shortly, "but I s'pose he won't come till he gets ready. He threw some water at my cat, he did! I wish he'd run off to seek his everlastin' fortin', and never come back again, I do."

In a moment or two Gilbert made his appearance. He looked rather ashamed when he saw Milly and the wet kitten, but soon recovered himself. Nathan told him of the invitation, and he seemed overjoyed at the prospect of the excursion, particularly when he found that his father was as anxious to have him go as he himself was delighted to do so.

## THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

A FABLE FOR CHILDREN.

Two robin redbreasts built their nests
  Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
  The male sang merrily,
And all the little robins said,
  "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day, the sun was warm and bright,
  And shining in the sky,
Cock robin said, "My little dears,
  'Tis time you learnt to fly;"
And all the little robins said,
  "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
  I'll tell you by-and-by, ["that,"
When mother says, "Do this," or
  She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far,
  If she would say, "I'll try."

## THE RUINED VILLA.

In Italy's fair land there's many a fine old wood, [villa stood.
But ne'er a fairer spot than where the
'Twas alone in the quiet grove; no noise was heard around
Save the rustling of the leaves, and the fountain's murm'ring sound.
The rooks sailed o'er the fields; their cawing notes alone
Disturbed the silence, save the ring-dove's plaintive moan.
The wild bee glided daintily o'er fragrant beds of thyme,
And the breeze just stirred the boughs of the aspen and the lime.
Green moss sprang up around the fountain's dewy brim,
And the marble Flora's form was weather-stained and dim.
Where was once a splendid garden, with vine-wreathed, rose-crowned bowers,
Dank weeds, in thick luxuriance, choked out the rarer flowers.
But a bed of Parma violets sent forth a sweet perfume,
And pale sweet lilies gleamed like stars amid the chilly gloom.
Sad was the ruined garden, but 'twas sadder still to roam
Around the marble pile that was once a happy home—
To wander through the proud old halls and each deserted room;
To open long-closed doors, frightening bats from out the gloom,
While the echo from your footsteps haunts you like the ghosts of some

Who, in years gone by forever, have
called this ruin, home.
'Tis saddening thus to roam through
the still, hot summer days,
Till twilight settles down o'er the
quiet country ways.
And the villa stands out white-ly from
the back-ground of the trees,
Their green leaves dancing, waving,
in the gentle summer breeze.
And sadly thus we leave it, while the
night winds sigh its knell,
With hearts that beat more gently
'neath the ruined villa's spell.

NINA GORDON.

## MY LITTLE FAIRY.

A SHORT time ago I went to pay a visit in the country. I had been riding a long time, and as I was fatigued by the constrained position, I left my friends in the carriage, telling them I would walk on to the village. It was a delightful day, and after the late inclement weather in the city, I was prepared to enjoy it doubly. So I walked on, and was sinking into a revery in which the present was all forgotten, and my thoughts flew on into the distant unknown future, when I was roused by a sweet voice near me. I looked around and saw in an adjacent meadow a little girl of about six years, in a recumbent posture on the grass. Her fair hair was wreathed with wild flowers, and her sweet blue eyes sparkled with glee as she twined another wreath for her baby brother. Baby began to show signs of impatience, when she dropped her flowers and, kissing him twice, said:

"Oh, you dear little innocent, do be patient a minute and you shall have it."

Nothing could be a more perfect contrast than these two, for *his* hair was of the richest auburn, and his dancing eyes shone black as sloes, and with their little heads pressed together in their childish joy, they would have formed a beautiful picture for the most fastidious artist. And now the wreath was done, and, having crowned the boy, she tried to lift him over the stone wall into the road, at the imminent risk of breaking her little arms, which, it was very apparent, had not sufficient strength to bear his weight.

My fears were so excited for the frail little lady, that I started forward and offered to relieve her of her brother and help herself over the stones.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, "but I am confident I can get over without help."

I insisted, and soon saw her safe over the wall and within her garden-gate. She thanked me with a penitent air, saying:

"I was very sorry to have caused you so much trouble, sir."

I asked her if the baby wouldn't have made her more.

"Mother says I must always be gentle and indulgent, sir," she said; and with a happy smile disappeared with baby into the house.

I went on my way with a quicker step, but my revery was now of the little blue-eyed fairy whose last words ought to teach me a lesson.

"Mother says I must always be gentle and indulgent." D. E. W.

LIFE.—At best this life is not long. A few smiles, a few tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—and our little play will close. Then let us love each other.

# LITTLE FLORENCE'S CURIOSITY,

## AND HOW IT WAS CURED.

### CHAPTER II.

IT was a day of happy conversations and busy recollections, so that four o'clock came before Florence or Harry thought of it. Then some little friends were to meet them, and they were to have a supper out under the old maples, and after that the parlor all to themselves for games.

They were all very merry over the tea—notwithstanding the first shade of disappointment, when the out-door plan had to be given up on account of a chilly wind—and every little child seemed to secure as much pleasure from Florence's birthday, as she could possibly get from it herself. Then they went into the parlor, and pretty soon the shades were dropped and the room lighted up for the evening.

Before the games began, there were many things to be noticed and admired about the room, and most of all something very beautiful upon a table in the bay-window. It was a landscape—so much like a *real* one, with its trees, rocks, and water distinctly brought out by the jet of gas which threw its brilliant rays upon it from a chande-

lier above, that it almost deceived them for a moment. Florence was delighted. She had not seen it before, and now drew near with Harry and the others to examine.

"Oh!" said Harry, suddenly clapping his hands, "how much it looks like some place I know! Do *you* know, Florence?"

"That is some of Aunt Mary's moss-work," said Florence. "Oh, yes, I *do* know; it is, yes, it *is* Landsdowne, our Old England home. Only see! there is the curious old house; to be sure, it wasn't all green and mossy, but it had the same *queer roof*—what do you call it?—and the side piazzas (I wonder what they are made of!); and see," said she, clapping her hands gleefully, "the little lake and the bridge!"

"It is perfect," said Harry, "only it wants more trees; don't you remember the chair-oak by the lake, where we could both sit together and have plenty of room? and there ought to be some hills beyond the lawn."

"But there isn't room for *everything* in a little moss landscape," said Florence, rather impatiently.

Just then her eye was arrested by a curious little thing which there *was* room for, and which no one understood so well as herself. But she did not say a word; and while Harry was explaining to the rest about their old home in England, and they were busy hearing and asking questions, and wondering that his aunt should have remembered it so well and so long, and even if she did, that she should ever have thought of making such a picture of it—while all this was taking up *their* attention, Florence had ample time to *notice*, and *think*, and even *blush* without being noticed in return. There were a few little china figures interspersed to give life to the scene. A brown-and-white spotted fawn, not larger than her thumb, stood by the edge of the wood looking toward the water, and a small white lamb was lying under the trees near the bridge; but she scarcely noticed these, for on a low terrace, under a south window, stood a little china doll, dressed very much as Florence herself was sometimes dressed, in a sky-blue cashmere frock and white spotted muslin apron, with pantalettes and slippers. It was a jointed doll, and was bending forward with a little hand stiffly bent up toward its face on either side, and the face tipped right against one of Aunt Mary's curious moss windows.

"See this little lamb," said one of the children, "and look! here is a little girl fallen over on the terrace!" and she lifted the doll to her feet, without knowing her mistake, or how much Florence was relieved by the adjustment.

Florence was thinking just then, "*That* is what Aunt Mary was doing all those times when I couldn't get in. She wanted to surprise me by this beautiful moss picture of my old home, and have it ready when Harry and Aunt Emily came. And now I know where she was that day when she went to ride, and I couldn't find out where she had been, nor what was in the great basket she had with her, over in the woods, after moss. Now, it's *too* bad that I should have spoiled it all for myself in this way. But how in the world she knew about the face at the window, I can't imagine. I've heard of people with eyes in the back of their heads, but I never believed it before. At any rate, it was most too bad to fix that doll there, dressed just like me! But nobody

else has noticed it, and I really deserve it. I shall go right and tell Aunt Mary how sorry I am, and that I shall never again be so curious and naughty. But then she may not believe me. I have often said that. I will wait, and not let her be sure that I noticed it. She may think it was moved before I saw it. But I *will* stop being so curious. She shall find out in that way."

That was a wise decision for Florence, and she had hardly formed it before she was recalled to herself by one of her playmates, saying,

"*Florence* does not seem to enjoy it much. I expect it brings her old home back so as to make her sad."

"Oh, no, it doesn't," said Florence, quickly, "I am delighted with it. I wish it could last always. I love to think about my dear old home, and as I know it will not be mine again, and I have so pleasant a one here, I do not feel sad."

Pretty soon Aunt Mary and Harry's "mother," as he always called his Aunt Emily, came in, and enjoyed the children's games for a little while, and then they finished the evening merrily alone.

"She did not notice it, and my lesson will be lost," thought Aunt Mary, as Florence came for her good-night kiss, as usual, and showed no sign of having noticed the little "curiosity" in the picture. "Yet there is a chance she *may*, so I shall say nothing;" and Florence received her kiss and went to her own room as full of new resolutions as of sorrow for past faults.

"Those trees of cedar will all droop, and the moss will shrink and crack from the house and bridge," said Florence to Harry the next day, as they stood alone in the bay-window of the parlor. "I *wish* it could be kept. I know!" she added, revealing (after apparently thinking it out in a minute or two of silent waiting) a plan which she had been revolving in her busy little head all the morning—"I know, if there was any way you and I, Harry, could get that down to the saloon, and get Mr. French to *take its likeness*—it would make a beautiful picture, and be a nice surprise for Aunt Mary, some time."

"That's a capital idea," said Harry—who was a good brother, and not generally disposed, as some boys are, to make fun of all *girls' "plans"*—"a *capital* idea, and when they are all gone out to drive we will manage it. Let me see—yes, I have some extra money, and I can get Dennis to take it down in the barrow—we can arrange it carefully for him, and get back before any one misses it."

"If we *happen to!*" said Florence, laughing. So in the afternoon, when the older people were all away, and Harry had seen the artist, the wheel-barrow came round to the door, and Harry and the gardener lifted the light stand and its precious burden in carefully, and off it went.

The next day Harry called Florence into the garden, and there, with great delight, showed her two pictures, really very pretty—one for himself, which, for her sake, no one should see at present, and the other he gave to her. Of course, there was *no little girl* in the landscape; otherwise it was perfect, and it was laid away with secret joy in the bottom of a little box which held her choicest treasures, and which Florence always kept locked.

As the summer wore away, Florence had more than one opportunity of showing her aunt that she was over-

coming those faults which she had been striving faithfully to correct. Nothing had been said about the picture; and as it had become faded, and had been carried away and forgotten, the incident had passed from Aunt Mary's mind.

Harry and Aunt Emily had gone back to England; and winter had come, bringing its long, cheerful evenings, and the anticipation of fine holidays, which were fast approaching. Never had Florence shown so little curiosity in any Christmas week before. There were always little ends of unraveled mysteries in those days before Christmas and New Year, peeping out in the shape of fancy papers, or bright scattered scraps of ribbon, or half-concealed packages—such packages as almost always *used to have a little torn corner* somewhere—but Florence had grown very womanly. The closely covered workbox on her aunt's table seemed to have lost its old power of tempting her fingers; and she studied her lessons, or bent over the most unsuspicious sewing, just as if Christmas or New Year had never once entered her mind. It was a fine, clear morning when Christmas came at last, and Florence, not too old for the charm of Santa Claus' stocking, was busy with one little surprise after another until breakfast. She had concealed her silks and canvas, connected with the various articles of embroidery which her aunt had already enjoyed, better than she could now hide the curious smile that furrowed the corners of her mouth as her aunt turned up her plate and took from underneath a small package directed to herself. The wrapper was removed just as Florence had escaped safely from the breakfast-room, so she could not see the surprised and then pleased look which overspread her aunt's features as she looked at the picture. "It was very beautiful in her to *try so long*, and the pleasure of telling me in *this* way that curiosity had forsaken her old post, has, no doubt, helped her to conquer," thought her aunt, as she rose to follow Florence and acknowledge her silent confession by a warm embrace.

"The little girl is not at the window," said Florence, as she turned away hastily.

"Nor has been for many months," replied her aunt.

"It was a hard lesson for me," continued Florence; "but no one knew it, not even Harry."

"Another lesson might be drawn from it, Florence. Do you remember you thought me unkind when I did not at once admit you to my room? and yet the very reason was love for you. So it often proves in God's dealings with us. When he *seems* to hide his face from us we turn away grieved, and it may be rebellious, and then after a time we find that only blessings were being prepared for us.

"Earthly friends may err, and we may not always have that confidence in their actions which they really deserve; but let us remember if God is our friend, there is hope even when his face is hidden from us. You have done bravely in endeavoring to overcome your faults, my dear Florence. I hope you will remember *where* we can find strength in every temptation, and seek His forgiveness and love who has said, 'Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee.'" KRUNA.

---

VIRTUES.—The first of all virtues is innocence; the second is modesty; if either departs, the other follows.

# ARMOR.

ARMOR is a term generally applicable to any defensive habit used to protect the person of the wearer from the assault of an enemy. The English word, used in early times for this, was *harness*. Brass, iron, and other metals were employed in its fabrication. In Asiatic magnificence, even gold was not spared. Leather and skins were used by the Persians. Leather was used in some parts of Xerxes' army.

The earliest memorials of armor are in the sacred writings. The shield, helmet, and breast-plate were used by the Israelites. Ancient armor was much decorated, which made it too costly, except for kings and nobles. The golden armor of Glaucus, according to the *Iliad*, was worth a hundred oxen. A great variety of representations of armor are found upon coins, vases, etc., and are very interesting.

The *scaled* armor was worn by Hengist. There was also an armor of *flat-rings*, making a kind of net-work.

At the close of the ninth century there was a curious armor, formed of hides, cut into a resemblance of leaves, and covering one another; sometimes all of one color, perhaps blue; sometimes of two colors, as brown and orange; the part being of one color above the thighs, and the lower part of the other color. The weight of the ringed and the scaled armor was a great impediment to activity. The perfection of metal armor is believed to have been attained in the reign of Richard III. The wearing of armor to the knees was continued only to about the time of Cromwell. Ancient warriors began with the feet, and clothed upward.

How different all these from our

own times! How entirely unprotected is the body of the modern soldier! The steel-clad knight of old must have been a fine sight, but not as picturesque as our own Zouaves, one of whom would turn as many summersaults over him as there were scales on his harness, before he could bring himself into position.

## AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

WHISTLING.—The man who don't believe in whistling, should go a step further, and put a muzzle on bobolinks and mocking-birds. Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly than any other man, but he works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. Who ever heard of a whistler among the sharp practitioners of Wall Street? We pause for an answer. The man who attacks whistling, throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow-larks. Such a man should be looked to.—*Ex.*

ORIGIN OF PREVAILING CHURCH MANNERS.—The Hartford *Courant* says that the custom of giving the back of the pew in church to the ladies, originated in times of the Indian war, when the male members of the family always took their muskets to church, when it was, of course, very proper that they should have the front of the pew, to rush out to repel an attack. Then the inner seat was the one of safety. The men, also, never kneeled in prayer or bowed their heads, as either was an unsafe position.

PROCEEDING TO EXTREMITIES.—An exchange paper says: "It is stated that the Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, lectured so powerfully in Webster, a few days ago, against the use of tobacco, that several of his audience went home and burned their cigars—holding one end of them in their mouths."

IN A NUT-SHELL.—A shrewd business man, who takes little interest in politics, is reported to have remarked that the proposition to buy Cuba seemed to him "like an offer to give money that we had not got, for a thing we didn't want, to a nation that wouldn't sell!"

LIFE ILLUSTRATED advertises a cure for scarlet fever in what it calls the "hydriatic treatment." It can be safely recommended, as beyond doubt, in any case of fever, a high, dry attic is infinitely better than a low, damp basement.

A QUEER SHOE-SHOP.—If the gentleman who keeps a shoe-shop, with a red head, will return the umbrella of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage.

MOTTO FOR NIAGARA.—"Oh! what a *fall* is there, my countrymen."

MOTTO FOR A TAILOR.—"All right on the *goose*."

WHAT kind of sweetmeats did they have in the ark? *Preserved pairs.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—There is this difference between happiness and wisdom. He who thinks himself happy is really so, he who thinks himself wise is generally a great fool.

# NELLIE'S NEW DRESS.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"HAVE you any money for me this morning?" said Mrs. Dennis to her husband one day. "I must purchase some winter garments for Nellie and myself."

"Oh, mother!" said Nellie, "I know what I want you should get for me. I want a crimson merino, just like Jane Bruce's."

"I am going to purchase a dress for you to wear to school," remarked her mother quietly.

"I know it, mother; but I want a crimson merino to wear; Jane Bruce wears hers to school every day. May I have one?"

"I have not decided what I shall get for you; but I do not think it will be a crimson merino," said her mother.

"Oh, mother, don't say so!" said Nellie. "I do want a crimson merino so much. Why can't I have it?"

"I think, my dear," she said to Nellie, "that a pretty calico will be more suitable for a school dress for you. If you needed a crimson merino for your best dress, I should have no objection to getting it; but you do not need it, for you have a blue merino almost new. I don't get such dresses for you to wear every day when they are new."

"But, mother, Jane wears hers every day."

"Jane's father is a great deal richer than your father. I do not wish to accustom my daughter to a style of dress beyond our means. It would lead to a great deal of trouble and sorrow."

"I don't see how it can do any harm for me to have a crimson merino," said Nellie. "I do want it so much."

"Hush, my dear, you must not tease me. I shall get you such a dress as I think best."

Nellie said no more, for she had been taught obedience; but the tears filled her eyes. Her mother saw the tears, though she did not seem to notice them.

Mrs. Dennis saw that Nellie had set her heart on the crimson merino. She was a very kind mother, and loved to gratify her children. She thought how delighted Nellie would be if she should bring home the crimson merino. Her desire to gratify her daughter prevailed over her better judgment; and when she had started on her shopping expedition, she had quite decided on the purchase of the crimson merino.

On her way to the store she passed two little girls who were in earnest conversation. Apparently they had just met. One of the girls had two or three books in her hand.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed the girl who had the books. "I was just going to call for you. Don't you know that our school begins to-day?"

"Yes," was the reply of the other girl.

"Well, run home and get ready. I will wait for you here on the corner, or else go home with you."

"But I am not going."

"Not going to school! What do you mean?"

"Mother won't let me go."

The voice that gave this answer was evidently tremulous with grief.

"Why won't she let you go?"

"She has been sick a good many weeks," said the little girl very sorrowfully, "and she can't afford to get me a new dress to wear to school. She says I shall not go with my old clothes, to be laughed at by the whole school.

"That is too bad."

"Oh, it *is* too bad," replied the little girl.

"Well, if you can't go with me, I must run along."

Here the two girls parted. The one with the books run gayly along to school. Not so with the other. This meeting with her old schoolmate, on her way to school, seemed the one drop too much; and after they parted, she began to weep bitterly. She walked along in this way a short distance, and then disappeared within the door of a very humble tenement.

"Poor little girl!" thought Mrs. Dennis; "I am sorry for her. Poverty is a hard master. I would like to give this poor child a new dress; but there are so many to help, and we have so little to spare."

Mrs. Dennis sighed, and wishing she had a fortune with which to help the poor and distressed, passed on her way to the store where she usually purchased dry-goods. After looking at several articles, she inquired for crimson merinos. Several pieces were exhibited, among which was one of a beautiful shade. She thought how it would make the eyes of Nellie dance with joy, and the thought sent a thrill of pleasure to the mother's heart. She was just about to order a dress-pattern for a little girl, when suddenly her mind recalled the image of the weeping girl in the street.

She looked up to a shelf, and saw a large number of pieces of calico of neat and attractive patterns. The money the merino would cost would buy a pretty calico for Nellie, and leave much more than enough to purchase a dress for the poor little girl.

"Ought I not to give up the desire to gratify Nellie's foolish wish?" thought Mrs. Dennis. "I can make the poor girl very happy, and do my own child no harm. In fact, it would be a positive benefit to Nellie. There can be no doubt of that. If I gratify her this time, it will lead to new desires of the same kind, and to pride and vanity in dress. Nellie shall have the calico, and the poor child shall have the new dress."

Mrs. Dennis then selected for Nellie the prettiest calico in the store, and a very pretty thing it was. She selected another of inferior quality for the poor child she had met in the street. Both these patterns she took home with her.

Nellie had not given up all hope that her mother might purchase for her the crimson merino. As soon as she came home from school at night she asked eagerly,

"Mother, have you bought my new dress?"

"Yes, Nellie."

"I do hope it is a crimson merino."

"No, my dear, it is a very pretty calico."

Nellie pouted, and looked very much dissatisfied, but her mother did not appear to notice it. She went into an adjoining room, and brought out both the calicoes she had purchased.

"Which do you like best?" she asked, holding them up before Nellie.

"I like that best, of course," said Nellie, pointing to the one her mother had purchased for her.

It was so pretty, Nellie could not help liking it, though she had so set her heart upon the crimson merino that

she had no thought of being thankful for it.

"That is the one I purchased for you, and I am glad you like it," said Mrs. Dennis, placing it in Nellie's hands.

"I don't want a calico," said Nelly, looking very unamiable, and throwing the new dress down on the floor in a spiteful way. "I want a dress like Jane's."

"I am sorry my little girl is not thankful for a dress which is really very pretty," said her mother. "I don't know but I shall have to give it to some child who will be thankful for it, and make up the other for you."

"What, that horrid thing! I won't wear it," said Nellie passionately.

"Hush!" said her mother. "I can't allow you to talk in that way. I know a little girl who would be very thankful for the dress you call horrid."

The dress of which Nellie had spoken so despitefully was neat and pretty, though it was not so nice or so pretty as her own. She did not really think it hateful, but like many girls, when she was cross and out of temper, she was in the habit of saying very unreasonable things. After her mother's reproof, she dared manifest no further tokens of dissatisfaction, except a few quiet tears.

The next afternoon, Mrs. Dennis told Nellie that she might get ready to take a walk with her. Nellie was very glad, for she always considered it a treat to take a walk with her mother, and she was soon ready.

As they left the house, her mother put into her hands a small package, desiring her to carry it.

"What is it, mother?" inquired Nellie.

Mrs. Dennis did not see fit to gratify her daughter's curiosity.

They proceeded together to the street where Mrs. Dennis had overheard the conversation between the two little girls on the previous day. As they approached the house the child had entered, she saw the same little girl near the door. Mrs. Dennis called to her as she was about gliding out of sight.

"Stop, little girl," she said, "I have come to see your mother, and I want you to show me the way to her room."

The little girl looked up wonder-

ingly, but she did as she was requested, and silently conducted them to her mother's apartment.

On entering, they found within, a pale woman, with a sickly-looking infant in her arms.

Mrs. Dennis addressed her kindly, apologizing for her visit by saying she had learned that she had been sick, and had called to see her. Kind inquiries into her circumstances drew forth the oft-told story of poverty and sickness.

"When I am well, I manage to get along," said the woman; "but sickness brings hard times to the poor, and I am sick quite often."

After some conversation with the mother, Mrs. Dennis turned to the little girl. She was about the age of Nellie; but her face wore that look of settled sorrow which it is so sad to mark on the face of childhood. The care-worn expression of the mother was reflected in the face of the child.

"I will see if I can't bring the sunlight into that face," thought Mrs. Dennis. "It looks as if it were a long time since it was lighted up with one smile of downright joy and gladness."

"Come here, little girl," she said.

The child approached her bashfully.

"Do you know of a little girl who would like a new dress to wear to school."

The child looked at her, surprised and bewildered.

"Give me that parcel," said Mrs. Dennis to Nellie.

Nellie handed her mother the parcel. Mrs. Dennis untied the string, and to Nellie's surprise revealed the calico she had so much despised. She unfolded it, and held it up before the little girl.

"How do you like it?" she said.

"It is beautiful," said the little girl, half-admiringly, half-sadly; for as yet she had no thought that it was designed for her.

"It is yours," said Mrs. Dennis. "I bought it expressly for you, that you might have a dress to wear to school, and might be able to go with your little friend the next time she calls for you."

Still the child hesitated to take it. It seemed too good news to believe that the strange lady had bought the dress for her.

"Take it, my dear. It is yours," said Mrs. Dennis.

The little girl took the calico. The sunshine was now indeed breaking over her face. She was too bashful to say "I thank you," but her face and whole air said it most eloquently.

Nellie looked on in wonder. It seemed so strange that a calico dress could make any one so happy. She was sure that even the crimson merino would not have made her half so happy.

"My poor child will indeed be as happy as a little princess now," said the delighted mother; "but how, kind lady, did you know that she could not go to school for the want of a dress, and what put it into your heart to purchase one for her?"

Mrs. Dennis then related the little scene she witnessed in the street.

"Did you see me cry because I could not go to school?" asked the little girl timidly, evidently half-ashamed that the lady had seen her weakness.

"Yes, my child," said Mrs. Dennis, kindly; "but you need not be ashamed of your tears. I have seen little girls weep with far less cause. Only yesterday I saw a little girl cry because her mother had purchased for her a beautiful calico."

Nellie blushed deeply, as her mother said this, and felt thoroughly ashamed of herself.

"You have not told the kind lady how much you thank her," said the mother of the little girl.

"I never can tell her *that*," said the child, with touching simplicity.

She had now partially overcome her timidity, and was dancing around the room for very joy.

"Oh, mother," said Nellie, after they left the house, "I am so glad you gave the little girl the dress."

Mrs. Dennis then told her how she had made up her mind to purchase the merino, and how she had changed her purpose, and bought the two calicoes instead. "Are you sorry I did not purchase the merino?" asked she, looking earnestly into Nellie's face.

"No, mother, indeed I am not," said Nellie. "I hope you do not think me so selfish as that. I should be very sorry to deprive the poor little girl of the dress that has made her so happy. I was ashamed of myself when I saw how thankful she was, and remembered how ungrateful I had been for my pretty calico. I am very glad, for her sake, that you did not get the merino."

From that time Nellie was willing cheerfully to allow her mother to decide for her; for when at any time she was tempted to insist on having her own way, she remembered the *crimson merino*.

## SWEET MORNING.

BY FRANK.

How sweet to meet the morning
  Breaking o'er mountain height;
To leap into the dawning
  From shadowy shapes of night;

To watch the first ray streaking
  The East with amber hue;
When Nature all awaking
  In garments bathed in dew,

Shakes her silvery tresses
  In zephyr's perfumed breath,
Scattering for the Graces
  Bright diamonds in their path!

How rich with every blessing!
  How fraught with every bliss!
The wealth of health possessing—
  Full cup of happiness.

To quaff thy new-born sweetness,
  Be this my happy dower,
For pleasure has its meetness,
  In early morning hour.

## THE OLD RAZOR.

IN itself, the thing was not at all remarkable. It was simply an old rusty blade without a handle. We knew nothing about it, till, one day, a brother of mine found it in the dirt at the back of the house. How it came there, how long it had lain there, to whom it had belonged, through what scenes and changes it had passed, were questions to which no answer could be returned. But my brother did not stop to consider such questions. He was too practical a boy to do anything of the sort. There was no little genius in him, we thought; and, in fact, his genius was continually working itself out. He had in the carriage-house a small work-bench, supplied with rude saws, planes, and chisels, made of such materials as he could convert to his use. At that work-bench he used to construct such little machines as were the admiration not only of our own family, but also of the neighbors. It was quite natural, then, when he picked up that old razor-blade, that he should first consider whether he could turn it to any use in a mechanical way. He soon decided to add it to his stock of tools, and to make it answer the purposes of a wedge.

I was about the carriage-house not many days after, and had a piece of board which I wished to split. Nothing, thought I, could serve me better than the old razor-blade. So I took it down, brought it carefully to the right place on the board, and struck it a vigorous blow with a hammer. But, alas! what an unlucky blow it was! Instead of sending the blade deep into the wood, as I had intended, it shivered it to pieces. I stood confounded. What would my brother say, and would he be satisfied with my explanations? I wished had never touched the thing. There were the pieces, however, and to try to fasten them together would have been about as wise as to attempt to gather up spilled milk. There was one favorable circumstance, though; and that was, no one had seen me do the deed, I therefore quietly laid up the pieces, and determined to say nothing about the matter.

In the course of the day I happened to meet my brother near his work-bench. An idea struck me which I immediately carried out. As he would surely discover what had happened to his wedge, I resolved to get the start of him, and to place myself beyond the reach of all blame. Pretending to know nothing about the matter, I took down the pieces and said: "See here! somebody has broken your razor." He received the pieces from my hands, and examined them carefully, but made no answer. Nor did he ever try to find out who was the author of the mischief. I at once suspected that he saw through me, and knew that I was playing a contemptible little trick. If so, he must have despised me in his heart. At any rate, I despised myself, and wished that I had gone to him so soon as I had done the injury, and frankly explained the whole affair.

That little piece of deception was like a pin within me. I could not think of it, for a long time afterward, without a twinge of conscience. Nor, in the tens of years that have passed since then, have I ever thought of it without self-reproach. For to secure the approbation of ourselves, of our friends, of our God, it is necessary to be honest, truthful, virtuous.

THE OLD MAJOR.

# THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

BY UNCLE TIM.

In those good old days of pleasure,
Without stint and without measure,
In all changes of all weather,
When we went to school together—
Country lads and blooming lasses,
When we spelt in mixed-up classes;
By the weakest stood the strongest,
By the shortest stood the longest.
Early every Monday morning
We were mixed; oh, it was charming!
Tom and Lucy, Will and Sarah,
Bob and Katy, John and Mary.
Teacher often puzzled whether
Boys and girls should read together,
When we read those musty pages
Mixed together of all ages—
When we stood our trial-test,
Just to see who read the best.

Such a school-house! not a lecture
On the oldest architecture
Could describe the shaky ruin,
Hardly fit for decent bruin.
Ever old and growing older;
Always cold and growing colder;
Clapboards swinging, windows rattling,
With the storms forever battling;
Fire sufficient all to smother,
Roasting one side, freezing t'other;
Benches hard, with one leg wanting;
Tables tilting, loose, and slanting—
Such a school-house! such a plight!
How in conscience could we write!
How in conscience could we study,
When the stream of truth was muddy
With the big words of the lessons,
And our only strong impressions
Came from knuckles of the master,
As he rapped to teach us faster!

When the northeast winds were blowing—
Old Boreas started snowing—
Then for frolic! How we'd throw
Somersets in drifts of snow!
With our pockets, bosoms, hair
Full of snow, yet who would care?
When the snow was drifted light,
Each one plunged to make him white;
When it thawed or rained or froze,
Then we tore our hands and clothes;
Then our fancy sleds would bring out,
And with glee would loudly sing out,
"On, ye girls," and swift we go
Down the slippery paths of snow!
Foretops flew behind and bristled,
Lumps of snow flew back and whistled;
Then with cheeks all fresh and ruddy,
We were well prepared for study.

When the snow was softly melting,
Then we took to snow-ball pelting;
None exempt, and no one spared,
When the snow-ball war declared.
As the snow-balls we were making,
How our fingers would be aching!
Aching with the stinging cold,
We almost feel it now, when old.
Then, again, huge balls we'd take,
And a warlike fortress make,
Batteries build, and shots deliver,
Making all the cowards shiver.
Such were some of school-boy plays
Practiced in our younger days.

## ABOUT WRITING COMPOSITIONS—II.

"WHAT shall I write about?" Why is this question so difficult to decide? Partly because you wish to find a subject on which you can write like others whose compositions you admire; you are looking for some big man's boots that may fit you. This is a very common mistake, and young people are not the only ones who make it. I have heard many an orator try to speak like Daniel Webster or Henry Clay, and preachers who tried to be John Calvins or Wesleys; but they only spoiled their own style while murdering that of their model.

What would you say of a watchmaker who should take a rough lump of iron, and with his blow-pipe, his small nippers, his tiny hammer, and his slender files, should attempt to make a horse-shoe? Would he not have a hard time of it, and turn out poor work after all his pains? Or, suppose the blacksmith to try his hand at watchmaking, with his big sledge and anvil, his great tongs and rough vise! It makes you smile to think what a bungling contrivance he would manufacture. It would be only fit for a horse to carry. Now, every writer has his own set of *'thinking' tools*, which are called "brains;" and each has a mind best fitted for certain kinds of thought-work. If one who has a very strong memory and but little taste for fiction should attempt to write a story, he would be like the blacksmith making the "horse-watch," while one who loves poetry and is little interested in facts, would succeed in writing history no better than the goldsmith in forging a horse-shoe.

You may see by these illustrations that to succeed in writing such a composition as will please you, and those

who read it, you must have a subject suited to your own thinking powers. But how can that be found? Very easily. What interests you most? What do you love to read and think and talk about? What do you know most about, from having observed and thought and conversed about it? Whatever that may be, is the subject for your first attempts at composition. But it will require another article to tell all I have to say on this head.

## A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S EXPERIMENT.

THE teacher of a class of boys in one of our city Sunday-schools found it difficult to persuade his pupils to learn the lessons assigned, and to keep their attention fixed upon the subject of instruction during the recitation hour. He was not satisfied, as some would be, when told that this was a common thing; nor did he believe it could not be remedied, and that therefore it must be borne with patiently.

After much thought, he tried the following plan: The boys could write, and he requested each one to bring a copy of the lesson, neatly written, on the following Sabbath. This was something new, and the boys readily agreed to it, and on the next Sunday each came prepared with paper in hand, and anxious to show his work. The teacher judiciously praised them for what was well done, kindly suggested improvements, and then allowed each boy to read a verse, in turn, from his manuscript, instead of using the book. Never had there been such attention as was given that morning. An important step was gained; the class were interested, and were willing to work with their teacher. It was found, also, that two or three of the brightest lads had learned the verses by merely copying them.

In a few weeks this became an old story, but the teacher had foreseen such a result, and provided for it. He requested that each pupil should write, in addition to the lesson at least one question about something contained in it. This set them to thinking, which was another and most important step in the right direction. On the next Sabbath nearly every boy had four or five questions ready. Some of these were childish and trifling, but others showed surprising thoughtfulness, and to not a few the teacher was obliged to answer frankly, "I do not know." From that time the class became the most attentive and interesting in the school, and the superintendent used to point to it as the "model" class.

The teacher ingeniously devised some new expedient as often as necessary to keep the boys' minds active, and to give them employment which they relished, and thus they made continued progress. Perhaps every teacher might not succeed with exactly this plan, but all may profitably imitate the example of giving their classes something to do which will interest them.

## "WHAT I LIVE FOR."

"I LIVE for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the Future in the distance,
*And the good that I can do.*"

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HAVE you all had a month's share of the "Happy New Year" we wished you at the beginning of this volume? We trust so. Santa Claus went on his usual rounds, to do his part in filling the year with good things, and although we noticed that his pack was less bulky than at some holiday seasons, and occasionally he sighed out something that sounded like "Hard times," yet we have evidence that his will was as good as ever. He sent many packages, by mail, to No. 111 Fulton Street, each inclosing his order (a gold dollar) for the MUSEUM, for a year, to be forwarded to some of his favorites. He was so very busy, that part of his work was left to be finished up at his earliest leisure, and we hear that he has engaged a host of Merry boys and girls to help him. Many thanks to them all.

On the whole, we have had our share of happiness. Old friends have visited the sanctum, and new ones are knocking at the door, and your pleasant letters are dropping in upon us like a shower of rose-leaves in June.

A word to new subscribers. Robert Merry is not a mere pamphlet seller, who gives so much printed paper for so much money, but he and his associates are *friends of the young*, who love their work of interesting, instructing, pleasing, and benefiting you. See if we do not prove it before the year is over. The "Chat" is free to all who have pleasant words for their Merry cousins. We can not print all that is written; that would require a book as large as Webster's Dictionary, therefore Robert Merry takes his shears, Uncle Hiram swings his hatchet, Uncle William uses a pruning-hook and a hydraulic press, and Aunt Sue *riddles* what they leave untouched, to get out the grains of good thought and sentiment which your letters yield. A few escaped almost untouched while we were all busy a month or two since. Hereafter, "short and sweet" is the standard.

---

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, *Jan.* 8, 1862.

Dear, dear! I felt like a "rat in a strange garret," as somebody said, when I entered the circle. A stranger at the head! No, I don't believe he is, either. It is a new face, but he looks too well pleased and too much interested to be a stranger. No, no. I'll never call Uncle William a stranger again.

Winifred, *I* love you. Won't you come sit by me one moment and let me tell you something.

Aye, aye, Hugo. We are neighbors. If you don't "miss the connection," you could dine with me any day you choose.

My acquaintance is made, Mary E. L. Consider me your friend.

Of course, Mermaid. But please don't keep that promise. I *like* talkative people. Would rather listen than talk any day.

Stumbler, I like you.

Jeannie, tell mamma I have not tried yet, but I'm going to some day, and then if she'll call in she shall receive an answer satisfactory, I hope, to her palate.

Remember me to our brave soldier cousins, Uncle. I dare say there are more in the patriot army than we know of, and I am certain that none will make braver soldiers than our Merry boys.

Good printer, if you please, I said *homes*, and not "*houses*."

Good-bye, one and all.

BLACK-EYES.

Wasn't Black-Eyes thinking about a strange rat in the garret, when she penned the first lines? Uncle William says the bait is enough to tempt the oldest of the species.

---

A NEW COUSIN! "Well," you say in a body, "that is nothing wonderful; we have them, and to spare." Perhaps you have, but not of the rare style of him who now comes among you—that is, if permitted by the powers that be. I have had the pleasure of reading the MUSEUM nearly seven years, but have not felt sufficiently bold to claim a place

with the other cousins. Now, here I am, as I said before, a *rare person*, for I am satisfied with the world, and shall be perfectly satisfied with Uncle Hiram Hatchet, if he will allow this, my first attempt at conversation with my cousins, to pass unmutilated.

Uncle Hiram, pardon me for addressing you, knowing as I do that your valuable time is very nearly taken up in cutting off those parts of the cousins' communications that have pleased them most in their own company, and over which they have run time after time with wondering admiration. I ask your particular forbearance toward this poor missive. Don't, *please*, allow your hatchet to lop from its parent stem any one of the beauteous flowers of rhetoric herein contained. Accede to this, my first request, most august hatchet, and the poor gratitude of your humble but deserving nephew shall forever be yours.

One of the cousins I have seen, and was both pleased and disappointed. Well, I guess the pleasure was rather more than the disappointment; I haven't been quite able to make up my mind yet; when I do, I'll let you know. I am sure he is a good boy, is Oliver. I say boy *now*, because it won't do to call him a boy much longer, and I will use the word while I can, it's so old-fashioned and pleasant.

And now, Uncle Hiram, if you have been able to get through this without being bewildered, won't you introduce me to the family, first of *all* to dear Aunt Sue, and ask them if they will bestow a very little of their cousinly regard on JEAN DU CASSE?

There, Jean, Uncle H. thinks you ought to be more than satisfied now.

---

OUT WEST, *Nov.* 2, 1861.

Glad to see you, cousins all! Do open the door a little wider, Uncle Merry, and let me come clear in. How pleasant it is in the "dear old parlor" these winter evenings! I have so much to say to you all. Oh, Uncle Merry! what overwhelming news you have told us of our cousin Cornelius! How could he have made his escape so silently? Seen going out of the South door? Did he go openly and fairly as Cornelius M., or in some disguise which has, perhaps, proved serviceable before this in the Chat? Did he carry a bundle under his arm, when he went out so "secretly, and in the night-time?" A bundle containing various kisses, loves, and kind messages sent to him by fair Northern cousins? or are they left behind as valueless? Send *me* after him, Uncle! How can I penetrate into Secessia? Will King Cotton's pickets allow me to pass their lines? I'll tell you, I'll go down *just behind* General McClellan, and bring him back in triumph. Give somebody a commission now for Hawthorne. Our dear Effie, too, has gone, and Busy Bee, and——well, we must bid them, I hope, a *short* farewell, Brown-Eyes, I like *you*, too. Where *is* Batavia? I hope you will some time come Out West. You have been gone a long time, Hattie; glad to see you; *Oui, je comprends.* Clara, why can not *you* represent Wisconsin? I know of no one who could better illuminate that part of the horizon. I mean to *try* and follow your suggestion, Black-Eyes; it is certainly a good one. Oh, Sophie! you are *too* hard on our venerable friend Willie. Willie, we girls don't believe in that "little girl;" it is our private opinion (publicly expressed) that you brought on that little fiction as a last resort, when Sybil refused you. Tell us the truth, Willie—confess your faults—and we will receive you again into favor. As it is, Wilforley bids fair to eclipse you. Follow my advice, Will, and again you will shine pre-eminent. Think on what Ellian has said. Cousins all, farewell. "Adoo! Adoo!"

ELLIAN.

---

BROOKLYN, *Oct.* 7, 1861.

DEAR CHATTERBOXES:—Since my last I have had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with some of you, so far as it can be done by letter. Not a few of them have the advantage of knowing me better than I do them, by means of that photograph promised on condition of sending me a "ramrod" of butter and *liquor*. I trust that those who have promised me responsive photos will redeem their pledges ere long.

Sybil Grey—*la mysterieuse*—seems to be uncomeatable. Do you mean to say, sibylline cousin, that you haven't heard anything from me, outside of the Chat? Did you read the August and September numbers *through?* Excuse my cross-questioning, but I want to be satisfied that, although you are a miss, you are not a *myth*.

Why make your visits so like those of

angels, Annie Drummond? Can't you make them less "far between?" We miss you when you stay away. [If you knew Annie as I do, you would know why her visits are like angels', and can't be otherwise.]

Oliver O., thanks for *trumpeting* my praises last August. Never mind that unkind fling of C. F. W.'s (in the last MUSEUM) at your whiskers'; for the credit of "Old Notsob," *sob not* at the derogatory remark. They are *there*, C. F. W., for *I've* seen them if you haven't—but they can't come up to mine.

General Coleman—brigadier?—your third hypothesis about my name is the nearest right. How is "L. G.?" What a pity it would be if your recent orders for recruiting your army of *cartes de v.* should fail to bring the dears! Softly, Sophie; he is terribly shattered—and yet he deserves it all. Are you and Mary of Brooklyn at all related?

Cousin M., if you will send me your *c. de v.* per Uncle Merry, I will send you mine, and my address *too;* the same remark will apply to you, Sophie. And if any of you care to have my photo, send me *yours*, and your address, to Uncle Merry's care, and I will send you mine. Or, if you don't like to send yours first, a *promise*—with your address.

Wil H. Coleman, you're welcome; our list of Wils is growing. That reminds me that I want to tell you all how to pronounce my name, viz., thus: Wil*for*ley. After that you can only willfully get it wrong.

Jeannie Parker, hush-h! You should'nt talk that way about the Chat; it's treason.

N. O. Moore, write some more.

Ellian, I hope you were not dazzled when I shone upon you.

Your iron(y) enters into my soul, Celeste. Spare me.

Mary E. Stanley, please *date* your next letter. Don't you think it best that Bess has been unBess'd?

I have "heard tell" a little of you, Minna Mervin, from a mutual friend; and I judge from what he says, that your claim of relationship to Homely Face is not well-founded. It is only too true that the girls have done as you say; but I have forgiven them all, and given them a chance to take it all back.

Kate, I *have* worn *Congress*-"gaiter-boots;" but "vot of it?"

Nellie Van, thank you kindly; yes, I am *very*—oh, *so* penitent!

My blushes, Saucy Nell? They were hidden by the mask. I am glad you like the change.

Baltimore Jim—satisfied?

Lawrence Drinkwater, stick to your principles, *i. e.*, your *name.*

California is well represented by you, Hesperia. I hope to get to the Golden State some of these days, and will then certainly come to see you. Please send me your photo, that I may know you "at sight."

Black-Eyes, your sentiments are good, so said, and so say I. Couldn't you and Mr. B.-E. be (I *don't* mean Beebe) taken together, and—? You know the rest. I won't hurt you, Brown-Eyes; five feet six, did you say? No, you needn't be afraid of me.

Buckeye Ike, what "charge" do you mean? I don't charge anything—for a look.

I guess you have got about the right idea of Brigadier-General Coleman, Jessie L. Has your brother troubled you any more with his *darned* unbreathables?

Well, Zephyr, did I look as wicked as you expected? I really should like to see *your* face?

Hal B., I no compre'nderstand what you are driving at; try it again, and do better next time.

Clara, whether it be "follie" or not, I'll grant "that photograph" on the conditions before stated.

Pertine, are you never "comin' no more?" How are you off for *MATS* in in your neighborhood?

Thanks for your lenity, Nannie Singingbird.

Adelbert, Senior, must have gone to war, or somewhere where they don't indulge in letter-writing, judging from his long silence.

"Where, oh where are" not "the Hebrew children," but Flibbertigibbet and Nip? Does anybody know?

Truly, WILFORLEY.

---

BROOKLYN, L. I.

UNCLE HI:—I am not "*homo multarum literarum,*" but I will try my best. I think the Chat is getting very spicy since our Wilforleys, Jessie Linwoods, etc., came in. I am from the city that can boast the greatest number of pretty girls in the States. Don't get riley, O. O. and Willie H. C. Boston can't hold a candle to Brooklyn, can it, Wilforley? I like Jessie Linwood. Fleta F. is a brick with

the rough edges filed down. Mollie Myrtle "here's lookin' at ye." Nunks, introduce me to all, especially Kittie F., Hattie, Brown-Eyes, and Lizzie H. Remember, I am a new-comer, and don't strike till I am through. Am I welcome? I guess your song is, "Welcome all, heartily welcome, welcome every one." Where are all your Brooklyn girls? I "can't see them." Aha! Hireaham, methinks I see the hatchet! I am ready—strike! but go easy. "Nuff ced." BILFORLEY, Masculine gender.

---

*Thirty* more cousins waiting their turn to speak. We shall have to buy a big trumpet and let them all speak in it at once. Here are a few of the notes that would be heard:

*Nonpareil* is taking lessons on the piano from "Nellie Van," but thinks his attempts would make a rhinoceros laugh in his sleeve, if he had any.—*C. F. W.* inquires if "Cousin Kate" left the Chat because she sent a couple of kisses to "Bess," who turned out none of the bes-t (?).—*Susie Walters* wants an introduction to all the cousins. She promised to eat a piece of pumpkin-pie on Thanksgiving day, for each of the Uncles and Aunt *S.* Such affectionate *piety* is rare.—*Fleta Forrester* hasn't seen a *spec* of Wilforley, nor of Oliver's whiskers. She thinks Uncle Hi's text for that short sermon he read to Adrian was "Go to the a(u)nt, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."—*Irene* threatens to *cut* if the hatchet comes down, but she'll "come again" to see a bit of O. O(h)'s whiskers.—*Isadore Bailey* would like to see all her cousins, but thinks she has not *face* enough to exchange with any except Pertine.—*Nellie Van* says her name is not Willie; sends greetings to the cousins; speaks a good word for "Dimple," and wins a compliment for her neatly written letter.—*Dimple* comes in with Nellie Van, and asks for a seat near Fleta Forrester; she shall be accommodated; there is always room for a dimple.

*Annie E. D.* will please accept the thanks of Robert Merry for her kind words and deeds. Glad you like the *carte de visite.* I shall look for the fulfillment of your promise with impatience, and shall be glad to hear from you often. You never can trespass upon my time, for it is given to the Merrys.

Hark! what's that? An imp, black with ink from the printing office, blunders into the sanctum with, "Say, mister, the pages is running over full; d'ye want to get out a extra?" "No *sir;* you must squeeze in this, however, for the benefit of *Lucy C. W.*, and many others." The portrait of Aunt Sue, which was engraved on steel, expressly for the MUSEUM, was intended for all who paid one year in advance. We have decided to send it in this number to those who have paid up to July of this year, and also to some who, we are confident, will pay their subscriptions before the close of the month. We want all to have the benefit of Aunt Sue's countenance, and *we* need the benefit of the dollar. *Need* we say more?

THE PREMIUMS offered for obtaining subscribers to the MUSEUM are going off encouragingly to the recipients and to us. There are plenty more left. Who will take the next one?

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—At the time of publishing the "Sunday-school Lessons for a Year," in the January number, which was done by permission of the author, Dr. James Strong, we were not aware that any other person was entitled to credit in their production. We have since learned from Mr. Orange Judd, Superintendent of the Sunday-school at Flushing, that the lessons were prepared from a plan suggested by himself, upon which he had spent much time and thought, and we therefore very cheerfully give him due credit. Mr. Judd has neatly printed copies of the "Lessons," which he will furnish to Sunday-schools at 50 cents per hundred, or 60 cents, by mail, post-paid. His address is, Office of the *American Agriculturist*, 41 Park Row, New York city.

A GOOD FACE is one of the best gifts. Those who wish to present one to their friends will find M. A. Meade, No. 233 Broadway, ready to do all that can be accomplished by Photography in securing good looks. We speak "by card," having been finely taken (not in) there.

A CAPITAL WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.—The *Methodist*, published in this city, stands foremost in literary ability and general excellence among the journals of the Methodist denomination. As a family newspaper it has few equals, and it is widely circulated, as it deserves to be, among those outside of its own sect. Terms, $2 a year.

THE METHODIST AS A PREMIUM.—To any one sending us one new subscriber to the MUSEUM, and $2, we will send the *Methodist* for one year.

## Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

E. W. W. wins the prize for December, having answered correctly 32 out of the 37 puzzles.

Robert Merry offers a gold pen to any subscriber for the correct solution of the Hieroglyphical Rebus on page 62; the answer to be sent before March 10th. He will also give a gold pen for the best *original* arithmetical problem sent in by a subscriber before March 10th.

The usual prizes will be given monthly for the greatest number of correct solutions, viz.: A beautiful heart puzzle to any subscriber not having before received a prize; a gold pen to those having already obtained the heart puzzle; and a gold pencil to those who have received both the preceding prizes.

### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

35. The night comes on apace. The weary sun,
With dew-wet eyes, creeps to his willing rest.
The footsore traveler espies my first, and hies
With eager steps to be its transient guest.
Around, in verdant fields, the browsing herd
Expectant low, to call the lagging maid,
Who, lingering on the stile to hear "the oft-told tale"
From rustic's lips, scarce heeds the deepening shade.
The stalwart arm which twines her slender waist
Is browned by toil. My second's hardy task
Its brawny strength reveals. In annals rich, and men,
And pleasing arts, my favored third doth bask
In the full blaze of wide prosperity.
My whole an attribute by God displayed
In days of Israel's rash apostasy,
When they His wise laws weakly disobeyed. *Fleta Forrester.*

36. My first is a body of water,
My next every day you may see;
My whole you'll agree is quite handy,
When tired or sick you may be.
*C. F. W.*

37. I am a word of two parts; we all do my first; we all wish to do my second; we all do my first *and* second with more or less propriety. *Wilforley.*

38. My first is an injury, my second a pronoun, my third a metal, and my whole a flower. *Myrtle P.*

39. Behead a boy's nickname, and leave what is attractive to most babies; behead again, and leave another nickname. *Eddie.*

40. Curtail a coin, transpose, and leave an animal. *D. P. & W. W. W.*

41. It is a ——— that it is ———.
Fill the blanks with one word, first forward and next backward, and have a natural expression for a person to make upon witnessing the cook prepare a lobster for dinner. *Kruna.*

42. Entire, I am an animal; curtail me, and I am a Hebrew measure.
*Harry Whitmore*

ANAGRAMS.

**43.** Oh! Sam, cut my pen. *C. F. W.*

**44.** I don't eat. *K. C.*

**45.** I go on a tin man. *Busy Bee.*

**46.** Cid hears Nat. *Clara.*

**47.** Iron late. *Grasshopper.*

**48.** A lad came. *Uncle Joe.*

**49.** Smartest.

**50.** I once got a ———,
It came from Aunt Sue,
And it lies in my ———,
As pretty as new.
(Fill the blanks with the same word forward and backward.) *Harlan.*

**51.** Out of what word of four letters can you make 13 words inclusive? *Mattie.*

**52.** I am composed of 11 letters:
My 1, 2, 8 is a dashing fellow.
My 9, 10, 5, 4 is to examine.
My 1, 3, 6, 7, 8 is a cross-tempered woman.
My 11, 6, 5, 4 is a great destroyer.
My whole is a noted place. *Cornelia.*

**53.** I am composed of 20 letters:
My 14, 11, 17 is an animal.
My 8, 3, 1, 15, 4 is a philosopher of old.
My 18, 6, 19, 13 is a metal.
My 2, 5, 9, 15, 10, 3 is a seat.
My 20, 8, 16, 12 is a man's name.
My 7, 19, 10 is a girl's nickname.
My whole was a distinguished politician. *Hoosier Boy.*

**54.** I am composed of 16 letters:
My 10, 14, 15, 16 is part of the body.
My 1, 11, 12, 13 is a child's plaything.
My 2, 6, 15, 9 is an ornament.
My 3, 4, 8, 15 is a boy's nickname.
My 5, 7, 2, 14, 8 is a girl's name.
My whole is the name of a distinguished writer. *N. S. Whiting.*

**55.** I am composed of 23 letters:
My 4, 1, 21, 7 is a boy's nickname.
My 18, 15, 23, 6, 5 was a philosopher.
My 9, 23, 7, 21, 10 was a Roman
My 2, 8, 11, 17, 13 is a title.
My 14, 15, 12, 3, 16 was a noted man in ancient times.
My 20, 13, 15, 12, 19 was an American lawyer.
My whole is the name of a very dear friend. *Clara.*

**56.** I am composed of 16 letters:
My whole is a celebrated American sculptor.
My 2, 15, 14, 9, 16, 4, 1 is one of his latest works.
My 11, 6, 10, 5 is a boat.
My 13, 3, 14, 11 is a useful household article. [Pennsylvania.
My 3, 8, 12, 14, 7 is a county in
My 14, 1, 13, 16, 9, 4, 15 is a town in Scotland. *W. T. Palmer.*

**57.** I am composed of 12 letters:
My 11, 7, 2, 6, 1 is a place of trade.
My 9, 12, 3 is a locality where a certain individual passed the night.
My 5, 4, 10, 8 is a useful animal.
My whole is a well-known personage. *H. A. Danker.*

**58.** What town in Asia is a fit residence for a wild beast? *Adelbert Older.*

**59.** When does the weather show a good disposition? *Wilforley.*

**60.** Behead a crime and leave common sense. *Adelbert Older.*

FLOWERS.

**61.** A raised floor and a letter of the alphabet.

**62.** An article made by farmers, and an article made by mechanics. *D. P. and W. W. W.*

**63.** An animal, and what he possesses, unless he has been very unfortunate. *H. W. Potter.*

**64.** Hieroglyphical Rebus.

## Answers to Questions in Dec. No.

337. Firman.
338. Limoges.
339. Taranto.
340. Yarensk.
341. Drontheim.
342. Barcelona.
343. Ann Eliza (analyzer)..
344. Cataract.
345. When it is *a raining* (arraigning).
346. Rock pigeon. b. Rose mallow.
347. Ptisan, stain, satin.
348. Blood-root.
349. Ox-bane.
350. Candy-tuft.
351. Arrow-head. (Many have given "Mistle-toe," which I credit.)
352. Bed-straw.
353. I, — crossed makes X etc.
354. B and Y (bandy).
355. Selah !
356. Star, sat, rat, tar, art, as, at.
357. Bureau.
358. Lake.
359. Henry.
360. Adams.
361. Washington.
362. Hancock.
363. Aunt Sue (acrostic).
364. Sable, stable. ("Bar"—barn, Bat —bath, *Cow—scow*, *Hare—harem*, and many other guesses have been hazarded; those in italics have been credited.)
365. Elm, Lem.
366. Lama, Alma.
367. Ash, has. (Jim gives "Pear,
368. Flea, leaf. [reap.")
369. Brag, garb.
370. Jehosaphat.
371. One good turn deserves another.
372. Winfield Scott.
373. Praise, when deserved, is due.

E. W. W. answers all but 345, 347, 354, 371.

*C. F. W.*, all but 348, 349, 354, 369, 371, 373.

*Zephyr*, all but 343, 345, 347, 354, 356, 371, 373.

*C. D. W.*, all but 343, 345, 347, 351, 354, 355, 366, 373.

*D. P. and W. W. W.*, all but 345, 347, 349, 354, 355, 366, 369, 371, 373.

*Bertha*, all but 345, 347, 349, 354, 355, 363, 366, 369, 371, 373.

*Kittie*, all but 337, 345, 346, 347, 353, 354, 363, 366, 369, 371, 373.

*Mary A. E.*, all but 337, 345, 347, 353, 354, 363, 366, 369, 371.

*Jim*, all but 344, 345, 346, 347, 349, 352, 353, 354, 355, 363, 366, 368, 369, 371, 373.

*Harry Bowles*. all but 337, 343, 345, 346, 347, 349, 350, 351, 352, 354, 355, 366, 371, 372, 373.

*Nellie A. Mather*, all but 337, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 349, 350, 354, 355, 363, 364, 366, 369, 371, 373.

*Sam T. K.*, all but 337, 345, 346, 347, 350, 351, 352, 354, 355, 356, 364, 365, 366, 367, 369, 371, 373.

*Lucy W. C.*, all but 337, 343, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 354, 355, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 369, 371, 373.

*Josie* answers 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 351, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 365, 368, 370, 372.

*Black-Eyes.*—338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 345, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 367, 372.

*Harry Whitmore.*—338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 344, 350, 355, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 372.

*Alick.*—338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 344, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 365.

*Brown-Eyes.*—338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 347, 348, 349, 360, 361, 362, 365, 372.

*Tonie.*—338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 344, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 368.

*H. N. Rouse.*—357, 358, 359, 360.

*Rob.*—339, 342.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Black-Eyes.*—Indeed I *do* care enough for my *Merry* family to "wish to see" *all* their "faces." Many thanks for the peep at yours, which is safely placed in my *Merry* album. Uncle Robert heads the list, then follow *Wilforley*, *Lily*, *Fleta Forrester*, *Tommy*, *Saucy Nell*, *Oliver Onley*, *Annie E. D.*, *Daisy Wildwood*, *Kruna*, *Black-Eyes*, *C. F. W.*, *H. A. D.*, and *Adrian*. There are plenty of vacancies left—who will fill them? I will send your hint to "*Uncles Bob and Hi.*"

*C. F. Warren.*—May I thank you now for the photograph? The *B. and G. O.* is waiting to complete the story of the Three Midshipmen. I never quarrel with a postscript; it is to me like "the good-bye at the door."

*Clara.*—You are *very* kind. I hope you and *Bella* will be soon able to go to Brandon (?).

*Winifred.* — Yes, dear, *do* "write." Come and sit close by me, let me put my arm around you, and then talk to me about that "dear mother."

*Mary A. E.*—There is every prospect that your wishes will soon be gratified.

*Fleta Forrester, Annie E. D., Jessie Linwood, Saucy Nell,* and others. Am I at liberty to give your names and addresses to those asking for the same? Please give me plain instructions on the subject, and save me much perplexity. Should some young gent write—"Please send me ———'s address, as I should like to exchange *cartes de visite*," what am I to say?

*Sam T. K.* sends love to all the cousins, and assures *Pertine* that *Wilforley is* "worth looking at."

*Bella B.*—I am always gratified when my correspondents "converse unrestrainedly" upon "family matters" with me; it makes me believe that I have sometimes *spoken to their hearts. B.-E.* lives in Ohio.

*Long Bill.*—If you address a letter to *C. M. E.*, care of *F. G. Farrell*, Jacksonville, Ill., giving your own name in full, and place of residence, he will comply with your request.

*Adrian.*—Thanks for your photograph; it *does* "disappoint" me—very agreeably. What means the confusion of dates, etc. "—Mass.—N. Y.!?" Are you semi-ubiquitous?

*Rob.*—Your "love" was safely delivered, and accepted. Where would you *like* to "sit?"

*Harry Whitmore.*—I am rather afraid our little *Busy Bee* did not receive your message, but as I am not proud, I'll just request the General to do us the favor to send it as you suggest.

*General M'Clellan.*—Be kind enough to convey to *Busy Bee*, under a flag of truce, *Harry Whitmore's* love, together with the love and affection of all the rest of the *Merrys*, including the uncles and aunts.

*Rose-Bud.*—Were you so disappointed with the photograph that you had not the heart to write? With regard to *Blue-Bell*, I think I guessed "pretty near."

*H. N. Rouse.*—You will find an answer to your "cipher" question in a notice addressed to "*Sucker Boy*," on page 192 of Vol. XLI. of MERRY'S MUSEUM (June No., 1861).

*Lucy W. C*—I forwarded your note to "the powers that be," and hope it was pleasantly acknowledged.

*Lydia M.* (Somers.)—Did you send that answer in real sober earnest, or for fun?

*Alick.*—I hope we shall hear from you again before the 10th of February.

*K. C.*—I heartily reciprocate the kind wishes.

*Tattler.*—Your letter containing answers did not reach me till the 13th. It is *not* the "end."

*George T. McK.*—Your first puzzle is excellent.

*Nina Gordon.*—A letter has been addressed to you; S—, Ct.; have you received it?

*Tonie* (Pittsburg).—You have made a good beginning. I shall hope for twice as many answers next month. Give my love to *Nannie.*

*Josie.*—I will endeavor to comply with your *autographic* request, but am not responsible for the "uncles" Thanks for the offer of translated puzzles; we want only original enigmas for the *Puzzle Drawer*, but if they are "short and sweet," they might do for the *Scrap Bag.*

*Zephyr.* — I do heartily approve of skating for girls. Where *one* breaks her nose, or sprains her ankle, or hurts her knee, *hundreds* gain health and strength. Please don't ask me if *I* skate, or I shall have to admit that I am only now learning. Ask me *next* winter!

*Kruna.*—The quotation is from Shakspeare's "Tempest" and "As You Like It."

*Harlan.*—I have read your composition with much pleasure.

*E. W. W.*—I congratulate you upon winning the prize at last. Will you send your name and address?

*Ellian.*—Will you send your present address? A letter awaits you from *Daisy Wildwood.*

*Harry Bowles.*—Mr. S. informs me that your *carte* was forwarded to *A. E. D.*

Some have answered the anagram No. 20 as "smartest;" I have credited the answer as good, but give it again this month, as that is not the original word.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *C. F. W., Harlan, Kittie, Agnes, Harry Bowles, D. P. and W. W. W., Sam T. K., H. N. Rouse, Geo. T. McK., Wilforley,* and *Josie.*

# GIVING A PARTY TO A TOMBSTONE;

## OR, ANNIE BUTLER'S INDIAN DOLL.

BY FLETA F.

"OH, do hurry!" And Annie, in an ecstasy of delight and haste, urged on Rosy, the good old black nurse. Rosy ran as fast as she could; but she had Annie's little sister Dodie in her arms, and it was pretty hard work to "keep up." Down through the path which led to the spring, Annie led the way.

"I don't b'lieve it *can* be a doll you found, Annie," at last exclaimed Rosy, beginning to be tired.

"Oh, but it is! It's in the same place where Uncle George found an Indian arrow-head, last Saturday. I know it is!" and Annie looked very decided.

"'Osy wun!" kicked little Dodie from her high seat.

Rosy took a new breath and a new start, and soon they arrived laughing and tired at the spring. It was a beautiful little spring. It bubbled out of an old gray rock, and trickled away through the grass like a sly little snake. A large oak leaned over it, and stretched out one large limb so low above, that Annie could climb

out on it. Annie liked that seat very much, and used often to sit there in the long summer afternoons, and watch the fishes darting about beneath her. There was a nice large stone at the foot of the oak where Rosy used to sit when she brought Dodie into the woods.

"Now," said Annie, when they had reached the spring, "you sit down on your stone, and I'll bring the doll to you!"

"Where is it?" asked Rosy, looking around as if she expected to see it leaning against one of the trees near her.

"Oh! it's sticking up in the ground on the other side of the spring," exclaimed Annie, getting up on the limb I told you of, and creeping carefully over.

When she had climbed across, she ran to a tree, and Rosy saw her pull something from the ground under it.

"Here it is!" shouted Annie, exultingly. "There, now, don't that look like a doll?" and she tossed it eagerly across to Rosy. Then she climbed back over the limb again.

Rosy looked as if she didn't know whether to laugh or be frightened. "It sartain 'pears like a doll!" she admitted.

"Oh, I'm sure of it! I mean to carry it home and show it to Uncle George!" and Annie looked very important.

Let me tell you how the doll looked. It was made of two round pieces of wood; one about a foot long, the other about half the same length. The short piece was nailed across the longer, near one end; it looked just like a pair of arms, and the long piece looked like the body. Rosy looked at it in half-doubting wonder.

"I 'spees it grew dar whar you foun' it," she suggested.

"No, indeed!" declared Annie, half indignant. "Such a thing *couldn't* grow! Somebody must have made it —and I believe the same Indian that lost that arrow-head near this spring, made this doll and left it here.

"But why didn't Ingin make two legs jes' as much as two arms?" speculated Rosy.

"Why? Well, perhaps the Indian girls didn't used to have dolls with two legs! Or, perhaps, the Indians didn't have wood enough to make more than one." Annie looked puzzled.

"Wal, Miss Annie, I tink you are greatly mistook! I don't belieb de Ingins eber cum here! Anysumdever de copper-head wouldn't hab lef' his arrer-head ef he'd a know'd what he was about!"

Rosy showed her teeth in laughing appreciation of her wonderful 'cuteness, and went to catch up Dodie, who was putting her soft little hand in the water and splashing herself with the drops.

Annie was much disappointed and vexed at the little sympathy shown by Rosy in her great discovery, and indignant at Rosy's hint that Uncle George didn't find "a real live arrow-head." So she sat down on the grass and began to pout very unbecomingly.

Rosy was sorry she had put Annie out of humor, and tried to pacify her by saying,

"Mebbe you're right 'bout it. I'se a poor ignor'nt nigger an' donno much, so I jes' sticks to what I tinks. But if you're a going to keep dat wooden scarecrow, why, I 'spose mebbe you'll want to dress it 'fore your 'splays it to your Uncle George. Den I'll gib you some bright bits o' caliker if you want 'em."

"Indians didn't wear dresses! they didn't wear any clothes at all!" replied Annie, crossly.

"More shame for 'em!" exclaimed Rose, looking inexpressibly shocked. "Dey oughtn't ter be 'ncouraged, no how!"

Annie laughed at the idea of encouraging the Indians now.

"Why, Rosy, they are all dead and gone—long years ago!"

"Den ob what use ken it be to foller der hedenish ways now?"

"Ah, Rosy," exclaimed Annie, quite in despair, "you never will learn to think like white folks!"

"I don't want to tink like de 'hite folks, ef it'll make me go 'round a saving up leetle chips of brown stone an' old bones like them on your Uncle George's table!" and Rose tossed her head in supreme contempt of "larned notions."

"Those are relics—'valuable relics,' Rosy!" exclaimed Annie, horrified at the disrespect shown them.

But Rosy was walking away down the path with Dodie on her shoulder. Annie saw she was going to the house, so she slowly followed her, in dignified silence.

Annie was very much elated with her supposed discovery. She felt as if it was going to make her fortune, perhaps, some day, when she grew large enough to go round and show it—perhaps in Barnum's Museum! Meantime she wanted to have her particular friends know about it and "help her keep the secret."

When she ran into the parlor where her mother and Uncle George were sitting, and explained how she found this "relic," she was much gratified at the effect it produced.

She was brimful of excitement about it. Uncle George gravely listened to a whole volley of absurd plans, and helped on her enthusiasm by a plentiful addition of impossible "possibilities."

Her Uncle George and she finally decided that for the present the best plan would be to give a party for showing it off. So, having first obtained her mother's laughing consent, she and Uncle George put their heads together, and before night they had made out the list of those they were to honor with an invitation.

The next day Uncle George ordered the light buggy, and Fleetfoot—the pretty black pony—and off they started to leave their invitations. After delivering an invitation, Annie always put on a knowing look, and intimated that her friends would see something a little out of the common way if they would only come. So everybody resolved to come, and everybody was completely mystified.

Wednesday evening—the evening appointed for the gathering—came. And curious girls tripped into the door and whispered, and nodded, and conjectured among themselves as they undid their hoods, and gave them to Rosy, who showed her shining white teeth, and looked as if she knew more than she would tell.

And the boys who came, too, looked foolish, as if they were ashamed of themselves for being curious; but they really couldn't help it!

The surprise was to be reserved however till the close of the evening; so they had to be satisfied with playing games, until their curiosity was wrought up to its highest pitch.

At last Uncle George stood up and called for silence. Then he began quite an elaborate essay on Indian curiosities, producing several of his own to illustrate his words. "But," said he,

in conclusion, "it has been left for my young niece, Annie, to discover the most interesting and unique relic yet known to have descended to us from the original red owners of the soil! Who ever knew until now that Indian babies had their dolls? No one! Yet we are now let into this heretofore unknown fact by the accidental and fortunate discovery of one, just made by my niece, Annie, in the woods, east of Runaway Spring! This is the identical doll!" and he drew it suddenly from its concealment and held it up to the view of all.

There was a sudden silence. Everybody wanted to laugh at the odd-looking thing, but no one dared to, for fear of offending Annie.

Suddenly Edgar Hiller gave a hysterical gasp, and not being able to keep from laughing any longer, he jumped up and exclaimed—

"It isn't an Indian doll! It's Trip's tomb-stone! I made it myself!"

There was a universal shout of fun and laughter.

"And who is Trip?" inquired Uncle George, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"Trip was my dog! When he died I buried him in the woods, and made that cross to put over his grave!"

I will spare you an account of Annie's mortification and discomfiture.

It is enough to say that Edgar Hiller had the "Indian doll" returned to him as its former rightful manufacturer and proprietor; and the company drowned their mirth in lemonade, and politely choked their risibilities down with sponge-cake; while poor Annie, in the retreat of her own little quiet room, drowned herself with tears and choked down her vexation with a large mouthful of handkerchief!

## ROBIN IN HIS FATHER'S BOOTS.

When Jones drew off his boots at night,
And stood them near his bed,
That there the dawn would find them still,
Seemed settled in his head.

But Robin rose before the sun,
Before his father, too,
And what a wiser head had planned,
Soon ventured to undo.

Drawn near his father's idle boots,
And stirred by gay conceit,
Down in their deep and ample legs
He thrust his roguish feet.

His slender legs, from heel to hip,
Were in those depths concealed,
While scarcely half an infant form
Was o'er the tops revealed.

Around the room, with clattering tread,
Those weighty boots he bore,
Nor failed at times to reel and trip,
And tumble to the floor.

His merry laugh, his clattering tread,
Through all the cottage rang;
His father at the sounds aroused,
And from his pillow sprang.

Though pleased at first, and moved to smiles,
He yet the child reproved,
Since just for want of proper thought
He had the boots removed.

The mother, then (as mothers oft,
With wise discernment may),
Smoothed o'er the father's frowning brow,
And brushed a storm away.

"Were mortals all," she mildly said,
"As old and wise as we,
Where babes and fools would find a place,
Presents a doubt to me.

"If children see, with watchful eyes,
Their fathers walk in boots,
They too, in boots, will try to walk,
And lean to like pursuits.

"A worthy man, dear Jones, are you;
And hence to see our boy
Put down his feet where yours have been,
O'erflows my heart with joy.

"Your aim should be, to mark a path
So clear, so fair and true,
That naught of blame on him can lie,
Should he that path pursue.

"Thus, when your course shall be complete,
And bear in him its fruits,
A worthy son he will be found,
And wear his father's boots."

THE OLD MAJOR.

---

REMEMBER thy Creator
While the pulse of youth beats high;
While the evil days come not,
Nor the weary years draw nigh,
When man can find no pleasure
In the hollow things of earth,
And the heart turns sick and sad
From the jarring sound of mirth.

## ARTHUR.

LITTLE Arthur, gentle boy,
Is his mother's dearest joy;
He can read a lesson well,
And some little words can spell.

Arthur likes far more than these,
Seated on his mother's knees,
Stories from her lips to hear—
"One more, please—oh, mother dear."

Now she tells him of the spring,
Which will gentle robins bring;
Then upon the apple-tree,
Built their pretty nest will be.

Cunning birds! they'll line it, too,
Softly for their eggs of blue;
Then they'll watch them night and day,
Never flying far away.

When the tiny birds peep out,
Then the mother flies about
Everywhere to bring them food,
Just as any mother would.

Arthur listens to her words;
Quick he says, "I love the birds—
Oh, how very glad I'll be
When they're in our apple-tree."

LAURA ELMER.

# RENNY'S UNIFORM.

HOW fast the feet of that little boy take him down yonder hill!

What *can* have happened to make Renny Page run at such a rate of speed?

We will hurry on to see.

We had a grand autumn in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one, and the view is so pretty just here: the view of the valley where the river runs all summer, and falls fast asleep in wintry weather, that I know you wish to stop and look at it; but, never mind now, the squirrels, the chestnuts, and great pine-tree-cones won't run away half as fast as Renny Page did; so now, hurry little feet, before the hall-door is shut by the north wind that rushes around the country like a grand huge-buttoned policeman, and shakes, and shuts, and slams doors, as if to say, "Ho! ho! good people, don't you know that there is a thief coming? His stealthy steps I hear, treading on all these forest-leaves. His name is Winter, and he has ever so many little children, and, oddly enough, they all have the same name. Every one is called "cold," and they are *so* thievy and cunning, they crawl in at the windows and whistle right through the key-holes, they climb over the tops of the doors, and whisk themselves under the cracks, until you'll all run away, rather than to stay and drive them out. So take care, good people, and shut your doors, or, before you know it, Winter will get in after all his children, and then, *what a time* you'll have. I've done my duty this time, but don't expect it of me every day."

What a hill! here, breathless, we are, but we've got here before the policeman found the door open. Come in, you know we are after that little boy, Renny Page, that we saw "hurrying" so.

Here he is, in the nursery, talking as fast as ever he can to his mother. He has awakened the baby, whose wondering eyes are fixed on Renny, and saying as plainly as they can, "What a funny, noisy fellow you are for a brother, to come in here when I was asleep and make such a clatter with your feet and your tongue!"

Renny doesn't mind the baby, nor yet what baby's eyes are saying, for Renny hasn't finished his story; we're just in time to hear the ending.

"It's all true, mamma; just as true as anything you ever heard of; we've got a general, and a captain, and a lieu— lu— I can't remember the name, but Sam Clark's to be *it;* and Sam said I 'was too small;' but Joe and Cal said I 'could fight, and bite, too, like a musquito,' and you know how they bited us all when we were down to Newport; papa, too, and he's a big man, and I don't think we shall have anybody to fight bigger than boys. Just see here, mamma, how I *can* bite when I don't half try;" and Renny seized baby's fat,

little arm, and tried his teeth on it, looking up with a triumphant air, exclaiming, "there!" as baby's arm showed little red marks where Renny's white teeth had been, and baby's face and voice testified to their sharpness.

"Don't, don't cry—be a brave soldier, baby, and then you shall have a uniform when you're big enough to walk; true, mamma, I didn't mean to hurt baby; I thought he'd know, and never make such a fuss; but he's a real goose, and I know Sam and Cal won't ever vote for him."

"Renny," said Mrs. Page, "roll up your sleeve and come to me."

"Why, mamma?"

"I wish to bite you, to see how brave you will be; now, you are not to cry—you are to think you are a soldier; come, give me your arm."

Renny slowly rolled up his little coat-sleeve and bared his arm, his rosy face quivering meanwhile, and his eyes taking rapid glances at his mother, to see if he could tell how *hard she would bite;* but Mrs. Page was soothing baby and kissing his wounded arm, until Renny began to pull his sleeve down, his martial ardor somewhat lessened; and he began to think of running, but Mrs. Page had not forgotten, and when she had kissed the last tear away, she took up Renny's arm and bit it pretty thoroughly; but Renny gave no sign, only his lips shut very tightly; and when his mother said, "You may go now, and the next time remember not to hurt your brother," Renny availed himself of the permission to hide his tears, and a little time later he came into the nursery and patted baby, whispering to him, and I am quite certain that he told him that "he was sorry, and would never bite him any more."

Renny did not dare to ask his mother again that night for the "soldier-dress" that he wanted, and the next morning following the night, his courage was not quite strong enough, and so it came to pass that he went to school and met "the boys" and their questions.

"General Sam" was the first to accost him: "How is it, little corporal, are you to have your uniform?"

"Oh," said Renny, "I wanted mother to see how I *could* fight, and so I tried baby's arm, and hurt it, too, and then mother bit me, and I didn't dare to ask her."

"Never mind, ask her again—I'm sure you deserve one for telling the truth; and I'll have you promoted right away."

"What's promoted, General, if you please?"

"Going up higher—being made sergeant, in your case."

"Thank you," said Renny, "I'd most bite baby again for that."

"If you did, I'd court-martial you."

"What's that? next higher than sergeant, isn't it?" asked Renny; but General Sam's attention had been called another way, and Renny received no reply.

The leaves were just as golden and brown, and the blue river in the valley sang the same tune to the rustling of the leaves, when Renny went down the hill the next evening from school. He was seriously resolving in his mind whether he *could* endure another bite for the sake of a further promotion from "General Sam;" but he no sooner saw baby, than he remembered his promise never to hurt him again, and he manfully resolved that he wouldn't tell his baby

brother a lie for all the court-martial promotions in the world.

Renny was wise in his own way, and his wisdom led him to tell his mother all that had happened during the day, the story of his promotion not being omitted, and Renny was secretly very glad that "General Sam" hadn't heard his last question when his mother explained to him the meaning of court-martial, "for his General would think him such a goose not to know;" and then Renny went bravely on and told how "he had longed to get as high as ever he could, *even if he had to feel the teeth in his arm again;*" and Renny finished his story, with the full expectation that his naughtiness had made the matter of the uniform beyond his reach; but his mother said, "You may have the dress, because you have fought with a lie, and conquered it, and I welcome you as a little soldier."

"Oh, mamma, how good of you!" said Renny; "I thought you'd never love me, for thinking I *could* bite baby again;" and Renny kissed his mother, and then kissed baby, and afterward ran on with his happy tongue, telling how the soldier-clothes should be made, and where he should want the buttons, and how he would have his blanket folded "just like the first men's that went from Massachusetts."

The forming of the embryo regiment went bravely on, and it was nearly time for their first parade in uniform, and yet Renny's was not ready. Baby had been very sick, and Renny had heard of hydrophobia, and he wouldn't believe that his bite hadn't made baby sick, until one day his mother told him that "his brother was nearly well, and that she was going, on that individual afternoon, into the village to buy everything he needed for his uniform, and that the next day she would have it all made for him;" and the "tiny sergeant" rejoiced greatly, and went to his company of ten little men, as happy as a soldier boy could be. The regiment, for regiment must be had, consisted of ten companies, of ten men each, and they had marched and countermarched over half the fields in the river-valley, and now, on this afternoon, preparatory to the grand parade in uniform, orders were given to march, none knew where.

"General Sam" reviewed his forces on the plain before the village schoolhouse, and after a serious exhortation to valor and courage, gave the word of command, "Forward!" and his regiment of five-score men advanced, until they came to Cogasset. Cogasset was a little rivulet that crossed the plain, and made haste to join the wider river, ambitious for larger life.

"Now, men," said "General Sam," "this is the broad Potomac, and just over its banks are the enemy; I am told that they are full of 'stratagem and wiles.' Now obey only one watch-word, that comes with every

command. Men! who are we fighting for?"

"For Uncle Sam, to be sure," answered the entire regiment.

"Very well, then; let our watch-word be—" and the General hesitated one moment—"whatever Uncle Sam loves best."

"That's his wife!" exclaimed the little sergeant, Renny Page.

"Good!" said General Sam; "let the watch-word be, Uncle Sam's wife; but what is her name?"

"Hail Columbia, to be sure," was the answer.

"Hurrah for Hail Columbia! leap the Potomac, boys."

It didn't take long to reach a high hill that shut in the valley on one side, and then came the command—"Scale the mountain, for Hail Columbia!" and with a step not known in military schools, the hundred boys "got up" the mountain. On its summit they paused a moment, tired, by pushing through the undergrowth and brambles, and waited for the next order. It came from the tiny trumpet of the General: "Scale Fort Sumter, for Hail Columbia!" and immediately the hundred boys were scrambling with each other to get the highest position on the giant chestnut-tree of the mountain. Up its mammoth trunk they crawled like ants, and ran out on its huge branches like squirrels.

The little sergeant, by the chance of position and nimbleness of limb, was the first one up the tree, and he gained the highest point of honor; from thence he began to pour down a shower of chestnuts, burs and all.

In double-quick time the tree was divested of every chestnut, except a very few on the branch the nearest to the sky, and that the little sergeant left for the squirrels, who he thought were loyal and true, and oughtn't to starve in the enemy's country.

After this signal victory over the chestnut-tree, General Sam prudently resolved to retire before the forces of General Night, whose legions of cloud and darkness already were seen gathering in the valley, and soon they would besiege the mountain; therefore a very orderly retreat was begun, and it ended on the farther side of Cogasset, where the march began.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BROTHER AND SISTER.

Little children, love each other;
Happy sister—happy brother;
Let but kindly words be spoken,
Mixed with smiles, affection's token.

Charley is a navy raising,
And he likes sweet Mollie's praising;
"Pretty ships, how swift they're flying!"
Puff his cheeks for breezes trying.

Never was there such another,
Mollie thinks, as her own brother;
All he does is quite a wonder—
Never Charley makes a blunder.

Every word he speaks she's listening,
And with pride her eye is glistening;
Brother, slight not this love-treasure—
Cherish, prize it beyond measure.

Laura Elmer.

## THE GUSHING FOUNTAIN.

Come to the gushing fountain,
Where the pearly waters stream,
And rushing from the mountain,
With choicest treasures teem.

Let the bashful maiden seek
For blushes in its flow,
It will crimson o'er th cheek
With health's refulgent glow.

Let decrepit and infirm
Plunge in the healing flood;
It will quench the gnawing worm,
And purify the blood.

Health, wealth, and happiness
Dwell in the rippling rill,
And whoe'er would quaff the bliss,
Their cups may freely fill.

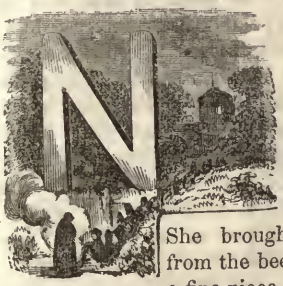
Then haste ye to the fountain,
Where cleansing waters stream,
And rushing from the mountain,
With choicest treasures teem. Frank.

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER III



NATHAN'S mother was very busy all that afternoon. She brought forth from the beef barrel a fine piece of corned meat, which she placed over the fire to cook, for the chief article among the next day's provisions. A batch of bread was also put to rise on the warm stone hearth, and the contents of the store-room were inspected to see what it could yield to swell the bill of fare. Majory's sponge-cake proved to be light and wholesome, to her own great satisfaction.

"You see, mother," she said, as she took it from the pan and placed it on the table to cool, "you see, mother, that I have learned pretty thoroughly, by this time, your lessons about healthy and unhealthy cake. I believe now, just as you do, that saleratus cake is slow poison."

"Never forget it," said her mother, "and do all you can, as long as you live, to discourage, in other people, the use of saleratus and its kindred poisons."

"Gilbert's mother makes saleratus *bread*," said Majory.

"I know she does," said Mrs. Morgan, "and I have tried in vain to persuade her to use yeast. She says she knows that the saleratus is the cause of Milly and Jane's ill health, but that it is convenient to make bread that way, and prevents the trouble of sending to the baker's for yeast every day or two."

"The English people do not use saleratus," said Mr. Morgan, who was rolling some bedding together at one side of the room, to have it ready to strap on the backs of the mules in the morning, "and see how much healthier they are than the Americans, who live on all sorts of trashy, hot saleratus cakes, made and baked in a hurry."

"And now, father, I'll run get the hammer, the saw, and the nails you asked me for," said Majory, "I had almost forgotten them."

"We may want them in putting up our tents," said her father; "and bring the big market-basket, too, Majory—your mother will pack in it our eatables and the few dishes needed."

When Nathan came back from Gilbert Smith's home, he was surprised to see how much had been accomplished toward the journey. All that afternoon the house was filled with the appetizing odors of cookery; two such monstrous great apple-pies, as Nathan saw standing steaming on the table, his eyes had never beheld before. The bread was light, the meat was done to a turn,

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, by J. N. Stearns, in the District Court of the Southern District of New York

and Majory's cake and cottage cheese looked as tempting as possible.

When the family retired at night, the packing was all done, and everybody was glad to rest.

At daylight, the next morning, Nathan was aroused from his sleep by the twittering of some swallows which had built their nests in the chimney. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and it was at least a minute before he recollected the journey. It was so early that the room was still filled with the gray of the dawn; and frightened at the thought that the day was not going to be clear, Nathan sprang from the bed and looked out of the window. He was wide enough awake now, and he saw, to his great joy, that the beautiful red of the coming sunrise was already beginning to appear in the east. Everything without looked so green and peaceful, that Nathan, accustomed to the noise and dust of the town, was filled with quiet pleasure. The birds were singing in the cherry-trees by his window, and the cocks were crowing in the barn-yard. Phil, his father's hired man, was just driving the cows to pasture, down in the south meadow, and the tinkle of their bells, as they moved sedately on their way, had a cheerful sound.

He dressed himself quickly and hurried down stairs, where he found his father and mother very much engaged in getting things ready.

"Why, mother!" cried Nathan, rubbing his eyes, "why did you not call me sooner? I could have helped, too."

"You have a long, long walk before you to-day," said his mother, "and it was best you should take all the rest and sleep you could get. Besides, there are not many things to be done. You can go now and rap softly on Majory's door, if you choose, and tell her breakfast is ready."

It was decided that the farm-house was to be left locked and fastened. Phil, the hired man, was to come every day, as usual, to take care of the cattle; and he had received orders, in addition, to feed the chickens, the dog, and Majory's cat, Scratchy; the latter being a little animal noted, much to her mistress' dismay, for a habit of testifying her affection by rather a free use of her claws. Scratchy was a favorite, nevertheless, and Majory took great care to see that Phil was put in possession of a sufficient supply of food to last the little mouser until her return. Phil and his wife lived in a shanty not far from the farm, and therefore it was not likely that anything of consequence could happen in the place, without his knowledge, during the absence of the family.

The mules were brought to the door. The tents, tightly rolled up, were fastened, together with the basket of provisions, on the back of Dove-Eyes; while Flash-Fire bore the more commonplace burden of the bedding, and a small amount of extra clothing. The sun was up as the party assembled in front of the house all ready for the start. Majory and her mother looked far more picturesque than civilized in their coarse, short dresses for climbing the mountains.

"We're gipsies!" cried Majory, dancing joyfully about the mules, as her father locked the door and glanced anxiously around to see if everything was left in a proper condition; "mother and I are gipsy folks, father. See, Gilbert, I have on my last summer's straw hat, and a red skirt, and mother has a short dress, and her big blue apron with pockets."

"And I've these 'ere old trowsers," laughed Gilbert, "and these *bouncing* thick shoes to keep the rocks from hurting my feet. We ought, each of us, to have a staff, Majory."

"A staff!" echoed Majory, "why, what for, Gilbert? I guess we will find it as much as we can do to carry ourselves, without lugging sticks along too."

"Well," answered Gilbert, "you'll see. *I* mean to have one, anyhow, and then when you see what a help it is to me in scrambling over the rough spots, you and Nathan will want one too, I'm sure."

Here Mr. Morgan called to the children to be ready to start.

"Have we forgotten anything?" he asked; "is there anything more that we ought to take with us?"

Everybody paused to consider.

"Oh, father!" cried Nathan, "now I remember! we have no hatchet. We have a hammer, saw, and nails, but no hatchet. We may want it very much, to cut away dead branches from the path."

"You are right," said his father; "our hatchet was indispensable last year. Run to the barn and ask Phil for it—I had it there last night shortening the tent-poles."

The hatchet was brought and securely fastened among the bedding, and then all was pronounced in readiness. Nathan was to lead one mule and his father the other, Mrs. Morgan, Majory, and Gilbert following a short distance behind. The morning was cool and delightful. Majory and Gilbert walked so briskly onward that Mrs. Morgan had difficulty in keeping up with them, and finally they got so far ahead, that they could be just discerned on the road, Mrs. Morgan remaining with her husband and Nathan as they walked soberly and quietly beside the well-loaded mules.

"They will soon grow tired of that," said Nathan, smiling, as he pointed to Gilbert and his sister. "In a little while they will exhaust themselves, and we shall catch up to them even at our slow pace."

"We are illustrating the old fable," said his father, smiling, "of the butterfly and the turtle."

"What was that?" asked Nathan.

"They were each invited to a feast," said Mr. Morgan, "and they started to go to it about the same time together. But the butterfly soon distanced his staid, steady companion, and even found time to stop and sip honey from the flowers on the way, without being overtaken. At last he flew back to the turtle, and crying gayly, 'You will never get there at that rate, Mr. Turtle,' he darted swiftly away. The turtle was not at all discouraged, and did not pause even to answer the butterfly's taunt. He walked slowly, surely, and comfortably on, and did the best he could. Just before he reached his destination, he passed the butterfly lying panting and suffering, from too great fatigue, at the road-side. The butterfly never reached the festival at all, and the turtle came in quite fresh, and report says spent a charming evening of it, in eating strawberries and cream, and conversing with humorous Miss Squirrel, who had also been invited."

"Oh, father, what a funny story!" cried Nathan, laughing. "I am glad I am not like the butterfly. Gilbert and Majory will be glad to sit down to rest on some big stone soon, I am sure."

They were on the public road which ran through a portion of Mr. Morgan's farm. It was the intention to pursue

this for a mile or so farther, until a gate in the rail-fence gave them the opportunity to pass into a field in which, for the first time, appeared the traces of the old horse-path they were to follow. It had originally led directly to the gate itself, but, in using the field for agricultural purposes, the track had been obliterated by the plow. In a short time, when the mules and their leaders approached this gate, Majory and Gilbert were found seated on the grass at the road-side.

"Ah, ha!" cried Nathan, "I knew you would have to rest. But the grass is wet, Majory—do not sit on it."

Majory jumped up at once, and her mother seized the opportunity to inform both her and Gilbert that she did not wish either of them to get so far in advance of the party again as to be out of sight.

"The road from this place," she said, "is rough and wild; we are unacquainted with all of it but the first mile or two, and, consequently, getting lost will be an easy matter."

"But it's so stupid keeping by the mules," said Gilbert, "they go so slow."

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Morgan, cheerfully; "two hours or so from now, I think you will find they go fast enough. Majory, your dress is dampened with the dew; take care not to sit down again on the grass. You must remember that one of the objects of our wearing moderately short dresses, was to be able to walk, in the cool of the morning, without getting wet."

"Forward, march!" cried Mr. Morgan; and leading Flash-Fire by the bridle, he prepared to be the first to try the path. Its entrance was at the extremity of the field, and as the field only ended where the mountain began, the whole aspect of things was changed at once. The smooth road they had just quitted was very different from the rugged, winding, hilly track that now presented itself, shaded by immense forest-trees, and leading over slippery rocks and old, gnarled roots.

"How beautiful this is!" cried Nathan, as he led patient Dove-Eyes after the other mule. "Oh, father! it seems so quiet, so peaceful, so lovely here, that I almost wish we were going to encamp in the woods forever. Majory, do you hear the robins?"

"Yes," said Majory; "and do you see this moss? Oh, look, there is more of it! It is growing over that great rock—I mean to get some."

Majory untied her hat that she might be more at her ease, dropped it on the grass, and scrambled up the rock till she reached the spot where the moss grew. Meanwhile, the rest of the party continued the march, and in a moment or two the winding path had taken them slowly out of sight. Perceiving this, Majory sprang down, and with one hand full of the moss, and the other holding her hat, ran after them, and soon overtook them, although she was a little out of breath.

"We must keep up a regular march until we commence to feel the heat of the day," said her father, as she joined them, and then we will rest and unload the mules, that they, too, may be refreshed. We can eat our dinner leisurely, take a nap, if any small people of my acquaintance would like to do so, and resume our journey when the afternoon sun grows a little less warm. It is far more tiresome to walk in the heat of the day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—THE HOG.

WHY should not the hog have his portrait taken? Everybody likes to look at the pictures of the great, and surely the hog is great in his way. First, he has a great name. He is a *Pach-y-der-ma-tous* animal. What that means you can find in Webster's Dictionary. Then he often grows to great size. We saw one in this city a few days ago which weighed more than 1,300 pounds. Daniel Lambert, the heaviest man of his time, weighed *only* about 600 pounds.

You will all grant that this animal is a great eater. He has become so famous on this account, that when we want to describe a glutton, we are apt to call him a "hog;" just as when we would speak of a traitor, we say he is a "Judas." This is hardly just to the swine, however; for though it is a shame to man to eat too much, it is a point of excellence in the hog that he has a great appetite. The Creator intended him to be a large eater, and every farmer's boy knows that this makes him profitable to keep. He is glad to get all the slops and refuse from the house, which would be wasted but for his excellent digestion, and this trash is in time changed to sweet roasting pieces, fine hams, and savory sausages, which delight almost every palate.

What should we do for brushes, or how would the shoemaker so nicely pass his thread through the leather, without the hog's bristles? Most of the saddles now in use are made of hogs' skins tanned into leather. So, you see, he is greatly useful.

"But, then, he is so stupid and filthy!" say you. That is downright slander. There is no more active, playful, frisky animal than a young pig. Their antics on a fine sunny March morning are most amusing. They are less frolicsome as they grow older, but they are not the stupid brutes that some suppose. They may be taught many things. We have seen one who would obey his master like a dog. He would go and bring a hat, a cane, or other article, would pick out any letter of the alphabet, and do many other surprising tricks. True, he was an *educated* pig; but, pray tell how much would a boy know if uneducated? Then, as to his want of neatness—that is the fault of his owner. Swine roll in the

mud to kill the fleas that attack them. If their houses were kept free from vermin, they would choose a clean place to rest in. In their natural state, where they have clear water to wash themselves with, they are as clean as most wild animals.

Swine are obstinate and selfish, almost as much so as the human species, but they, also, have their better traits. They are attached to their young, and will stand up for each other most courageously when attacked by a strange dog or other animal. So, take him all in all, the hog, though not a most attractive subject, has yet enough good qualities to entitle him to a place in the picture gallery.

## THE SUGAR-CAMP.

BY HARRY.

Away! away to the maple-grove!
Come, boys and girls, thither let us rove.

MANY of the young Merrys who reside in our large cities, and have seen and tasted the little round cakes of "home-made maple-sugar," which are exposed in the streets for sale, would doubtless be interested, and not a little surprised, if they were to visit some of the homely factories and refineries from which this sugar, and also the delicious maple-syrup, is produced.

Let them imagine they are turned loose for a ramble through one of the grand old sugar-groves of the West. The farmers, and all the good folk, greet with joy the approach of spring, as they find the hale old trees are sending forth their sap, leaping and flowing into every limb. Active preparations are now being made to "open the camp." A quantity of rough wood has been hauled during the last snow upon a sled by a yoke of oxen, and collected in a large pile near a furnace, so that it will be ready when needed. The furnace consists of two rough walls made of stone, making an aperture about two feet square. It is paved with the same material, and is partially covered at the top, holes being left so that the fire may reach the kettles, in the same way that a cooking-stove is arranged. A rude chimney is left at the end opposite to the mouth of the furnace, by which the smoke escapes. The length of the furnace is determined by the number of kettles used, being usually four or five. The kettles are now mounted in their places, and the structure for boiling down sugar-water is complete. And next, a man comes along to tap the trees, and with no mercy for the poor old trees which have healed the wounds they received last year, he applies the auger vigorously until he bores quite through the bark and deep into the sap-wood. Having made two or three holes in the side of the tree, he drives a spile into each, and then places a crock, bucket, or small trough under them to catch the sap that already begins to flow. He proceeds in the same manner to all the trees until he has completed his round.

The trees have all been tapped, and "Old Charlie" (the universal favorite with the minors) is hitched to an old sled; upon it, a barrel which has perhaps in worse days contained a more alluring fluid, now rides in triumph, and has resolved hereafter to reform

and drink naught but cool, sweet water. One of the numerous young band who has charge of Old Charlie, leads him forth to go the "rounds" of the "camp" for the purpose of collecting the water, which, if not attended to promptly, will soon overflow the troughs. It is not the first time Charlie has been on a similar errand, and in spite of the caution of his drivers, his nose is always drawn with strong attractive force toward the troughs which contain the water, and especially so if they happen to halt at a tree which is noted for the sweetness of its sap. Yes, the old horse has as fine a taste for the sugar-water as the young "Merrys" who love to kneel down to bathe their lips and quench their thirst in its sweet sparkling surface.

The barrel has been filled, and must be drawn to the furnace, where it will be emptied into the kettles, and the surplus placed in other barrels, in some rude cistern or reservoir constructed for the purpose, where it will be kept until that which is boiling in the kettles is sufficiently wasted to admit of more being poured in. The person having charge of the furnace passes the boiling syrup along from the first kettle (near the mouth of the furnace where the flame is hottest) to the second, and third, and so on, out of one into another, keeping the first kettle filled with fresh sugar-water. The last keetle is made the receptacle of the thickest syrup, and boils slower than the others, being farthest from the fire.

When a barrel of sugar-water has been boiled down, as described, to little more than a gallon, it is sent home to the good housewife, who boils it slowly by the kitchen fire, refines it, then pours it off and places it by for family use. Such is the process of making what is commonly called "home-made molasses." The syrup when boiled down to such a thickness that it will become hard when poured into water, is ready to form sugar, may be easily molded into any shape, and is ready to send to the candy shop or confectioneries. If it is poured into barrels constructed with false bottoms, the waste syrup will drain off, and a choice article of fine granulated sugar remains.

These fine old "camps," whose annual yield is an ample store of nectar, are the just pride and prize of many of the Western people.

When summer carpets them with green, they afford a lovely retreat for the "merry young" who delight in pic-nics and pleasure parties.

The old sugar-trees are often made the subject of the rural song—their merits are even yet toasted by those who, while seated around the fireside, are enjoying the genial warmth which proceeds from the blaze of some old "sugar-log."

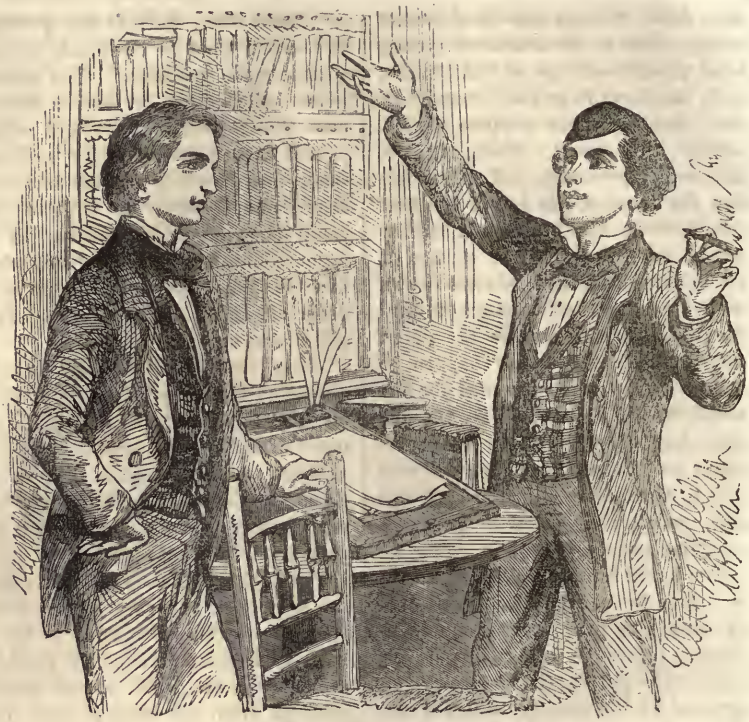
## "YOUR FARE, MISS."

A YOUNG lady from the rural districts lately entered a city railroad car. Pretty soon the conductor approached her and said: "Your fare, miss."

She blushed, and look confused, but said nothing. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more: "Your fare, miss."

This time the pink on her cheeks deepened to carnation as the rustic beauty replied:

"Wall, if I am good-lookin', you hadn't ought ter say it out loud afore folks." The passengers in the car roared with laughter, and her lover at once settled the fare.



## A FINISHED EDUCATION.

### DIALOGUE BETWEEN EDWARD AND HENRY.

SCENE.—HENRY *alone in his study. Enter* EDWARD, *with a cigar in his hand.*

EDWARD. Hurrah! this winds up school-days. Now for life.

*Henry.* Heigho! you appear to have steam up this morning.

*E.* Yes, *sir*, and *something's* got to move. But what are you moping over books for? Come, put away the rubbish, and take a turn with me.

*H.* Not so fast, my fly-away! Suppose you throw away *your* rubbish; I mean that cigar you are making such a flourish with, and let's have a little chat. You're getting into such a fume, I shouldn't like to trust myself to go with you just now.

*E.* Oh, nonsense! you're a natural born old fogy, and you'll never know anything about life. I suppose you mean to grub away at your books until you get to be as wise and as stupid as Professor Brown, who is always in a brown study, and don't know enough to tie a cravat.

*H.* You talk a good deal about life, perhaps there's more in that word than you think of.

*E.* Yes, *sir*, I know there is. I'm like a bird that's been shut up these ten years in a cage of a school-room. How could I know anything about

life? But now the door's open, and I'm bound to have my liberty.

*H.* Liberty to do what?

*E.* Why, whatever comes into my head. I can smoke when I like, I can go out nights, and come in when I please; I can have a jolly spree with the boys, and have good times generally, without any old Brown to do me *brown* for it.

*H.* According to your own story, you have merely chosen a new master, or rather, many masters, in place of Professor Brown. You expect to obey whatever notion comes into your head. Your fancy or your appetite will say "smoke," and you'll smoke. Your companions will say, "Let's have a jolly spree"—that is, "Let's drink wine until we are half crazy and can enjoy acting uproarious and silly," and you'll obey them and make a fool of yourself. Professor Brown never required anything half so unreasonable.

*E.* But you know a young fellow must sow his wild oats!

*H.* I don't know any *must* of the kind. I have determined to see life, too, and to have my liberty, and there shall be no *must* like that over me.

*E.* You're a queer fellow; you never would do like the rest of us; but I can't help liking you.

*H.* Thank you for your friendship. I wish I might use it for your benefit. Edward, you have never really thought what life is. Look at yourself a moment; you can think soundly if you'll only hold still long enough. You're not half the reprobate you sometimes seem. You have a body and a soul. They are for you to improve or ruin. You can put them under training that will make them stronger, better, and happier, or you can suffer them to be made weak, mean, and miserable. Now, which course is true life?

*E.* But you would cut off all a fellow's fun.

*H.* No, but I would stop his folly. Don't I enjoy sport as well as you? I don't want to brag, but I'll ask who was the best skater on the pond, yesterday? Who has been the captain of your ball-club, and the leader on the academy play-ground?

*E.* You, of course; that's why I like you, in spite of your preaching.

*H.* Isn't the preaching, as you call it, true? Don't quarrel with the truth. I want to have the best part of me—the soul—as healthy and vigorous as the body, and both of them as noble as they can be made. That's *my* idea of life.

*E.* [*Throws away his cigar.*] I know you're right, and if I could always be with you, I shouldn't get so wild.

*H.* There's your weakness, and hence your danger in choosing foolish company. You are too ready to join in with every one you meet. Set yourself to be a man after your own ideas of right. You've a better right to lead others in a good way than they have to lead you wrong; and the true way to become a leader is to rule yourself. But come, now we've had a long talk, and as I see you've thrown away your sign of weakness, I'll take a walk with you.

## WHO WANTS $4 A DAY?

"I DO," comes with a shout from thousands of Merry boys and girls.

No doubt you do; but will you earn it, if we tell you how?

You do not all answer quite so readily as before. You are thinking, "I should have to work very hard to earn so much money." Perhaps not so hard as you imagine. Let us see:

How many working days in a year?

"Three hundred and thirteen," say you.

How much can an uneducated man earn in that time by manual labor?

"About a dollar a day, or $313."

What salary per year can a man of good education earn?

We will answer for you—about $1,000 per year. Many receive much more than that, but it is a fair average. You can plainly see, then, that an education is worth in cash every year the difference between $1,000 and $313, or $687. Now, then, how much money must be put at interest at six per cent. to yield $687 a year?

You answer, "$11,450."

Then, to have a good education is equal to having $11,450 in the savings bank, drawing six per cent. interest.

How many days' study will it take to get a good education? It will depend somewhat upon circumstances; but a boy attending school eleven years, commencing, say at eight years old and leaving at nineteen, can be well educated. Suppose he goes to school five days in a week for eleven years, he will have spent 2,860 days in getting an education worth $11,450, and he will thus have actually earned for himself a little over *four dollars a day*, while attending school.

"Oho!" say you, "we must study for our money."

That's it, exactly. The calculation is a fair one, and you can cipher it out for yourself. Think of it the next time you are tempted to ask to stay at home because it rains, or because it is pleasant and you want to go fishing, or, in short, because you would rather do something else than study. Ask yourself the question, "*Can I earn four dollars a day* in any other way?"

Remember, too, that learning not only brings money, but it may give a good position in society; and better still, it may always afford pleasure to him who possesses it. "Wisdom is better than much fine gold."

## ABOUT WRITING COMPOSITIONS—No. III.

WRITE ABOUT WHAT INTERESTS YOU. That rule will guide you to the choice of a good subject for your first efforts. By-and-by, after much practice, you will learn that one of the best ways to *become* interested in a subject is to try to express thoughts upon it; but I wish now particularly to help the beginner.

What were you doing after school hours yesterday? Flying your kite? Playing tag, or "hide-and-seek," or at some other fine sport? Or did you take a walk to the woods to look for winter-greens, or to see if any crocuses and violets were yet peeping out to ask if spring had indeed come? Or, perhaps, there was work to be done: the kindling-wood to split, the coal to bring in, the cows to milk, or other "chores" to attend to. Some of the girls, perhaps, were having a good slide on the pond, or were busy helping mother clear up the house, or getting tea ready, or sewing patchwork, or mending their brothers' shirts and stockings. Whatever it was, particularly if you were interested in it, will furnish a good subject for a composition, provided you will write your own thoughts, and not what you suppose some one else would say about it. "What!" says Susan, "write a composition about washing dishes, and tell just what I thought?" Yes, just that. Let us see how it might read:

"I wish we didn't have to wash dishes every day. It isn't pleasant work. Sometimes the water is so hot it burns my fingers, and sometimes the dishes fall, and get broken, and I get a scolding. But if the water isn't hot, they won't look so nice. I wonder why hot water makes them cleaner than cold! I wish somebody would invent a machine for washing dishes; they have machines to do almost everything now-a-days."

There, isn't that the way your thoughts run?

"But you don't call that a good composition!" say you.

Who expects you to write a *good* composition at first? I only wish to show you that it is easier to begin the exercise than you may have supposed, and to encourage you to make the trial. If you do not commence until you know how to write a good composition, you will be like the boy who resolved never to go into the water until he knew how to swim. To become an accomplished writer requires much thought, study, and practice. The great difficulty lies at the very commencement, in making up your mind that you *can* do it, and surely few boys and girls will confess that they could not equal Susan's supposed essay on washing dishes.

Your teacher will kindly point out faults to be avoided, and suggest how improvements can be made, and by attending to their instructions you will advance step by step, until composition will be a delight and not a task.

From the very first, resolve that you will try to *express your own thoughts*, and then endeavor to observe and think and act, so that you may have good thoughts, and you will find your whole life benefited by the attempt.

## PRIZE ESSAY ON MANLINESS.

[It has given us much pleasure to notice that most of the writers for the prize offered in the January number are among our youngest subscribers, only one, we believe, being over twelve years old. An essay sent by Master Harlan Ballard, only eight years old, was particularly pleasing. Every one showed marks of original thought, and though but two out of the whole number can take prizes, all have been benefited by the trial. The first prize is awarded to Master *W. B. Riggs*, aged twelve, of Palmyra, N. Y., whose essay is printed below. The second prize is taken by Master Strong, Rochester, N. Y., whose essay will appear next month.]

MANLINESS embodies dignity, bravery, and boldness. Webster defines dignity to be true honor, nobleness or elevation of mind, consisting in a high sense of propriety, truth, and justice, with an abhorrence of mean and sinful actions. He defines bravery to be courage and heroism; and boldness, intrepidity and fearlessness. Manliness must then be a very essential element in the character of all, as it ennobles and dignifies them in the sight of God and their fellow-men. Boys may aspire to be men, without being manly; and they may be manly, without being men.

All classes of persons need manliness. The school-boy needs it, for he needs bravery if he would be successful in his studies, and bravery is embodied in manliness. The soldier needs it to fight the battles of his country, and to enable him to shun the evils of a soldier's life. The officers of our country, both civil and military, should exercise it in the performance of the duties that devolve upon them. Christians should exercise it, that they may withstand the evils of the world. In-

deed, all need it in fighting the battles of life.

Manliness commands the respect of all, and he who possesses it, is sure of that respect, while he in whom this virtue is wanting, can scarcely command the esteem of any. One may gain an office, but if he be wanting in manliness, his office can bring him no respect, not even the honor due his position.

The martyr Stephen had true Christian manliness, that enabled him to act out the principles of Christianity before his enemies. George Washington had too much manliness to tell a lie. Manliness enabled Columbus to persevere in his undertaking of discovering America. There is a saying, that "what man has done, man can do," and it is as true that what boys have done, boys may do, and Washington was but a boy when his manliness enabled him to tell the truth.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS WITHOUT PRESENTS.

THE boys and girls of a Sunday-school in Brooklyn, N. Y., were looking forward to Christmas of 1861 with high hopes. For many years their teachers had given them rewards and presents on that day, and they expected, as a matter of course, that the custom would be kept up. As you all know, the war has made hard times for many people, who have had no work to do for months, and many of the teachers of the school we speak of, were among the sufferers. Besides this, it had been hard work to raise money enough to sustain the church of which the school was a part; and just before Christmas, it became necessary to collect a large amount to pay off some debts. In view of these facts, the Sunday-school teachers resolved to ask the children to help them in sustaining the church. Accordingly, on the Sunday before Christmas, the superintendent laid the matter before the school. As was to be expected, every child answered, "Aye," when the question was asked, "Are you willing to help your teachers in the good work of supporting the church?" "Now, then," said the superintendent, "I am about to put your generosity to the test. All who are willing to do without their usual Christmas presents this year, in order that the money may be used for the church, will please rise." The *whole school*, numbering about two hundred children, rose to their feet in an instant, with a cheerfulness that surprised every one who witnessed it. Had you been there, you would have seen that no Christmas gifts would have given the pleasure they felt in thus practicing self-denial for a good cause. Every eye was beaming with happiness; and when Christmas-day came, every child had a merry Christmas in remembering why he had no Sunday-school gift.

## A SPELLING LESSON.

HERE is a capital way in which to test the spelling powers of the Merry boys and girls. Read over every page of this number of the MUSEUM, advertisements and all, and find how many words are spelled wrong.

In sending your account of misspelled words, state the page, and the number of the line from the top, where a mistake is found; or, if in any advertisement, give the name of the party advertising. We will publish the name of the one who sends the longest list of errors before April 1st.

# A DEAR LITTLE MAN.

YOU have all heard of the famous woman whose husband

"Put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well."

The little fellow in the picture looks as if he might belong to the same

family. It is the likeness of the smallest man known. His name is George Washington Morrison Nutt. He is larger than an acorn or a hickory-nut, but so very small compared with other men of his age, that a joke is cracked with his name, and he is represented as you see him, in a nut-shell.

He was born near Manchester, N. H., April 2d, 1844, and is therefore nearly eighteen years old; yet he is but twenty-nine inches high, and weighs only twenty-four pounds. In his infancy he was rather larger than ordinary children, but for some reason which nobody knows, his body soon ceased growing, although he remained perfectly healthy. The other children of his parents are rather large men, excepting the second one, who is twenty-one years old, and only four feet one inch high. He is but a baby in stature, but his mind, which you know is the true measure of a man, has grown with his years, and he is very intelligent and well educated. We had a conversation with him a few days ago, and found him well posted up in the affairs of the day, and able to express his opinions with dignity and ease. He is a member of the Methodist church, a strong temperance man, and opposed to the use of tobacco, which speaks well for his common sense, and his moral principles.

Of course, such a wonderful little man would attract a great deal of attention, and many showmen tried to engage him for exhibition. But Mr. Nutts' parents, and he himself, were not willing. Finally, Mr. Barnum tried his powers of persuasion, and boldly offered $30,000 for the privilege of exhibiting him three years. This sum was too large to be refused, and the little gentleman has accordingly removed to the American Museum in this city.

Mr. Barnum has given him the title of Commodore, and his fine uniform and sword set off his perfectly formed person to great advantage. Many of

you will no doubt have the opportunity of seeing him, and you will agree with us, that he is the *greatest little* curiosity in all Barnum's collection.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

"MARCH" is now the word, and all creation appears to heed it. The streams are casting off their icy overcoats, and starting anew for the sea; the blue-birds are moving to pioneer the way for the feathered tribe; the snow-drops respond to the call, and the farmer is cheered with signs of advancing life as he goes forth to open the spring campaign. Our brethren in the fields where other harvests are to be reaped, are advancing with rapid steps, we trust through victory to peace and union.

We, too, are marching along—a merry troop, with colors flying, cheered by the music of happy laughter and wholesome glee. Our progress this year, so far, is encouraging. New recruits are continually joining, and supplies are being forwarded. As you know, no army can succeed without proper subsistence. If, therefore, you should find a requisition from the quartermaster, stating that your share has not been contributed, loyalty to the MUSEUM and its supporters will call for prompt action; and you will send the amount specified as soon as practicable. That being *dun*, we proceed to open our usual Chat.

---

DEAR CHATTERERS:—What is the reason that you are "picking on poor Willie?" Although I adhere to the old adages, "Never interfere," and "Let folks fight their own battles," still, when a thing took place so long ago that it is entirely forgotten, I want to bring it up. In the July, 1858, MUSEUM Chat, W. H. C. writes: "In my infant days my visual orbs were considered remarkably strong and beautiful (so I am told), but they have lost all claim to either title, and a new pair would be most acceptable." I came across that when I was reading over some of my back MUSEUMS the other day. Harry Whitmore, you're "*slightually*" "behind the times." Adrian, these tars are too sharp for you. Rogue's gallery! Tommy, good-bye. Your photograph has been thankfully received, and I'm happy to hear "*vice versa*." "Don't know nuffin" about *it*. W. H. C. wants to know what other Merry boys are, etc. Well, Sam Slick, *alias* Jasper, has gone, and is in the Gulf, and Tommy is on board a gun-boat in New York harbor, ready to go. These are all I know of.

C. F. W.

---

OTTERVILLE, Mo., *Jan.* 3, 1862.

DEAR MUSEUM:—H. A. Danker's letter from camp has encouraged me to see if the Uncles would recognize me, another volunteer under the stars and stripes, and, for some time back, a seceder from the Merry circle, as still entitled to a seat in the parlor.

Stand aside, Hiram, and let me go in.

Well, cousins, I hope the New Year finds you all well and happy.

H. A. Danker, here I am. What do you want of me? Shake hands for the honor of the *profession*, you know, and for old acquaintance' sake.

Uncle Hi, I'm "agoin' to" write a long letter, some time, just to show I am not afraid of you; but I guess I won't do it this time for fear of ——

Your nephew, ADELBERT OLDER.

Three extra "rolls" for our Older brother in arms. We present (open) arms at his return to the Chat, and will ditto, ditto, all around when he comes back *for good*.

---

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have just become, for the first time, the happy recipient of your inestimable MUSEUM, and having read it from beginning to end, feel an inexpressible anxiety to be introduced among the circle of your little reading friends.

There may be some objections, being so young, numbering but five years; yet, if it is desired, I will meet any of them, and try titles as to who is the best reader, age notwithstanding. I can read the MUSEUM after my tea, previous to seven o'clock, my bed hour. I have many large books, and can read them all. I have quite a library, and would like to compare with my newly-acquainted cousins. I request a remem-

brance to Blue-Eyes, Black-Eyes, Zephyr, Mollie Myrtle, and all, hoping we may have many merry greetings for the coming year. NELLIE.

*Five years old!* Please, Nellie, don't look into one of those big books for many a long day, but put on your skates, gather roses for your cheeks, and take in plenty of the oil of life from the bracing northwest breeze. Your lamp has begun to burn early, and will need careful trimming.

---

Just inside of the door of the Merry parlor at last, and left by good or bad fortune to introduce myself!

My eyes run over the assembled cousins, I confess, with a slight degree of trepidation. Who is that, standing just at the side of Uncle Robert—dark, banded hair, and keen black eyes? It must be Fleta Forrester, and to her my first and lowest bow. Wit and wisdom combined always secure my homage.

Oliver Onley, I see you, though, in the shadow of that heavy curtain, and talking with Annie Drummond, you imagine yourself hid. That high, open brow, and those close curls, are not strange to me.

Wilforley, my hand! Ah! now I am surprised. That smiling glance bears slight resemblance to the look of Spartan firmness in a certain photo, and I likewise miss the specs without "ary bow." We will be right good friends.

Winifred, you, a little, and I, a big body, are both strangers in this Merry group. We must be dear friends. Give me your hand on it, please.

Aunt Sue—*dear* Aunt Sue—no wonder that ever since I entered you were nowhere to be seen! The cousins should not gather about your chair so closely. Thanks; don't move, Saucy Nell; I can speak now. Dear Auntie, please promise not to puzzle me; I have no head for it; but while the others are at the puzzles, let me sit by you and talk.

*What a crash!* That must be Stumbler; no one could fall so but he. Cousin, the next time you shake hands with Willie Coleman, don't catch your "toe against your heel;" the movement is too original.

I bow to all, for it won't do to wear out my welcome now I have gained admittance. JEAN DU CASSE.

DEAR CHATTERERS:—Although my last epistle has never seen the light, yet I am in no wise discouraged, as my present appearance before you may testify. I am in something of a dilemma. Kitty F. would like a seat by me if I am not a *boy*, and Long Bill would like the same if I am not a *girl*. As I should dislike to lose the company of either, I have concluded to remain neutral. So welcome both, and thrice welcome be our new Uncle William. I am sure we will love him. Pertine, I am afraid you are a little wicked. Stumbler, you will in time be one of the "bright particulars." Cousins, what do you think of the new volume of the MUSEUM? Does it not promise "a merry, happy year," as Uncle Merry says? HOMELY FACE.

---

From my corner (a coolish one and lonely) I've watched the "stars" appear and set. (*Sit* would be grammatical in this case, wouldn't it?) Such constellations of *bright particulars!* and how they twinkle! Quite a *gal*axy! I often stumble into a "Well!" while looking up at them in admiration. There's truth at the bottom of that *well*, believe me! The Southern Cross and all in his immediate "vicissitude" (as an old fellow in this *vicinity* says) have seceded, and, perhaps, become "shooting stars," like our H. A. D. "Three and a tiger" for him!

My heart is full—"too full for utterance"—as is the measure of my Uncle's wrath, perhaps, at the *length* of this *short* speech. 'Tis hard to be running our pens out of breath, yet never escape the peril of the "sword suspended by a hair"—classical for hatchet?

Good-bye. A. N.

---

Memories of that dim editor's sanctum, of a *viva voce* chat, instead of one on paper, of "Behemoth," etc., etc., are evoked, as I address Uncle Robert. But I am morally sure all the Merry cousins have forgotten "Blue-Eyed Minnie." So from her ashes—for we will consider that juvenile as defunct—shall rise—what? (Here I call the family in, to consult.) "Green-eyes!" "No! they are ugly! and, besides, eyes are so *common;* everybody has eyes." "Well! subscribe yourself, 'Eyeless,'" says the Doctor. "Open to objection, as being false." "Cloud Carilla" suggests ma chère mère. Too airy and graceful for

anybody who likes Thanksgiving turkeys and mince pies as well as I do. "Greta Linwood" is likewise too "hifalutin;" and at last among the various names to which I have a legal right, I descend to the one you will see undersigned.

I have no idea of competing with the sparkling wits of this literary firmament. Fleta, the Terror *incog.*, will still shine on; Black-Eyes will "pick a pie," or do whatever black eyes usually do. Willie Coleman will pursue his eccentric orbit; and Wilforley, with his unexampled transformations, will continue a wonder, until he culminates as one of the celestial galaxy of Barnum, the Prince of Humbugs. A poor little comet won't disturb the revolutions of these great luminaries.

Uncle Merry, as my introductory letter, you will give me a few more lines before you axe-communicate me. I want you to tell Wilforley how narrow an escape I had from seeing him, and next winter—well! no matter now. Then I would like to wish everybody a merry Christmas and happy New Year, unless they are all over long ago, when this comes to light. And, lastly, I am not too bashful to introduce *myself* to the assembled company as MADGE.

---

Dear "Chatterers," I wish you all a very happy New Year. Pertine, I would like to know what you've been taking my name in vain for; I think you're getting *personally* impertinent. I should have been delighted to see you while I was away, but did not receive *it* till I returned home.

"Cousin Ollie," though I "let the cat out of the bag" about that "pert one," don't tell any one, *please*. I thank you *so* much for that picture.

Leslie, I, for one of your "hoped-for cousins," am willing if you'll promise not to tease me very much.

With love to all, and many good wishes for those who are fighting for us, I'm yours truly, ZEPHYR.

If Zephyr don't *wind* up somebody, the barometer's a humbug.

---

LONG MEADOW, MASS., *Dec.* 13, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—It is a long time since I have written to you, but now that another year is coming, I must scribble a few lines. I must have the MUSEUM another year. So here goes the cash. [*Dollarous* notes make acceptable music on the Merry organ. If you are doubtful about the photograph, try it once.—R. M.]

Wilforley, I see, went to Nahant in the "Nelly Baker." She did not meet with so bad a fate, then, as when I went in her.

Well, good-bye. Love to Eva, Nelly A. Mather, and tell her I send my love, because I have a friend whose name is very much like hers, and also because I like her and Tommy. You affectionate niece, JENNIE B. DICKINSON.

---

CHICAGO, *Jan.* 4, 1862.

MY DEAR COUSINS: — Happy New Year, all of you! and may it be happier for every American than the last.

Well, Jasper, and H. A. D., every one has expressed his admiration for you. How shall I manifest mine? by knitting you each a pair of socks?

Harry Whitmore, of course, I would rather have your love in *propria persona;* but I'm not in the list of "pretty cousins," so what shall I do?

Thank you, Willie H. C., for the shot from the "Parrott gun." I would have said so before, but knew you could wait very well.

"Offended," Nell? Why, it was a very unexpected pleasure. The Ides of *March* remembered me. Now, do you know "the difference?"

Thank you, Wilforley, for wishing me one of that "quartette." Don't I wish I had been!

"An Illinoisan?" Long Bill, then you'll not ask in vain, for I am glad to know a Chatterer from my dear native State.

Cousin Lockwood, I am expecting you.

Well, Stumbler, I hope you will, some time. I think "Lofery Wil" very good, *if* applicable. Ask him.

Talk of dying for Wilforley, Pertine; indeed, if there is any "dying" to be done, I'd make *him* do it.

ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

---

We are still compelled to use all the implements and apparatus in the *sanctum* to reduce the overflowing Chat to portable limits. It is painfully amusing to see some of the effects of the process—how the flowers of rhetoric are crushed, the sweet words condensed, and more than all, how the writers stand aghast

as one after another of the hatcheted, pruned, squeezed, and riddled contents of their letters come forth ready for the types. Happily the sufferers are good-natured, and so they philosophically keep up the fire of fun with the brushwood and litter excluded. Here is the essence of a large batch just worked over. For the most part, attention has been given to them in the order of their arrival. "First come first served" is an equitable rule, which we have endeavored to follow. Here are our

**Extracted Essences.**

Hero Burr intends to *stick to* her cousins, to whom she sends much love. They will count her no bur(r)den.

Agnes asks a kiss from Blue-Eyes, Sybil Grey, Annie E. D., Fleta Forrester, and Black-Eyes; says she does not know the sex of the others. Though no believers in "lip service," if the favors asked for be committed to our care, we will undertake to deliver them from our own mouths.

Brown-Haired Jeanie and Anna M. Krapf, each make a modest courtesy as new comers, and are welcome.

Jim was severely wounded by the hatchet, but the picture of Aunt Sue brought him all right again. He has had two fevers, the typhoid and the Union; has recovered from the former, but can not be cured of the latter. He would like to see the paper that Wilforley and Black-Eyes write only on one side of. He wishes to exchange photos with Charley.

N. O. Moore intended joining the army, but could not, and is serving his country as Colonel over a regiment of—and there he stops, and of course we can tell *no more* until we *know more*.

Pussy thinks from what Wilforley said in his "Summer Trip Eastward," that all the pretty girls in New York are in the streets, but she declares that in Boston they stay in the house. A-*mewsing* idea truly.

Annie J. Hardie is afraid that "Uncle William" is Willie H. Coleman, and says if that prove true, whom shall we trust? Will sweet Daisy Wildwood resolve herself into a great, staring sun-flower? Or Busy Bee become a *bat?* Perhaps Saucy Nell will then be her grandmother, and not a single member of the Chat be left to disprove that "all things are not what they seem," save only herself. It must require much *hardihood* to intimate to such possibilities. Uncle William can prove his identity beyond peradventure, with Willie Coleman to witness for him. What say the others?

Mattie wishes to enter the circle, and is welcomed, for her letter is beautifully short.

Jean Quilp makes the excellent suggestion, that in every town and village there may be some spot with a strange, romantic, or otherwise notable history or tradition, and that a collection of these from the pens of the "Merrys" would make a capital addition to our Museum. Who will respond? Jean has served three months in the 1st Mass. Light Artillery, of which he is justly proud. He says he never liked girls, of which he has no reason to be proud. Brave and gallant are supposed to be almost inseparable adjectives, though many a poor fellow who could face the cannon's mouth, *quails* before the flash of a bright eye, and is therefore made *game* of.

Kentuck gives a true Western salute to all the family, and is particularly desirous to receive Willie Coleman's *c. de v.* We will forward it if he consents.

Willie S. judges from the portrait that Aunt Sue is not a bad-looking Aunt after all. He does not say after all *what*. Be careful, Willie, or she may be after you with a stick——of candy.

Alick promises us a nice ride in an ice-boat if we will visit Dingle side. We will, if possible, next *summer*. He rides sixteen miles twice a week to take French and German lessons, which must make them seem like foreign languages indeed.

Saucy Nell breaks through her rule to send a kiss to Blue-Eyes; welcomes Fred Ryder and Winifred, and inquires for Hawthorne, Nipinfidget, and A. Older. She sympathizes with H. A. Danker, and all who are in the field for their country, especially as she has a brother there.

Tattler sends words of cheer to our brave boys in the army, and hopes they will not be afraid to hurt the enemy. She inquires if fathers ever think their daughters old enough to correspond with young gentlemen and exchange *cartes*. This would indicate that *she* is not yet old enough to realize what is almost always true, viz., that "*Father knows best.*"

Isabel sends kind greetings from her prairie home, and particularly claims the friendship of Annie Drummond, as they live in the same State within a hundred miles of each other. That's neighborly.

Plaincoat thinks a "pass" from Uncle Hiram will be respected as much as Daddie Ratton's pass to Jeannie Deans was among the robbers. What does he take us all for? Comparisons are *odorous*, as Mrs. Bumpkin said when her head was likened to an onion.

Uncle Joe takes a tearful leave of the Chat. Business has so swallowed him bodily, he can not even read the daily papers. Is there not danger he will become as benighted as Jonah?

Doctor claims Willie Coleman as an old chum, and hopes for his continued remembrance.

Twilight brings golden thoughts—particularly when coming from California, and she is therefore welcome to the Chat. Tell us about that pleasant home.

Pet dodged the hatchet cleverly and ran to the side of Uncle William, to whom she communicated pleasant words for the circle.

Winnie thanks the cousins for the welcome they have given, and invites Uncle William to share it with her. She wishes she were a boy, that she might aid in putting down the rebellion, although her own home is in the Sunny South. She has such *winning* ways, she would be a most successful soldier, we'll warrant.

Fanny's visit once a year is appreciated; she always brings her welcome—dollar.

---

Sweet Singers.—We wish all our circle might have been present recently when Mr. Horace Waters and his Vocalists visited our Sunday-school. There are nine or ten children composing the troupe, selected by Mr. Waters from various schools in Brooklyn and New York. Their music is the best we have ever heard from children. They have given many concerts in this vicinity, and never fail to give the best satisfaction. As they devote a good share of the proceeds for the benefit of the school they visit, it is well worth while to give them an invitation.

Can You Sing?—Of course you can, for it's a natural gift; but to make music by singing, and to be able to properly read what musicians have written to be sung, requires study. Mr. Bradbury, who composes the best music for children, has just completed a book called "The Carol," in which the act of singing is taught in the simplest manner. It also contains a large collection of choice songs suitable for school or home singing. All who have "The Golden Chain," the best book for Sunday-school singing, will also want this for their week-day practice. It is published by Ivison & Phinney, and sold at 31 cents in paper covers, or 37 cents bound in boards.

Don't Spit on Your Slate; use a sponge, or even a wet rag, rather than that. There is something, however, better than either, called the "Chamois slate-rubber." With this the slate can be kept clean without wetting. We can recommend it from actual use. It is sold by G. S. Woodman & Company, New York.

# Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ONLY three correct answers have been given to the prize rebus in the January number of the MUSEUM. They were sent by *Kruna*, *Kittie F.*, and *C. D. W.*

C. D. W. takes the prize for answering correctly the greatest number of the January enigmas, etc.

Kruna takes the gold pen, offered in the January number, for the best Hieroglyphical Rebus. It will appear next month.

Prizes are offered as usual for solution of the greatest number of the following puzzles :

## Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

**65.** My first is seen in pillared halls,
Where kings and princes dwell;
'Tis found in every woodland vale,
In every sunny dell.
Upon the yellow sandy beach,
The ocean billows roar,
My next—you'll find it in the foam,
Rippling upon the shore.
Within the dark and gloomy cave,
Hid from the sun's bright glare,
Precious jewels line the walls,
And my third is always there.
My fourth and last is found in France,
But never seen in Spain;
It has always been in England's clime,
In every monarch's reign.
My whole from Jupiter's court on high
Descends to cheer the earth;
Without his presence there would be
Of happiness a dearth. *Jim.*

**66.** I am composed of 33 letters :
My 10, 2, 3, 3, 8, 17 is a dangerous character.
My 22, 33 is a pronoun.
My 28, 4, 30, 31, 6, 31, 15, 29 is a Latin case.
My 7, 16 is a pronoun.
My 9, 12, 23 is an animal.
My 1, 18, 28, 22, 4 you had better avoid.
My 25, 32, 27, 13 is never empty.
My 20, 21, 26, 6, 24 is a pleasant season to many.
My 19, 12, 5, 23, 24, 31, 30, 28 is a coin.
My 11, 14, 22 is a pronoun.
My whole is a suitable toast for the readers of the MUSEUM. *H. Bowles.*

**67.** I am composed of 17 letters :
My 8, 6, 7 is a boy's nickname.
My 1, 10, 4, 3 is part of a house.
My 9, 2, 13 is part of the body.
My 7, 5, 3, 14 has been walked over by many.
My 12, 9, 15, 11, 17, 16 is one of a religious sect.
My whole is the name of a poet.
*D. Bell Butler.*

**68.** I am composed of 12 letters :
My 3, 11, 2, 9, 6 is meagre.
My 8, 4, 7, 10 is to take away.
My 5, 6, 1, 12 is an animal.
My whole is a celebrated astronomer.
*Tommy.*

**69.** I am composed of 36 letters :
My 1, 4, 32, 17, 21 is a fruit.
My 11, 2, 18, 16, 30 is a river in Europe.
My 7, 6, 16, is an animal.
My 20, 24, 29, 15, 14 is a tree.
My 8, 9, 22, 35, 7, 19 are used by men, women, and children.
My 31, 6, 28, 36 is of the feminine gender.
My 25, 30, 23 is bright and gay.
My 26, 27, 13, 3 is a part of many stores.
My 5, 10, 12 is an animal.
My 33, 34, 22, 3, 21 is a fabric.
My whole was a French officer.
*Johnny B. H.*

### ANAGRAMS.

**70.** Not China, sir. *E. W. W.*

**71.** Ten cent rides. *Ida May.*

**72.** Dry the oil. *A. Older.*

**73.** Ha? Poh! a jest. *Uncle Joe.*

**74.** I wake mule. *Eddie.*

**75.** O, Nelly, I rove. *Busy Bee.*

**76.** My *second* will be better as my *first*, if careful and energetic as my *whole*. *Fleta Forrester.*

**77.** My first is a kind of tippet, my second a Latin preposition, my third is exact, my fourth is a conjunction, and my whole is what my first was named after. *Venus.*

**78.** Why is a drummer the greatest person of the times? *Theo. L. Allen.*

**79.** What is the difference between a sun-bonnet and a Sunday bonnet?

**80.** When is a sewing-machine a very great comfort? *Adelbert Older.*

81. Behead a noun and leave a piece of furniture; behead again and transpose, and you will find a character spoken of in the Bible; curtail me and leave the nickname of a distinguished person. *D. P. and W. W. W.*

82. Express with four letters a sentence containing four words and fourteen letters. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

83. Transpose a dependent into a large party.

84. Transpose some animals into part of an implement. *Harry Bowles.*

85. Transpose something bright into bulky. *Tommy.*

86. Transpose a measure into a carriage. *O. Onley.*

87. Transpose a prop into a source of amusement. *Olive.*

88. Transpose a sudden roll into a clown. *Charlie Little.*

89. Entire, I am a companion; beheaded, a verb; replace my head, curtail me, and I am found in nearly every house; curtail again, I am a nickname; reversed, a verb. *Charlie F. W.*

90. My first, in sound, is a bird's nickname; my second and third are pronouns; my fourth is three-quarters of what fashionable ladies like to do; my whole is an adjective that has been sadly perverted. *Hoosier Boy.*

91. My first is a verb, my second a nickname or verb, and my whole is to circulate. *Jasper.*

COMETS, CONSTELLATIONS, AND FIXED STARS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

92. Obstinacy and deceit.

93. A nickname, an epistle, and a laborer.

94. Swifter, a forest, and an affix.

95. A precious stone.

96. Past tense of a regular verb, and a security.

97. A prophetess and a color. *Lucy W. C.*

98. Suppose a hungry lion should devour a woman, what remark would he be likely to make immediately afterwards, thereby mentioning a class of men among the ancient Romans? *Wilforley.*

99. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

## Answers to Questions in Jan. No.

1. Beauregard.
2. Sausage, assuage. (Winnie gives "clam, calm.")
3. Preble, Belper, Belpre.
4. Darius, radius.
5. Dodo.
6. It can't be beaten. (Josie says "because it is beaten to pieces—of music.")
7. Three sick soldiers once with great fortitude fought in battle. It is even said they fought too well, and fell dead from over-exertion.
8. He was bound to Havana (have Anna). (C. T. Warner, Josie, and Arthur suggest "Freeport;" Clara says "Export.")
9. He was *reviled* who came to *deliver*.
10. LOOT (Elder-blow-tea).
11. WINE (WI with NE [any]).
12. It would be a recreation.
13. It would be reformed.
14. Miserable.
15. Hiram Hatchet.
16. Nehemiah.
17. Incendiarism.
18. Presentation.
19. Baltimore.
20. Smartest.
21. Columbiad.
22. Hugh Miller.
23. Fortress Monroe.
24. Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland.
25. Philosophy.
26. Arithmetic.
27. Hiram Hatchet.
28. The Confederacy must yield.
29. Peter Cooper.

30. Eight, fight, might, hight, dight, right, might, bight, pight, tight, wight, light, sight.

31. I AM WHAT (80 = AT)?

32. Severn, nerves, ever, never.

33. A good intention, but undervalued and misunderstood.

34. T hay W hoe ark wick limb maid 2 DO ill S hood beak on T in ULE watch ED. (They who are quickly made to do ill, should be continually watched.)

C. D. W. answers all but 3, 10.

*Harlan* answers all but 3, 6, 11, 28, 30, 31, 33, 34.

*E. W. W.* answers all but 3, 8, 9, 11, 24, 28, 31, 32, 33, 34.

*Ellian* answers all but 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 28, 29, 32, 34.

*Lucy W. C.* answers all but 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 24, 33, 34.

*Arthur* answers all but 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 24, 26, 30, 31, 33, 34.

*C. F. Warren* answers all but 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34.

*E. E. L.* answers 1, 2, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 25, 26, 27, 29.

*Adrian* answers 1, 6, 7, 11, 15, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 29, 30, 33.

*Dick* answers 1, 2, 9, 15, 19, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 32, 33.

*Jim* answers 1, 7, 19, 22, 25, 26, 27, 29.

*Louise* answers 1, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27.

*Yarm and Braddie* answer 1, 2, 4, 14, 15, 16, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28.

*G. T. McKinney* answers 1, 6, 8, 15, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29.

*C. W. J.* answers 1, 2, 14, 15, 16, 19, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 29.

*C. T. Warner* answers 1, 2, 6, 12, 14, 16, 18, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 29.

*Kittie F.* answers 1, 6, 12, 13, 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 27, 33, 34.

*Dolly* answers 1, 12, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 26, 27, 29.

*Clara* answers 1, 6, 10, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22, 27.

*Josie* answers 1, 2, 16, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29.

*Jersey Boy* answers 1, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 29.

*Jeannie Parker* answers 1, 4, 5, 6, 15, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25.

*Winnie* answers 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 20, 23, 6, 9.

*Black-Eyes* answers 1, 5, 10, 11, 15, 16, 21, 25, 26.

*Johnnie* answers 1, 2, 12, 15, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27.

*Lizzie H.* answers 1, 7, 15, 20, 21, 26, 27.

*Eliza Bates* answers 1, 10, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27.

*Farrand Bacon* answers 12, 16, 18, 20.

*E. W. Thompson* answers 1, 4, 10.

*Alick* answers 1, 14.

*L. W. W.* answers 1, 12.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Ellian.*—I have directed that letter to "Homer;" will "seven cities" claim it? I should think any old puzzle-book would suggest "charades" to you. I have seen acted, with much effect, "Cham-pagne," "Court-ship," "Inconstant," Hum-bug, etc.

*Lucy W. C.*—Thank you!

*Dick.*—I am glad you were able to decipher my telegraphic message.

*Jim.*—Thank you for giving me an opportunity to oblige you.

*Adrian.*—A "photograph of Aunt Sue" is entirely at your service, if you would like to have it, in exchange for your own.

*C. D. W.*—I think your list of answers perfectly wonderful. I am glad you failed on 3 and 10, or I really should have suspected—notwithstanding we live several hundred miles apart—that you had an uncomfortable way of looking over a body's shoulder. Please send your answers, so that they shall reach me *on* or BEFORE the 10th. You came within five minutes of being too late. Did you ever weigh the fearful import of "*too late?*"

*Jessie Linwood.*—I can guess who stole it.

*Ida May* has heard from *Jasper* and *Tommy*, who send love to all the cousins.

*Saucy Nell.*—Not by any means "old," nor "married." "*May* I—?" indeed! if you do *not*, I shall certainly scold somebody. I don't believe it will be very long before we hear from our little *Busy Bee* again; I sent her a few lines *via* Fortress Monroe, just to assure her that she was lovingly remembered by the Merry cousins.

*Black-Eyes.*—"Intrude" often.

*C. F. W.*—Does not "1001" stand for one thousand and one? and must a "burden" necessarily be "on the back?"

*Winnie.*—I "smiled" *with pleasure.*

*Yarm and Braddie.*—Happy to make your acquaintance.

*Harry B.*—I have not yet become thoroughly acquainted with 1862. I am waiting for the *C. de V.*

*Pertine.*—I have been requested to scold you for not having acknowledged the receipt of a photograph, or written to the sender. So please consider yourself rebuked, and forbidden to have any pie for dinner to-morrow!

*Clara.*—The obsolete five-cents-stamp was very acceptable; many thanks to you and Bella for the same.

*Geo. H. Tracy.*—You need not have taxed your imagination to such an extent, as you will see by the answer given this month; but I am glad you *tried.*

*Fleta Forrester.*—Thank you for relieving my "perplexity." F. F. says she shall be happy to receive *C. de V.* notes (with a possibility of returning the *visite*), at "Box 629 P. O., New Haven, *Conn.*"

*Carrie T. Warner.*—You have two or three bad marks to your credit (?) for being "absent without leave."

*Eliza Bates.*—I should like to have been looking over your shoulder when "Henry," "Mary," and you were puzzling your brains over the January Enigmas, etc. I shall credit all the answers to the writer, and hope to get a longer list next time.

*L. W. W.* wishes to be remembered to all the cousins. Letters reach me safely if addressed to "Aunt Sue," care of J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton Street, New York, or to Box 111 P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

*C. M. E.*—I forwarded your *carte* to *Wilforley;* but wasn't it "cutting *me* off with a shilling" to send only one?

*Stumbler.*—I much *prefer* my *Merry* friends to address me as "Aunt Sue" when they write to Box 111, Brooklyn, N. Y. The postmaster is used to it now.

*Lizzie H.*—You brought no "excuse" for being absent. So "Mary" thinks the "best drum" is "in the ear," consequently a "hum-drum." Pretty good for Mary.

*E. E. L.*—I am indeed glad to welcome any old friends from the *Boys' and Girls' Own.* When I saw your initials there, I wondered if they were legitimately yours, or only borrowed. Did your godfathers and godmothers really bestow upon you names that should subject you to the sinuous tortuosities of all inveterate punsters? *I* spare you, but it is with a struggle.

*Kittie F.* dates her letter "Lima;" wonders if any of the *cousins* live near her; would like to get acquainted with them. "*Homely Face*" where are *you? Kittie*, will you send real name and address, that the pen may be forwarded?

*Dolly.*—It does not take long to become acquainted with the *Merry* family. We shall be delighted to hear from "Auntie."

*Fred W. C. C.*—Is your "family sleigh" made of India-rubber? If not, it can not begin to compare with our *Merry* "parlor." Walk in and make yourself perfectly at home. Answers to one month's puzzles must reach me on or before the 10th of the month following. The sooner the better. See remarks to *L. W. W.* and *Stumbler.* You will have till the 10th of March to complete your list of February answers.

*Arthur.*—May I tell everybody that you are feminine? I won't allude to it if you object! I appreciate the compliment conveyed in your list of answers, and had wondered why you were not with us there.

Will all the cousins who are willing to exchange *cartes de visite* with each other, please send me such addresses as they would like me to publish? Wilforley's address, henceforth, will be Box 339, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y. (instead of to the care of J. N. Stearns). He recalls his "promise," and will hereafter confine himself to "exchange" with those who desire it.

### MORE HINTS TO PUZZLERS.

Please write your answers in a list, *down* the page, in the same manner as they are printed; not all jumbled together, so that I have to put on my leather spectacles to distinguish one from another.

*Answers* may be written on both sides of the page. The *separate items* of a *figured* enigna need not be written, if the *whole answer* be given.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Theo. L. Allen, Badger, Yarm and Braddie, Doctor, Johnnie, Ida May, C. F. Warren,* and *Josie.*

Sparkling waters flowing,
Music in the air,
Skies with rose-tints glowing,
Welcome April fair.

Like a timid maiden,
Blushing, tearful, smiling,
With youthful life o'erladen,
Every heart beguiling,

Comes she bearing treasure
For the waiting earth;
With a thrill of pleasure,
Flowers spring to birth.

As o'er them she is weeping,
Fearing Winter's frown,
Wakes the sun from sleeping,
Claims them for his own;

Sends his legions glowing
With flashing weapons forth,
Drives rude Boreas blowing
Back to his native North.

Joyful notes are ringing
From valley, wood, and hill;
The stream in tune is singing
With the click-clack of the mill.

Echoes sweet are waking
In the hearts of men;
Winter's chains are breaking,
Life's renewed again.

The chords of life and feeling,
Touched by the Master's hand,
His wondrous love revealing,
Swell forth with anthem grand.

The coming seasons listen,
And haste to join the strain,
As Hope's bright pinions glisten
Above the expectant plain.

With harmony unbroken,
May every willing heart
Discern the gladsome token,
And bear a willing part.

William Merry.

## WHO'S AN APRIL FOOL?

He who waits for luck
To atone for want of pluck;
Who hopes quite rich to get
By borrowing out of debt;
He who looks for gains
Without expending pains:
Where'er such men are found,
They're fools the year around.

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER IV.

"THERE!" cried Gilbert, triumphantly, "I am going to cut down this sapling for my staff that I told you about, Majory. See how tall and straight it is! There is not a notch or a blemish in it. It is a young hickory tree."

He took out his knife and cut down the little tree with a few vigorous strokes. It was not very large, but it was strong, and well adapted for the purpose to which Gilbert intended putting it. It tapered gradually to a slender point, which, as he kept up with the party, he whittled away, letting it terminate where it was thick enough to be of use. The other, stouter, end he smoothed off neatly. When he had done this, he carved with his knife the letter G, near the place where his hand was to go, and then he pronounced his staff complete. Majory had walked by his side during the whole process, and had looked on with unusual interest.

"I hope it is not heavy," she said, "because, in that case, the weight you have to carry will be fully equal to the assistance it will be to you."

"Try it," said Gilbert, handing it to her; "I know the help of a good strong cane, like that, too well to have a doubt. Here is a marshy spot in the path; that is just the thing for you. The staff will help you over it, *splendid*."

"I don't see how," said Majory, hesitating. "I am sure I could pick my way over the stones I see in it, very well, without."

"Pshaw!" cried Gilbert, roughly; "when did girls ever know anything? Now, just look at *me*. *I'll* show you science. See! I plant my stick firmly on this side of the wet place, and hold fast of it *tight* about as high up as my arms, or, may be, my shoulders, just as I think the distance to be jumped requires. Then I give a—big—jump—*there* I go! and I am over the other side, dry-shod! Now, what do you say to that? Do you think you can do it?"

"Majory might try it," said Nathan, kindly; and he stopped his mule in his sober walk that he might witness the experiment. Gilbert leaped back again, gave Majory the staff, and, with some pride, showed her how to place her hands on it, and how to rest her weight upon it, as she sprang over. Majory listened carefully, but seemed a little afraid.

"What if I should fall in the middle of that mud?" she asked. "Perhaps I had better try on a dry place first."

"My gracious!" said Gilbert, impatiently, "that is just like a girl! 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' is my motto. Come, don't keep us waiting!"

Majory took the staff, somewhat trembling, and listened anxiously to Gilbert's directions. Then she planted it firmly, just as he had done, and tried

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. N. Stearns, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

to spring over. She landed on the opposite side, quite safely, it is true; but her leap was not the decided, graceful movement that Gilbert's had been, and she came very near to getting a wetting, after all, for she had not the strength to jump as far as her companion, and so just escaped a fall in the mire.

"I must practice," she said, laughing, as she returned Gibert his staff, "and then I shall do better."

"Bravo! Majory," cried her father, who had happened to look around at the critical moment, "that was well done for a first attempt. Gilbert's staff is really an excellent thing."

"Couldn't you cut another one for her, and smooth it off at the ends, like yours, Gilbert?" asked Nathan, as he started the mule again.

Gilbert felt a great deal elated by the praise his staff had received, and particularly by that which Mr. Morgan had just given it. It was some time before he answered.

"Well," said he, "I'll see about it, Nathan. I don't know, though, whether I can or not. It takes a great deal of trouble, you know."

Nathan scarcely thought he could have heard aright; these words of Gilbert seemed to him so different from anything he had ever heard him say in the days of their old friendship, before his mother's death. He could not realize that it was really Gilbert who spoke—Gilbert who used to be so unselfish, so kind-hearted. Nathan turned and looked at him indignantly.

"I don't see where the great trouble lies," he said.

"Oh, I suppose not," said Gilbert, carelessly, striking at the bushes with his staff as he walked along. "You don't understand the art of the thing. It is *a great deal* of trouble, I can tell you."

"How?" asked Nathan.

"In the first place," said Gilbert, "'tisn't every kind of a tree that will do. It must be a hickory, if possible, like this 'ere one. It must be just the right height, and slender enough to be strong, and springy at the same time. It must not be notched, and altogether it is quite a job to get the exact thing. Then the cutting it down and preparing it is tough work, too."

"It did not take you long," said Majory, innocently. Gilbert did not answer, for at that moment a sudden turn in the road drew the attention of the whole party to the spectacle which it revealed. Mr. Morgan and Flash-Fire were foremost, his wife walking by his side, and they had already stopped their march when the children came to the turning, and perceived what was the matter.

"Where is the hatchet, Nathan?" called out his father; "on which mule did you put it?" "Among the bedding on Flash-Fire," cried Nathan;

"wait a moment, and I'll come get it. I fastened it in, so, perhaps, I can get it out the easiest. Gilbert, will you stand by Dove-Eyes?"

A large tree had blown down directly across the pathway. Its leaves were still green, and the marks of the earth about its roots indicated that it had met its overthrow but recently. Its branches were thick and widespread; a passage through them was at present simply impossible.

"What *is* to be done?" said Nathan's mother; "can't we pass around it in some way?"

"I am afraid not," said Mr. Morgan, as he walked about inspecting the enormous trunk. "The trees are close together here, as you can see, and the underbrush is thick, and impenetrable from its numerous briers. We could never get the mules through. No, I am afraid our only plan is to chop and saw at the trunk and the branches, till we clear away."

"What a pity," cried Majory, "that such a magnificent old oak should have fallen!"

"Is it an oak?" asked her mother; "I did not observe it. I hope we shall not be detained long. Now is the cool of the morning, and we wish to walk while it lasts, so that we may rest at noon."

"It is a bad job," said Nathan; "I don't think we can pass without half an hour's hard work. Here is the hatchet, father. Shall I take the saw and do what I can to lop off some of the boughs?"

"Yes," said his father; "but be careful, Nathan, not to waste your strength on those that are not directly in the way. Use your judgment, and only saw those that *must* be sawed. I would give a bright half-dollar if this had not happened."

"Why, so?" asked his wife; "I am sure we expected just such adventures before we left home."

"Yes," replied Mr. Morgan, "we expected to find fallen trees, I acknowledge, but not *such* a tree. It is about one of the largest I ever saw. It is a *giant*, Nathan, so we dwarfs may as well go to work. How I wish we had an axe instead of a hatchet!"

He selected a limb that seemed to be most in the way, and let fall the hatchet upon it, in a succession of blows. The forest resounded with the sound, and echo answered echo.

To Gilbert was given the charge of the two mules while the work was going on, as he was evidently reluctant to aid in anything so laborious. He sauntered around, allowing the animals to crop the grass that grew rankly each side of the path, having his hands in his pockets, and seeming to enjoy himself greatly.

With Dove-Eyes, who, as the name indicates, was of a gentle character, he had no trouble, but Flash-Fire had a habit of kicking and resenting control by violent head-twistings, which sometimes made management a difficult matter, and on this occasion all Gilbert's skill was after a while called into requisition.

Majory chose a clean, dry rock, and sat down to rest, looking every now and then a little dejectedly at the huge barrier that had put an end for the present to the journey.

"When we get the branches away," said Mr. Morgan, "we can easily climb over the trunk, at least the boys and I can, and we must help over Majory and her mother."

"Dear!" cried Majory, smiling, "*I* can do anything that Nathan can, father. I can vault over *that*, like—like a monkey!"

"How will the mules manage it, however?" asked Nathan. "They will not leap, and a hatchet might work half the day without much lessening a trunk of that size. If we only had an axe!"

"That is true," said his father, "and I have been debating in my mind what is the best course to pursue. If we had a spade, it would not take me long to throw some earth each side of the trunk, and so make the ascent more gradual. I rather think that the best way will be to put there the smallest of the branches, pack them down pretty well by jumping on them till they refuse to spring out of place, and then urge the mules over."

"Oh, father," said Nathan, "what a good idea that is! At least it seems so to me."

"And Majory and I can help to carry it out," said Mrs. Morgan, "by aiding to place the boughs."

With so many hands to help, the undertaking progressed rapidly.

Every once in a while the children jumped up and down, with all their might, on the branches they had collected, thus settling them somewhat, before others were added. In little over an hour, a passage was cleared, and an ascent and descent arranged for the mules, in the manner described above.

Then they looked around for Gilbert and his charges. They were not in sight, and supposing that the lad was a little lower on the path, quietly watching the animals browse, Mr. Morgan called to him that they were now ready to proceed. There was no answer. The call was repeated, but with the same success. Surprised at this, Mr. Morgan ran down the path for a short distance, but did not find the mules, and heard nothing of Gilbert. What had become of them, so suddenly? He examined each side of the road, and, at last, discovered the traces of hoofs near the marshy ground that Majory had leaped over with the aid of Gilbert's staff. They were plainly imprinted in the earth, and led from the main road through a thinner part of the wood, where it was easy to penetrate from an absence of much underbrush. Mr. Morgan followed these marks, and in a short time came upon poor old Dove-Eyes fastened by the bridle to a tree. The animal was standing quietly and patiently. There were more impressions of hoofs leading still farther in the wood, and noticing the spot well, so as to be able to find it readily, Mr. Morgan pushed on in search of Gilbert and the other mule. When next he called, Gilbert was distinctly heard to answer him, and following the sound, Mr. Morgan soon stood by the boy's side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A CURIOUS INSECT.

THE leaf insect of Ceylon exhibits one of the most cunning of all nature's devices for the preservation of her creatures. It is of every variety of hue, from the pale yellow of an opening bud to the rich green of the full grown leaf and the withered tint of decaying foliage. So perfect is the imitation, in structure and articulation, that these amazing insects, when at rest, are almost undistinguishable from the verdure around them; not the wings only being modeled to resemble ribbed and fibrous follicles, but every joint of the legs being expanded into a broad plait like a half open leaflet.

# SOMETHING ABOUT BEES.

DID you ever sit by a hive of bees, and watch their motions? We have done so for many an hour, and we know of nothing more interesting than the ways of these truly wonderful little creatures. At first sight there seems to be nothing but a confused insect mob, buzzing about in a continual hubbub, or running over each other pell-mell, like a crowd of children playing at rough-and-tumble. But a little careful looking shows that they are going to and from the hive in the most orderly manner, and that the idlers hanging on the outside of the hive all know their places as well as you know your seat in the school-room.

By closely examining a colony of these insects, you might find that each hive contains three sorts of bees. First in numbers and importance are the *workers*. These are smallest in size, and most active in their habits. It is their business to build the comb, fill it with honey, remove all offensive substances from the hive, take care of the young, defend the stores, and, in short, do all of the work. There are usually several thousands of them in a swarm.

Next to the workers are the *drones*. They are of larger size and have no stings. You can handle them as safely as you would a fly, but don't think of catching one of them when you see bees buzzing about flowers. You would find only workers there, each armed with his poisoned dagger, ready to fight in self-defense with any foe, however great in size. The *drones* stay at home in the hive, feeding upon the honey stored by the workers, or in fine weather they fly out on pleasure excursions. They are the male part of the swarm. The workers are without sex, and are therefore called neuters. The drones, however, have to pay dearly for their life of ease. Late in the summer, when the swarming season is over and the hive is well filled, the workers attack the drones with their stings, and either quickly kill them, or drive them from the hive, to die of hunger

or be caught by birds, or destroyed by inclement weather. Thus there is every year a sort of French Revolution on a small scale in the bee-hive, when the working classes overwhelm the aristocracy.

The *queen* bee is the only female in the hive. She is larger than either workers or drones. Her form is also more elegant, being longer and more tapering. Several queens are usually produced in a hive every year, but only one is allowed to remain alive. One or two usually lead off part of the swarm to set up new colonies in another location, and the others are stung to death by the queen who remains. She is cared for with great pains by the workers, who almost seem to reverence her. They surround her wherever she goes, and show her the most respectful attention. If in any way her royal person is soiled, her faithful attendants lick her carefully to remove the offending substance. They always stand with their heads toward her as she moves among them, seeming to understand good manners as well as human courtiers. If she leaves the hive, which rarely occurs, the whole swarm is in great commotion. They set up a loud buzz, and run hither and thither in the utmost confusion. If she returns, they manifest the liveliest joy, by a peculiar buzz, and all is soon quiet again.

We can hardly believe that bees really have sentiments of veneration, or that they can feel loyalty for their queen; yet it is certain that they take the utmost care to preserve her from injury, and to supply all her wants. Though they may not reason about the matter, they are certainly wise in this care of their queen, for she is the only female in the hive, and but for her, a colony must soon dwindle away and die out. She lays many thousand eggs during a single season, which are carefully deposited in the bottom of the cells of the honey-comb, one egg being placed in each.

If you should carefully examine the comb from a hive, you would find cells in it of three different sizes. These are made so by the bees to fit the bodies of the workers, drones, and queens that are to be reared in them. If a drone egg were left in a worker cell, the baby bee would grow deformed for want of room for his body to expand; but it is a wonderful fact that the queen makes no such mistakes. She places each egg in a cell that will accommodate the bee until he is full grown.

When first hatched, the bee is only a small, white maggot, curled up in the bottom of the cell. The workers feed these little worms very carefully, and they grow so fast that in a few days they are full grown as worms. Then they stop eating, and undergo a change from worms to winged insects, and are soon buzzing about with their companions.

In healthy colonies the hive becomes so crowded with young bees during May and June, that they are in each other's way, and preparations are made for part of them to change their quarters. We can not tell how they talk over the matter and decide which of them shall emigrate and which remain at the old homestead, but in some way everything appears to be fully understood. It is said by some observers, that a few days previous to the issuing of a swarm, scouts or pioneers are sent out to look for a convenient place for the new colony to occupy: this seems somewhat doubtful, however, as we know that

the bees usually cluster on some tree near their old hive, where they will remain hanging for hours unless removed to a new hive.

The time of bee-swarming is quite exciting at the farm-house as well as in the hive. The bees come rushing forth with a very loud and peculiar hum, like a regiment shouting for a charge, or a school of children let out to play. They circle round and round their queen, and carefully follow her motions. The bee-keeper, who is usually on the lookout for them, watches to see where they will settle. Sometimes they fly away in a "bee-line," swift as an arrow, to the woods, and take possession of a hollow tree; but they always instantly alight wherever their queen may stop. It has sometimes occurred that the queen has alighted on the head of a man, and the whole swarm have at once clustered about him. It is the custom at some farm-houses when the bees swarm, to make a great din by beating tin pans, etc., supposing that this will make them settle; but many experienced bee-keepers say that this is of no use. A more certain method of causing them to alight is to throw sand among them, or, if possible, sprinkle them with water. If, when they first issue from the hive, the queen bee can be secured, the swarm will be sure to remain with her.

A large book might be filled with interesting facts and stories about bees. At some future time we may have another talk about them.

# RENNY'S UNIFORM.

[CONCLUDED.]

BEFORE retiring into private life, for the night, the General made a congratulatory speech to his men, wherein he recorded the acts of individual bravery, especially commending Sergeant Renny for his noble charge at the enemy, and his humanity toward the loyal inhabitants of the country, in that he left them food to eat, and a habitation of leaves wherein to dwell; and he ended by promoting Renny to the position of Lieutenant: and Renny started for his home, saying the hard word over to himself "ever so many times," so that he could remember to tell his mother; and he went through the gathering shadows, hurrying as fast as possible, for General Frost had effected a junction with the forces of General Night, and Renny was somewhat afraid of being taken prisoner, and then, he thought, "he would only be kept so much the longer for his new promotion."

The road was a little lonely. Its course, just where Renny then was, followed the river, and the tall, dark pines that love river courses in Massachusetts, and in all the New England States, shut in his way.

Renny kicked the dry leaves because he wanted their rustle for company; but over rustle, wind, and all, Renny heard a great sobbing moan, that made him stand still and look far up into the tree-tops, for Renny knew that the pines had a mournful sob of their own, and now he believed them to be crying together, perhaps because the summer was gone, and, may-be, he thought, "because winter was coming to whip them with his long wind lashes, all thorned with icicles;" and Renny's heart began to be very sorry for these desolate old pine trees that had to stand on guard always; then, he thought, "Well, when I am made General (and I mean to be some day), I will order my men to shoulder a hundred new axes, ever so sharp and strong, and we will come and cut these trees down, and pile them up in a snug, warm place, and by-and-by we can burn them, to get them warm."

The sob and the cry came again, and Renny peered over the fence on the river-side, down where the undergrowth and the rocks were the thickest, and he saw a boy, larger than himself, it is true, and yet a little boy.

He sat on a stone, crying very bitterly, all alone, as he thought, with God and the trees and the river.

"Who's there?" called Renny.

"It's I," suddenly answered the boy, frightened for an instant out of his sorrow.

"Who are you, and what in the world are you sitting down there for, crying, too?"

The boy got up for answer, but suddenly sat down again, and said, "I can't walk any farther."

"Can't walk!" exclaimed Renny, jumping the fence with a bound, "I don't see why—you've got feet, haven't you?"

"Yes, but they're full of things from chestnut burs, and they prick and prick, and I can't get home. I've been crawling ever so far, and I had to wade the river, because I couldn't go round by the bridge."

"Well, look here," said Renny, "I guess you can walk, if you have my

shoes and stockings on, then the prickles won't hurt so much, and you can get up the hill to mother, and she will take them out for you in no time at all, so I wouldn't cry for that.

"I'm not crying for that," answered the boy, forgetting his trouble in momentary indignation.

"What, then?" asked Renny, as he hastily got off his shoes and stockings, "I don't see anything else to cry for."

"You don't know, oh! you don't know—my father is killed; he went to the war, and mother heard to-day that there had been a battle, and she knew father was in it, and she sent me to the Captain's house to ask his wife if she had heard, and she told me that father was killed, surely, for he was shot in the battle, and then drowned in an old boat that was full of hurt men, that they were trying to get across to an island in the river, where they had a hospital. Poor father! and poor mother! I *can't* go and tell her; but I was hurrying as fast as I could, and taking the shortest way over the hill, 'cause I knew mother was waiting, and when I came to the fence, on the other side of the river, I jumped over it, right down into a lot of chestnut burs, that some boys had put there, I suppose, but they were all covered up with leaves, and I didn't see."

During his story, Renny had kneeled down before the boy, and was trying to put on one of his stockings, but they wouldn't fit, and the feet were bleeding from the burs and the stones, so Renny put on his shoes again, and told the boy that he had helped him all he could. Then he asked the boy his name.

"It's George," was the answer.

"Now, George, I'm a soldier, and I ought to know how to help you; you put your arm around me and I'll half carry you—I can't quite, only you mustn't cry, because I shall cry, too, and then we won't ever get up the hill. My goodness! what a thin coat you've got on—it's no thicker than I wear in dog-days; haven't you a thick coat, one ever so thick, like mine?"

"No."

"You've got a comforter, and a cap with fur around it, and all over the ears?"

"No."

"But it's *too late for any boys to go barefoot;* why didn't you put on your thick boots to-day? I declare it's real cold—and then you wouldn't have got into our burs. We've been up on the hill, playing battle, and charging the 'big chestnut,' and when we came down we gathered all the burs together, and thought we'd be very good, better than the rebels are, and bury the killed and wounded, so we put 'em all in a pile, and threw a mess of leaves over them, and then we marched away. I'm real sorry; but the rebels are always in mischief, and can't *stay dead.* There's their big President, Mr. Davis; he died a great while ago; ever so many people saw him lying, all laid out, just as if he was a good man; but *he's* come to life again, and isn't a bit better than he used to be; and then there's that other fellow, out West, General Mc—Mc—I can't think his name—but he's been killed in battle ever so many times, but, somehow, up he gets again when there's anybody to fight, and goes at it. See here, George! may-be that's the kind your father died."

"No, 'tisn't," said George; "my father wasn't a rebel, and our soldiers don't sham that way."

"I didn't think of that," said Renny;

"but here is the fence—we've got so far; now you wait when you get most over, and I'll lift you down."

"You can't—I shall throw you over."

"Nonsense! didn't I tell you I was a soldier, and soldiers have to lift, and dig, and do everything. Come on, now; I am stronger than I *ever* was before;" and Renny managed it so that George landed safely, and got up the hill. It was quite dark then, and Renny's mother had put her hat and shawl on, and come out of the house to search for Renny. She met him, and asked, "Why, Renny, where have you been?"

"Busy, mother, bringing in the wounded; have you got a hospital here? 'cause I've found a boy with his feet full of chestnut burs, and he can't walk without most killing himself, and he's cold, and may be hungry; and, mother"—Renny whispered this, going quite close to his mother—"his father is dead, killed in that battle you read about this morning, at the Ferry."

"Come in," kindly said Renny's mother; and she helped the boy in, and tended his bleeding feet as tenderly as if he had been her Renny. After the sharp points had been removed, she fitted his feet with stockings and shoes that had long been unused, for the feet that wore them had gone forever out of her home, and her mother-heart listened vainly through the years for their faintest echo "from over the river."

Renny's father was a soldier, and Renny's mother felt her own heart ache and quiver as George told her his story. "Why was not George, Renny—why was not George's father Renny's father?" and the answer came to her from the God of battles, but she only heard it.

Mrs. Page took George home that night—after her soldier-boy was busy with his dreams—took him home to his mother to tell the story—"*the story*," *must it be told near every hearth-stone—must* it be heard going, mid shot and shell, down into every woman's heart in the nation?

The morning following, very early, in the late October morning, came the woman to make Renny's uniform; but Renny was up before her, and he had spread out the bright material, and its gay trimmings, on the table, and looked at them with admiring eyes.

"Come, Master Renny," said the woman, taking out her measuring-line, "I am ready."

"You can go home, if you please, after mother has given you some breakfast, for I don't want any soldier-clothes now."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Page, in astonishment at this sudden change.

"Because, George is a dead soldier's boy, and he hasn't got even one warm coat to wear; please, mother, take these things back again, and get something to make a lot of clothes for George, and then get them made. I guess I can be a soldier if I don't wear uniform; and if General Sam won't let me, then *I'll be Renny Page right back again.* I've got a real soldier for a father, and I'm glad of that."

The unmade uniform went back, and George was fitted with comfortable clothing, even to boots, for his hurt feet. Renny did not tell this story to the regiment, but somebody else did, for before the week was over, Renny was promoted still farther, and "Captain Renny," in citizen's dress, became very popular.

A week passed away. Saturday night came—Renny said "Good-night, mother," and was on the top-

most stair when he heard a man ask, at the door, "Does Captain Renny Page live here?"

"That's me," shouted Renny.

"A box for you, by Adams' Express; please to pay me for bringing it."

"Here is a letter for you, Renny," said Mrs. Page, when she had opened the box.

Renny unfolded the letter, and read, "For my brave soldier-boy—God bless his kind little heart."

Mrs. Page and Renny looked beneath the cover, and Renny exclaimed, "A little uniform for me, just like father's own. Now, *won't* I be Captain, in grand earnest? Mother, do you believe General Sam will be sorry? for this is grander than his uniform. I hope he won't. How sorry I am for poor George! He hasn't any father to be good to him. Don't you believe God will be his father, and send him nice things? I am going to tell God about George this very night, and ask Him to be better to him than He is to me, because I've got a father down here that can see when holes come in my boots, and when I want a new jacket; a father here, and a Father up in heaven—isn't it nice? and this uniform besides; and Renny Page went slowly up the stairs to his bed, carrying his present, hugged tightly to his heart, that beat faster and faster with gladness, until sleep came and wrapped him in one of her rosiest dreams, wherein he dreamed that George came to live with them, and got a uniform, just like his own, that nobody ever found out who sent.

---

In the march of life, don't heed the order, "right about," when you know you are about right.

## THE NEW KITE.

See my splendid kite,
With rounded frame so light—
With streaming tail
She'll ride the gale,
And rise quite out of sight.

Like a meteor she'll fly,
And speed toward the sky;
The cord though long,
So tried and strong,
To break in vain she'll try.

The Union is her name,
With stripes and stars aflame;
Her glorious flight
Sends flashing light,
All traitorous hearts to shame.

The eagle as he sweeps
Across the upper deeps,
Shall hover near
The emblem dear,
O'er which his watch he keeps.

The clouds with envious pride
Her glorious form may hide;
With lengthened string
She'll safely swing
Above their drifting tide.

W. M.

## GIANT TREES.

NO one who loves trees can fail to be interested in the following account of some of the forest giants of California, as given by a correspondent of the San Francisco (Cal.) *Pacific:*

The "Big Tree Grove" contains about a hundred of these monsters, which have arrived at a good degree of maturity, besides great numbers of others of the same species, of all sizes, from the smallest sapling upward. There are also other kinds of trees interspersed among them. The whole area occupied by the grove is about fifty acres. The land is "claimed" by the owners of the hotel, and great care is now taken to preserve the trees from the ravages of fire, which heretofore has damaged many of them, and from the attacks of human vandals who, if permitted to do so, would soon destroy the most important of them by cutting them, and carrying off specimens of bark and wood.

Sallying out from the hotel to see the wonders of the place, the visitor naturally first examines the enormous stump of the tree near the house, which was cut down by sacrilegious hands a few years since. This was the one first seen by Down, the hunter, the original discover of the grove. The stump is now inclosed within canvas walls, the top having been smoothed off like a floor, for dancing purposes, and is surrounded by a row of seats. Here the Alleghanians once gave a concert to fifty persons, all of whom, with the performers, occupied the stump at the same time! On one Fourth of July, also, thirty-two persons (four sets) danced a cotillion upon it at once, without inconvenience. I stepped off the distance across it, and found it to be ten good paces, although the top is about six feet above the ground and the bark has been taken off. The stump is sound to the core.

It required no little ingenuity, as well as persevering labor, to fell this enormous denizen of the forest. It could not be accomplished with axes. How then, think you, it was done? By boring a series of holes completely around it, from circumference to center, with augers of upward of fifteen feet in length, made for the purpose. But when the trunk had thus been severed, so plumb was the tree that it would not fall. After trying in vain various expedients to topple it over, at length a large tree of another species standing near was felled against it, but still it stood. A second resort of this kind finally succeeded, and the noble monarch of the woods yielded, and bowing his head, fell prostrate, with a crash that reverberated like a thousand thunders among the mountains, and shook the solid ground like an earthquake—the huge trunk breaking in several places like a pipe-stem. Five men were engaged for twenty-five days in this infamous work. If their names could be ascertained, they ought to be inscribed on a pillar near, inclosed in a black border, and thus be held up to the execrations of all the visitors to this spot.

A portion of the trunk still remains near the stump, and the top of it, as it lies horizontally, reaches above the eaves of the house. It is ascended by a flight of steps, twenty-six in number, and nearly perpendicular. A man looks like a pigmy standing beside it. At a little distance, a double bowling-alley has been constructed on another portion of the trunk, which has been cut down flat for the purpose.

Leaving the immediate neighborhood of the hotel, the visitor is conducted next through the adjoining grove, by a path that has been so constructed as to take him near to all the remarkable members of the group. This is "the grand tour." The trees have all received more or less fanciful names, which are posted upon them, either inscribed on tin plates or marble tablets. Their height and circumference is also given. I have not space for a particular description of each tree, and will therefore select a few as specimens.

"The Miner's Cabin" is three hundred feet high and eighty feet in circumference, tapering very gradually. It has an opening in the trunk forty feet high and seventeen feet wide. "The Three Graces" are beautiful specimens, all growing from the same root, very straight and perfect, nearly three hundred feet high, and having no limb within two hundred feet of the ground. "The Old Bachelor" is a forlorn object, sixty feet in circumference and about three hundred feet in height, with a very rough bark and forbidding appearance. "The Hermit" stands alone, three hundred and twenty feet high, remarkably straight and symmetrical, and seventy-five feet in circumference. "Hercules" is a most striking object. It is three hundred and fifty feet in height, and one hundred and seven in circumference, or more than thirty-two feet through! It is the largest perfect standing tree in the grove. It has been carefully estimated that it would make seven hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of lumber, or enough to load a large ship! It leans so that the top is about forty feet out of the perpendicular, and hence it should have been called "The Leaning Tower." What an enormous weight must be supported by the butt, as the tree stands! It seems to be perfectly sound and vigorous.

Besides these there are "The Husband and Wife," standing near together, and affectionately inclining toward each other; "The Old Maid," stiff and prim, with a cap-like mass of foliage near the top; "Gen. Scott," "Gen. Jackson," "The Empire State," "Vermont," etc., are all very remarkable. "The Family Group" consists of the father, mother, and twenty-four children. The father was blown down many years ago. The fallen trunk is one hundred and ten feet in circumference, and the whole tree must have been four hundred and fifty feet high. There are three hundred feet of the length remaining, and at the point where the body was broken it is forty feet in circumference. It is hollow, and might furnish room apparently to quarter a regiment. Visitors make their egress through a hole in the side (except ladies with hoops), and as they emerge they furnish a ludicrous illustration of the way people sometimes "creep out of a knot-hole," or recede from a false position. Half the prostrate trunk is embedded in the earth, and there is a never-failing pool of water standing in at one point, fed by a living spring. The mother in this group is a stately dame, ninety-one feet in circumference, and three hundred and twenty-seven feet in height. The children are all of age, beyond question, and large enough to speak for themselves.

The most melancholy object in the grove is the dead trunk of a huge tree still standing, from which the bark was stripped a few years ago by some speculators, to be carried to the Atlantic States and Europe for exhibition;

but it was a losing venture, as nobody would believe it to be from a single tree. The whole was pronounced a humbug, or Yankee trick, and a large portion of the heavy expense incurred was a dead loss. No one can pity the unlucky speculators, who ought to have been hung up on the highest limb of the tree thus barbarously mutilated. Stagings were erected around the trunk, which still stands, and the bark was removed in sections, to the height of one hundred and sixteen feet. The tree is three hundred and twenty-five feet high, and seventy-eight in circumference. I walked around it at the roots, so near as I could get to the trunk, and found the distance thirty paces. The bark was in places nearly two feet thick!

I will only speak of one more, "The Horseback Ride." This is the fallen trunk of an old tree, which is hollow, but with a perfectly sound shell. Through this I rode on horseback, a distance of seventy-five feet, without difficulty, and saw others do the same. The horse was of ordinary height, belonging to a visitor. This gives, perhaps, the most impressive idea of the vast size of these enormous natural wonders.

SMITH TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.

## THE GREAT JOHN SMITH.

EVERYBODY has heard of John Smith. There is probably not a city in the United States but contains many persons of that name. The Directory of New York city records no less than one hundred and eighty-eight John Smiths. The name is so common, that it has come to be generally supposed that none but common men bear it, and that a person might as well be called John Nobody. But that is a great mistake, as one John Smith has nobly proved. The early history of America contains no more heroic name. Captain John Smith was really the Father of Virginia, and no one who reads the account of his life can doubt that he was one of the few on whom Providence bestows peculiar gifts to fit them for special work. He was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1759. He was a sturdy, active boy, more fond of play than books, particularly of sports requiring strength and determination, and all his companions acknowledged him as leader. He was, however, fond of reading about travels and adventures, and passionately desired to go to sea. He had read the life of Columbus, and his youthful imagination was fired with the idea of becoming an explorer of new countries, and the hero of great adventures. His father would not consent that he should become a sailor, but while John was planning to run away, his father died. Then the boy repented his intended disobedience and submitted to his guardian, who, finding he disliked school, bound him as apprentice to a merchant. But such a boy could not long be contented with the unromantic business of buying and selling; so he left his master and went traveling

with a gentleman. Soon he left him to join the English army, who were at that time fighting with Spain. In a few years we find him at home again, living on some property which had been left him. Here he showed his peculiar traits by going into the woods, building a little hut, and living there by himself, spending his time in reading and study, the value of which he had by this time learned.

Soon Smith started on his travels again, but, at the very outset, was robbed of all he possessed, on board a vessel which was to take him to France, leaving him penniless in a foreign land. But he soon found friends, and was enabled to go to Marseilles, whence he started for Italy. On the voyage a great storm arose, and the Catholic passengers, learning that Smith was a Protestant, threw him overboard to appease the storm. He saved his life by swimming to the island of St. Mary's.

He was taken thence on board a French vessel, which soon had a battle with a Venetian ship, in which Smith distinguished himself by bravery, and after their victory was rewarded with a handsome share of the prize-money. He now had funds for traveling, and passed through Italy and Germany. A war was in progress between the latter country and Turkey, and Smith joined the German army, where he won high distinction by his skill and courage. On one occasion he killed three champions among the Turks who had challenged him to single combat. Finally he was taken prisoner by the Turks, and sold for a slave. He soon gained the good-will of his mistress, who sent him as a present to her brother near the Sea of Azof, requesting that he should take good care of Smith. This man treated him very cruelly, and one day, when Smith was threshing, he beat his master's brains out with a flail, took his horse, and escaped. After much difficulty he succeeded in finding his way back through Europe to his own native England. Shortly after his arrival there, a company was formed to sail to America and found a colony. This just suited Smith's enterprising character, and he joined them forthwith. The expedition sailed from England Dec. 19th, 1606. It consisted of a hundred and five men in three small vessels.

After a long voyage they landed safely on the banks of the James River, in Virginia, about forty miles from its mouth, when they commenced the first settlement in the original United States, and named it Jamestown, in honor of King James, then the reigning monarch of England. Smith's sagacity and courage were now tested to the utmost. He had been appointed one of the council who were to govern the colony, but they were jealous of him, and refused to allow him a place in the government. They were generally a dissolute, shiftless company of men, who had come to America to try to get rich without working, and they discovered that Smith would be too strict to suit their gentlemanly ideas.

He would not be idle, however, but proceeded to explore the surrounding country and to make the acqnaintance of the Indians, whose good-will he soon gained by presents of cloth, beads, and other trinkets. He also exchanged such articles with them for corn and provisions for the colony.

It was not long before the colonists quarreled among themselves, and Smith's presence in the council was found indispensable, and he was ac-

SMITH COMPELLING THE SETTLERS TO RETURN.

cordingly restored, and under his vigorous administration matters soon went on smoothly.

Shortly after this, Smith became the hero of the romantic story so often narrated. He was captured by the Indians while on an exploring expedition, and condemned to death, but his life was saved by the chief's daughter, Pocahontas, who threw herself between the uplifted club and the intended victim. This part of Smith's life is too well-known to need repetition here.

The knowledge which he gained of the country, and the character of the Indians during his captivity, was afterward of great service to the colony. It enabled him to procure supplies in times of scarcity, and he was also better prepared to resist when they became hostile. At one time he saved the settlement from massacre, through information received from Pocahontas, who remained his friend.

When Smith finally returned from his captivity to the colony he found their number greatly reduced. While he had remained with them, all were compelled to bear their part of necessary labor, he having enforced the law, that those who would not work should not eat. But during his absence, the idlers had things pretty much their own way, and in consequence they soon found themselves out of provisions, and suffering from sickness occasioned by dissipation and scanty fare, so that their number was reduced from one hundred and five to only forty. Part of these had resolved to steal the large boat belonging to the colony, and to sail away to the West Indies. As soon as Smith discovered the plot he determined to break it up. All his remonstrances were useless, however, and he therefore employed more forcible measures. Just as they were about embarking, he seized one of the ringleaders, whom he threatened to hang provided the remainder should leave; and this not being sufficient, he loaded the cannon which commanded the passage of the river, pointed it at the boat, and declared he would fire upon them unless they returned. They knew Smith would execute his threat, and lost no time in taking themselves out of harm's way by hurrying back to their homes.

Just at this time came news that Captain Newport had arrived from England with supplies for the colony, and one hundred and twenty additional emigrants. "Newport News," on James River, which is now an interesting point in the present war, was named from the fact of Newport's vessel being first seen from that place.

As long as Smith remained in command, the colony prospered. Every one was inspired or controlled by his energy, and by his efforts a foothold was obtained for the whites in Virginia, which remained permanent despite bloody wars with the Indians and the privations arising from life in a new country. It was, however, a terrible blow to the prosperity of the colonists when Smith, who had been wounded by an explosion of gunpowder, was obliged to return to England. Several times they were on the point of destruction from neglecting the precautions which Smith had always used.

This real hero died in London, in 1631, at the age of fifty-two years, an illustration of what may be accomplished by a single man of unconquerable will. Among the hundreds of young John Smiths who are among our readers, who will try to make a mark in history equal to that of his illustrious namesake?

## HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

BY E. R.

There stood a splendid city, a city by the sea,
With many a marble tower, and hall of porphyry,
With many a pillared temple, with statue and with shrine,
And treasures from the Orient, in her palaces to shine.
She sat upon her seven hills as a queen upon her throne,
And bade her subject nations her jeweled scepter own;
And lovely were her olive groves, and beautiful was she,
The fair and regal city, the city by the sea.

A line of haughty monarchs her sacred standard bore
Across the conquered provinces, to many a distant shore,
Whose wealth was humbly offered in tribute at their feet.
The richest silks from Persia's looms, and Indian spices sweet,
Fair pearls from ocean caverns, Arabian perfumes rare,
And gold and gems from Afric's sands were freely lavished there,
And from three continents was brought each varied luxury
To grace the pomp of those proud kings in the city by the sea.

There came a fair young maiden from a land of ancient fame,
Hers was no wealthy dower, no old heroic name,
But yet her memory remains in chronicle and song,
For peerless was her loveliness amid that brilliant throng,
And ne'er was seen so fair a face since Grecian Helen bore
Her fatal gift of beauty to Troy's devoted shore;
And the monarch said, "This maiden my bride shall surely be;"
So he crowned her Empress-queen in the city by the sea.

When many years had passed in pomp and splendor by,
Stern Death, the conqueror, summoned him from state and royalty,
And to that Empress fair he left his kingdom and his throne,
And bade her govern well his land and guard his infant son;
And then unto her only child the guardian care she gave
Was a life of bitter thralldom, an early, nameless grave;
And she sat upon her golden throne, in purple drapery,
And with an iron rod she ruled the city by the sea.

Another change came o'er her; on an island of the main
She dwelt a lonely exile, with none of all her train;
No gilded chariot waited there, no royal feast was spread,
And by her daily labor she earned her daily bread.
Thought she upon her native land, with all its old renown?
Or did her heart dwell sadly on her lost throne and crown?
We only know her latest years were sad as life might be,
And her name was quite forgotten in the city by the sea.

## DO YOU KNOW HOW TO READ?

"WHY, Uncle Merry, what a question!"—comes from the whole army of Merry troops. Jane says, "*Of course*, I can read. I could tell all the big words in the Bible years ago, and I can call all the hard names in the geography as soon as I look at them;" and John, and Susan, and Charlie, and hundreds more, say the same thing, and laugh at what they call a silly question.

Not too fast, my dears; naming words is not reading, any more than chewing is eating. You might look at a page and tell me every word on it, and pronounce them all right, and yet not read a single sentence.

Suppose a Turk should talk to you in his language, would you hear what he said? You might know he was using words, but to you it would not be talking; it would only be a mumble of sounds. Just so if a person repeats the words of a book without taking in the meaning—it is not reading, but only making what sounds the letters stand for. To read in the true sense of the word, means to *take thoughts into the mind* by looking at printed or written words.

When you have nuts to eat, do you swallow them one after another without cracking? No, indeed; each one must be well picked to pieces, and the meat all extracted. Whoever truly reads must take equal pains with sentences and words, which are only the shells that hold the thoughts. You ought now, while young, to form a habit of doing this. Instead of allowing the eye to run over a page, like a locomotive on a rail track, just getting a glimpse of the sense, stop long enough at each sentence to know just what it means, and to get the thought into your mind just as it was in the mind of the person who wrote the sentence. If a hard word occurs, whose meaning you do not know, ask your teacher or a friend to explain it, or, better, find it for yourself in the dictionary. When you are reading the description of any persons, places, or things, stop and think about them until you can see just how they look—make a picture of them in your mind. Where places are mentioned, unless you know their location, find them upon a map; in this way, while reading the newspaper, more of geography may be learned than most girls and boys know when they leave school.

"But how long it must take to read a book through in that style!" says Jenny Spring; "I should get tired of the sight of it before it was finished." It would take more time than to slide over the pages with the eyes, just as it takes more time to pick up the apples from an orchard than it does to run through it; but it will not be the tiresome work you may suppose. On the contrary, the mind will enjoy the exercise, and the more it is practiced the pleasanter it will become, until there will be found no more delightful employment than reading. "Slow and sure" is the motto for a young reader; try it for a year, and let us know if you do not find the benefit of it.

## MANLINESS.

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY; BY MASTER STRONG, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GOD made man, and designed him to be all that was noble, honorable, and good, and endowed him

with faculties that he might become so. Opposed to these faculties, however, are those of the animal nature. A man can be a splendid animal, perfect as far as his physical development goes, but be entirely destitute of true manliness. It is only so far as he practices the virtues and cultivates the intellect—so far does he become a true man. To become a true man one must be self-sacrificing, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and plead the cause of the oppressed, and, if need be, lay down his life for his country. Any one to become this must begin in early life. It is shown in obedience to parents, strict regard for the truth, perfect honesty, conscientiousness in little things, kindness to animals, and liberality to the poor.

To be manly, a person must be afraid of *nothing*, except to *do wrong*. This is true manliness.

## INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS FOR A SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

THE long-expected, hoped-for, and yet dreaded time has come. We who have so often been taught to be seen and not heard, to keep silence in presence of our elders and listen to their superior wisdom, have now to appear before you and deliver words to instruct the mind, stir the heart, and win applause. Can you wonder at the lively flutter of our pulses, the trembling of our tongues, or, it may be, the failure of our voices? Many a man who can face the music of roaring cannon and rattling musketry is struck dumb in presence of an audience, and though our tongues do not refuse to move, yet you will need to exercise charity for our faults and failures.

Who can claim to be a perfect orator? It is easy to repeat words, but to inspire them with living fire, so that they shall melt prejudice, arouse lethargy, stimulate to action, and burn their way into the very soul, oh! this is indeed a work demanding the highest gifts. We pretend not to have gained such power, but only to have entered the course where such triumphs are to be won. We are learning to wield the weapon which has overthrown states, moved armies, and revolutionized the world. Your smiling faces assure us that these our first efforts will be regarded with kind consideration.

If there be any differently minded, who have come to inspect us as they would examine poultry on sale, solely to discover blemishes, allow me to say *we* are not the only ones on trial at this time. Criticism in this case is a game in which two sides may take part. It requires no little art to be a good listener. He who laughs when the sentiment calls for tears, who applauds where the sense is tame, or who goes to sleep at any time on such an occasion, has not learned the first principles of the business of an audience.

Philosophers tell us that were there no organs of hearing there could be no sound, and I think it equally true that there can be no successful oratory where there are no brains among the listeners. I pray you, therefore, be as attentive to your proper parts as we hope to be to ours, and I assure you we shall be as kind in our judgments as you are lenient in your criticisms. Let smile respond to smile and heart commingle with heart, and the occasion shall be one of mutual satisfaction, and always form a green spot in the memory of your speakers.

Oriental Shepherd

## "FEED MY LAMBS."

HARK! the gentle Shepherd speaking,
Sweet and clear his accents fall,
Gentle as the day-dawn breaking,
At the early morning's call.

"See my lambs for food are crying;
Bear them in your arms away
From the fields where wolves are lying,
Lurking round to tear and slay!"

Kindly feed them, Salem's daughters!
In the pastures fresh and green;
Lead them to the living waters,
Zion's sons, where ye have been.

Feeble are their steps and weary,
Bid them in the fold abide;
For the wilderness is dreary
And beset on every side.

Guide their footsteps (prone to wander)
In the good and narrow way;
Lead them to the covert yonder,
To the cooling shade by day.

Let the love-notes ever charming,
Soft in lucid numbers flow,
Every painful fear disarming,
Let them naught of terror know.

Guide them gently, they are precious
Children of a Saviour's love;
Keep them till the Shepherd Jesus
Calls them to his fold above.

Kindly feed them, Salem's daughters!
In the pastures fresh and green;
Lead them to the living waters,
Zion's sons, where ye have been.

FRANK.

## AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

I HAVE been requested to republish the following alliteration, so here it is:

Silently surveying Sardinia's sunset serene, stands Sappho. Sudden screams surprise soft summer's stillness. She starts! Shudderingly seeking some sequestered shelter, soon (securely screened) she sees stout, sturdy Scipio striking savagely six Spanish slaves; sadly she sees, sadly soliloquizes: "Shall slavery's swart shadow sacrilegiously sully such sweetly solemn scenes! Stalking shameless, shall she still stride scathless? Shall Satan's satellites sardonically smile, scanning satisfied such sanguinary slaughter? Surely some savior supreme shall swift subvert such smiting subjugation—subdue such sickening struggles—stay such scathing sorrow! Surely serenity's sweet semblance shall silence suffering's sad shrieks, shall sunder shackles, showing sympathy's sublime strength. Speak, sweet spirit, show some sanctifying sign—some sacred symbol; surround, shelter, save, sustain. So shall slavery's sinful scourge subside, submissively subdued. Smiling seraphs shall shout simultaneous soul-stirring strains sublime, swelling sweet symphonies, symbolizing salvation!" So spoke Sappho, sadly sighing, solemnly soliciting succor. AUNT SUE.

VERY GRACE-FUL.—The Duke of R———, going on horseback, upon a visit to a worthy clergyman at Nacton, near Landguard Fort, to take the diversion of shooting, desired a simple rustic about sixteen, who was servant in the family, to take care and rub down his horse, and not give him any water, when the lad replied, "Yes, maister—no, maister;" on which the groom, who stood by, severely rebuked him for his rudeness, telling him that the person who alighted was a great man, "and whenever he bids you do anything," said the groom, "you must be sure to say *Your Grace*." Young Hob treasured up in his memory the advice he had received. A few days after, when the Duke mounted his horse, he bade the lad take the stirrup a hole lower; the boy, with great solemnity, answered, "*For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us thankful!*"

THE BROADWAY QUADRILLES.—Anybody who has ever tried for a quarter of an hour at a time, and that in vain, to cross Broadway, in New York, just where that brass band on the balcony in front of Barnum's Museum endeavors to drown the tumult of rushing omnibuses, carts, drays, cabs, etc., will appreciate the Lantern's description of the Broadway Quadrilles, as performed by Barnum's Brass Band:

*First.* The two leading couples try to cross and back, stand on pavement and wait, ladies chain, half promenade, stages right and left.

*Second.* Leading gentlemen advance and retire twice, all set at corners and wait for turn.

*Third.* The leading lady and opposite gentleman advance and retire twice; top and bottom couple try again, and return to place wrathy. The figure repeated by the sides.

*Fourth.* Four stages and four wagons advance and stop; carmen do the same; couples turn and come in collision, Billingsgate right and left; M.P. promenades and turns the corner; general muss and back to places.

*Fifth.* The leading couple waltz

round inside the gutter; four ladies advance and scream; four gentlemen do the same and scowl; grand chain; all promenade to places and turn savage; grand *chasse croissee* to other side without returning to places; pleasant smiles over the left, and promenade for finale with dirty boots.

A COUNTRY newspaper thus describes the effects of the recent thunder-storm: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid homesteads waste, and *overturned a haystack.*"

COMPREHENSIVE.—"Why don't you buy a thingumbob, and what-do-you-call-it your sidewalk with it every morning?" asked one neighbor of another. "Because I hain't got no what's-its-name to buy it with," replied the neighbor.

QUEER CRANIUM.—"Left at the dépôt, in this city, a silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved head."—*Salem paper.*

We should like to see that gentleman's head.

ANIMAL FOOD.—Dr. Hayes, in his "Arctic Boat Journey," reports the Esquimaux live upon an exclusively animal diet, their daily allowance of food being from twelve to fifteen pounds, about one third of it being fat. The Doctor states that he has seen an Esquimaux eat full ten pounds of walrus flesh and blubber at a single meal, after a hunt, or when about to begin a difficult journey. This large consumption of hearty food is a great shield against the cold. White men in Arctic regions are continually craving a strong animal diet, and will drink the contents of an oil-kettle with evident relish. A choice Esquimaux lunch consists of raw birds washed down with oil; and the great luxury of the tribe is a soup made by boiling together blood, oil, and seal meat.

DISTINCTION.—"Gentleman and ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lions' den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

"AT HOME."—

The lady who sits in her elegant hall,
And receives with a smile all her
friends as they call,
When so wearied and worried she
hopes they may leave her,
May be properly called an "exhausted
receiver."

CROOKED ENOUGH.—Speaking of the Rio Grande, a writer says: "Imagine one of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine four more twice as crooked, and imagine to yourself a large river three times as crooked as all these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this crooked river. There is no drift-wood in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber can not find its way far down enough to lodge two sticks together; but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in; and the fish are all in whirlpools in the bends, because they can not find their way out. Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river, but light on the same side they start from, being deceived by the crook. Indeed, you may be deceived when you think you see across it; and some of the b'hoys say it is so twisting there is but one side to it."

AMERICA'S NATIONAL TUNE.—Spittoon.

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED BRETHREN.—Siamese Twins.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

ANOTHER month gone! How industrious time is! Click, click, his steps fall steady and uninterrupted, no matter who lags behind, nor who would stay his progress. Time has been called the great destroyer, but that is only half the truth, and not the best half. For is he not equally a great builder. True, he has pulled down cities, kingdoms, and peoples. He has spared neither works of art, nor the men who made them, but he has brought other and mightier creations. Ancient Rome has fallen, but modern London is greater. Our fathers have passed away, but their children outnumber them. So in nature; the tree decays, but grass and grain quickly spring up and heal the breach. Notice, too, how time is building up men and women. A few years since many who read these pages were prattling babes; now, hundreds of them have entered upon active life, and all of you are rapidly developing toward manhood and womanhood. We will not then sigh over the flight of time, though it places the crown of old age upon our temples, for even that may be made an illustrious diadem.

What is the matter with this pen? It is accustomed to go tripping along full of merry thoughts, dropping them in its sprightly course, and here it had well-nigh written a sermon. Ah! we see, the ink is running low, and we are getting down to the solids. Well, it's wise to build on a solid basis. Dancing branches, laughing leaves, and blushing flowers thrive best where roots strike deep and strong; take that for your *thinking* lesson this month, my Merry masters and misses. So much for the solid course; now for the *dessert*.

---

DEAR UNCLES:—Let me tell you, cousins, that Nonpareil told a "little fib" when he said he took piano lessons of me. Imagine me—Nellie Van, "riz" to the dignity of a music teacher. "Non." and I don't agree on music lessons. Wilforley, you mischievous boy—or young gentleman, I mean—your LETTERS seem to be "very—oh *so* penitent." I don't think I shall call you Wil*for*ley—it sounds like a Willful-lie. Yes, Black-Eyes, I *am* "disappointed," for I had been building grand air castles about you. Fleta, I'm glad you didn't see those "languishing gray eyes and murders," etc., in your glass, for I like you more than Sybil Grey. Dimple sends her love to Fleta. NELLIE VAN.

---

JOLIET, 1862.

Welcome, thrice welcome, Uncle William, to our own dear Merry circle. Thousands of hearts beat faster when that new name was seen upon the MUSEUM cover, and thousands of eyes looked eagerly, as page after page was turned, to see who "Uncle William" was, and what he would say. Do not speak disparagingly of growing old; one of the things that we love best in our Merry Uncles is their age. You needn't smile, Uncle Hi; I'm going to ask Uncle Will to put on his spectacles and see if he can't find a *few* "silver threads" among your hair.

Lucy W. C., you hardly thought, when you spoke of "Uncle Willie," that we were so soon to have one, did you? Jim, thank you, for giving me fair notice that you are in partnership with Charlie; but what would you say if I were vain enough to think that I shall not need any assistance? Black-Eyes, if I *should* want you, would you come to my aid? Henry A. Danker, may God bless you, and ever keep you safe from all harm, as you nobly fight under the stars and stripes of our dear old flag. "Those strawberries" were all gone, *long ago*, but come next June (if that is not looking too far into the future) and—well, "wait and see."

Winifred, don't say you have "no one to love;" *please* love me, and I promise you it shall be warmly returned.

LIZZIE H.

No doubt Uncle Hi would be willing to dispose of all his gray hairs as souvenirs; we won't tell how many there would be left after supplying the demand.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I wish H. A. Danker would write us a good, long letter, and tell us all he has done and expects to do while he is absent. Wouldn't it be fun if he should take some of our Southern cousins prisoners, and send them on to us?—we would be glad to see them. "Homely Face," won't you please send me your *carte de visite* through Uncle Merry, and I will think a great deal of it, even if it is "Homely" (which I do not credit). But, there is the hatchet! so good-bye until next month. With love to all the cousins that ask for it, I am your affectionate niece, JOSIE.

It would not answer for H. A. Danker to reveal all his plans for the future. Don't you see how the other side would take advantage? Then, too, Sec. Stanton might order the MUSEUM to be sent to Fort Lafayette for publishing private military news. No doubt H. A. D. will respond and give a good account of what he *has* done.

---

PROV., 1862.

Uncle Merry, Uncle William, Uncle Hiram, let me thank you all for that "Happy New Year;" at least it will be a merry one.

I like your sentiments, Black-Eyes, and am trying my best to follow your precepts and example.

Ellian, *ma chère*, take my advice and don't go after C. M. Gibbs. He is not worth the trouble.

Wilforley, the hatchet is very forbearing to you, I think. Did the *c. de v.* go safely?

Jessie L., when your ideas walk in again, favor us with a few.

Jean du Casse, I trust your "beauteous flowers" were not "lopped." Next time you come, please be a little more cousinly and matter of fact.

Certainly, Mermaid, as much as you want—didn't I send it to *all* the cousins?

Mary E. Stanley, having seen Wilforley's photograph, I can tell you that *he* is no *lady*.

Pertine, I sympathize with you, dear, for I have many relatives in the service whom I dearly love. *I*, for one, *never* forget you, so you need not fear.

Winifred, you must love *me* dearly, and I will love you. Let me seal the compact with a kiss.

Henry Danker, Jasper, Tommy, may you return to us in safety once more! Or, if we may never again meet you here, let us be sure we shall

"In the land of the Hereafter."

DAISY WILDWOOD.

---

*Feb.*, 1862.

How the "impartial Fates" did serve me in the Feb. Chat! Whose hair shall I pull? Which Uncle shall I scold? Too bad to use me so when you had promised "to take me as I am!" Ah, well; *écu est fait! Passe pour ceci!* but don't do it again, Uncles! Doesn't Henry Ward Beecher say: "Men should not be mere indexes; not condensed and abridged editions; they should be themselves in full?" I agree with the Brooklyn oracle. *In short*, I intend always to be myself *in full!* Uncle Hiram "to the contrary, notwithstanding!" My mind is *fully* made up, as you will *shortly* see.

All hail! Adelbert, a thousand times HAIL! (By this I do not imply "iron hail"—far from it!) When you've "capped the climax" (with percussion-*caps*) and taken the Confederate *cap*-ital, I'll "ditto, ditto," with all my heart! Jasper, and Tommy, and H. A. D., "ditto, ditto;" "ditto, ditto!" A heart full of love and good wishes for you all!

Stumbler, you stumbled in charmingly! I like you. Never fear but *Fleta* is what she claims to be! Sophie, if W. H. C. *does* wear "specs"—what of it? Are they not suggestive of *sagesse?* indicative of a desire to "see into things clearly?" eloquent of too intense study? Why, even the Trojans boasted them—for does not Racine's immortal Arcas say to the immortal King Agamemnon:

"Quelle gloire, Seigneur, quels triomphes égalent
Les *spectacles* pompeux que ces bords vous étalent?"

Lucy W. C., they are there! I have seen them!—the whiskers, I mean! Look again!

Jean du Casse—

Vous m'avez peint avec de beaux traits!
Trève de compliments s'il vous plait!

Mermaid, I accept the kiss. Please expect me at your "grotto!" I shall

come *via* Atlantic cable! Pertine, I hardly know what to make of you; but I like you well enough to hope you won't "*make an end on't*" for a long while to come! It's no use trying that *rôle* on Wilforley! I warn you to desist.

"Desist! lest the attempt should be
To warm the snows of Rhodope!"

Leslie, as to acquaintance, you have the advantage of me! Nevertheless here's my hand and a welcome.

Uncle William, don't I know you for a—but I forbear! I'll forgive you this once! Have you yet attained the degree of "Doctor of no tumbles?" Look out for "imbedded oars" and "drift ice;" and don't again be so "cutting" in your treatment of

FLETA FORRESTER.

How shall we translate that—? You don't mean *blank*, otherwise you'd take no pains to draw Uncle William out. Did you intend to make a *dash* at him? He would not dare run, for you are Fleta. He can manage well on ice, but is yet fearful of tumbling into hot water.

---

NEW YORK STATE.

AUNT SUE:—I come once more just to keep myself in your remembrance. I did not intend to convey the idea that I was "semi-ubiquitous," being only in New York for a season, but hoping soon to return to Mass., my native State, where, on the banks of the Connecticut River, I shall be happy to meet all my "Chatting" friends. Fleta Forrester, I don't claim the title of "sluggard;" but I have "been" and sent my photog. to "Aunt" Sue, though I have not gained much WISDOM thereby, unless acquired by looking at her engraved likeness. I should be "wiser" if I might exchange photogs. with the young lady who called me "sluggard."

Well, Bilforley, you have said much in praise of your Brooklyn girls, but during my visit there I looked at them through my glasses, and over them, and decided that I had seen fairer.

Uncle Hi, "strike till the last armed foe expires," but don't touch me.

ADRIAN.

---

DEAR UNCLE:—Your message from "all of us" to H. A. Danker emboldens me to tell you who and what I am. Owing to wounds received at the battle of Ball's Bluff, in which I was engaged, I have been home ever since on furlough. My health permitting, I expect to return in the course of a month or two, and rest assured, dear cousins, one and all, I shall carry your memory back to camp with me to cheer my lonely hours, and I would receive gladly any of your photographs who will send them to me. Will you not gratify me by so doing, fair cousins all? Send them to Uncle Merry and he will forward them to me. Write me just a few lines, please; 'twill be sweet to know that I have your sympathies.

I am yours, truly,

LIEUT. FRED. RYDER,
Of the —th N. Y. S. V.

---

POINT GREEN.

DEAR UNCLE:—A thousand thanks for your earnest welcome when I first entered, a stranger, to the circle. Be assured that I shall give to the MUSEUM my hearty and earnest support. I am quite sure that, before long, I shall be able to present to you the names of some new subscribers. I am doing my best.

Jean du Casse, let us be friends; we are both new comers, and may as well enter the circle together.

Zephyr, I have known you for quite a long time; your name always suggests to me mildness and gentleness. Thank you for your notice of my communication asking for admittance into *our* circle. I promise (at your request) not to tease much, that is, I shall not tease *you*. But let the *rest* of my new-found cousins beware, for I am no tyro at this business. LESLIE.

Look out, Leslie. You must mind your P's and Q's. If you begin to T's you will have little E's, for our circle have sharp I's, and will not fail to W.

---

MY DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Hurrah for Camp "Merry!" 20,000 soldiers camped under Maj.-Gen. Robert Merry, aided by Brig.-Generals Hiram Hatchet, Uncle William, and Aunt Sue. What a great army! All enrolled for the preservation of our "Monthly Merry Union."

Blue-Eyes, if Charley won't take your bet, I will.

Adrian, what do you mean, sir, by a "rogues' gallery?". Your compliment is scattered very wide. "He who sow-

eth plentifully, he also shall reap plentifully."

Black-Eyes, you should teach old "Rocque" some of Rarey's art.

Uncle Hi, I have had my name printed in connection with every letter of the alphabet except Q and Z (capitals). Now, may I dare you to make a pun upon my name, and include those letters. You can't do it, sir. You may try; here I am. HARRIE.

That our young Harry wants a Q,
I'm Quite surprised to find;
Old Harry, if all *tales* be true,
Dangles a Queue behind;
To such Queer Quirls but very few
Young Merrys are inclined.

There's no im*pun*ity for Z,
Though with your name it marry;
Go wed fair Zarah, and you'll be
Doubled—that is bizarre (bis-Harry);
Should she *desert* you, then, you see,
You'll be the great Za-Harry.
H. H.

Ha! ha! Uncle William can not help exclaiming:

So with Zest Uncle Hi you would harry,
And tease his poor brain with a Quirk;
Your old namesake's assaults he can parry,
And with you he makes very short [work.

"STUDY YOUR CATECHISM" has been to many young people an unwelcome requirement. The book was filled with words not easily understood by children, and they could only become interested in it by explanations and illustrations which few were competent to give. Rev. J. R. Boyd, author of several standard educational works, has written a work explaining and illustrating the Westminster Catechism, designed to make it easily understood and attractive to the young. It contains the whole text of the Catechism, with explanations, Bible references, and anecdotes relating to the various subjects, and it will be justly prized by those whose views are in accordance with the theological tenets of that work. A smaller introductory work, by the same author, is a great improvement upon the original. Published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, New York.

A GOOD GOLD PEN is a real luxury, always ready, fluent, and satisfactory, and withal economical. After having tried in vain for years to find a pen with which we could write, we at last secured what we desired in the pen made by A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane. We can safely recommend pens of Morton's manufacture as unexcelled in all desirable qualities; they write as readily as though made from the quills of the goose that laid the golden eggs.

MUSIC.—We have received from O. Ditson & Co., Boston, the following pieces of music: "Gen. Burnside's Victory March," "Polish Liberty March," "Josiah's Courtship," "Ole Massa on his Trabbels gone," and "The Sunny Side the Way"—all stirring and appropriate. Also, "The Vacant Chair," a song in memory of Lieut. Grant, of the Fifteenth Massachusetts regiment, a beautiful song. We commend Ditson to all lovers of music.

## Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

CHARLIE F. WARREN wins the prize for February, having correctly answered every puzzle except the hieroglyphic rebus.

I congratulate the cousin puzzlers upon having got rid of a very formidable competitor: *C. F. W.* being now "*out*," having won the three prizes.

### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

**100.** I am composed of 12 letters:
My 9, 2, 10, 5 is an instrument of torture.
My 5, 7, 4 is to burst.
My 1, 3, 12, 11 is a boy's nickname.
My 4, 8, 6, 9, is part of a vessel.
My whole is the name of a bird.
*Doctor*

**101** I am composed of 14 letters:
My 2, 10, 4, 12, 3, 14, 11 many of us send to the MUSEUM.
My 12, 7, 13 is part of the body.
H. A. Danker will take care of our 1, 7, 8, 4, 11.
My 9, 5, 6, 12 is often seen on rivers.
My whole is a great favorite. *Josie.*

**102.** I am composed of 14 letters:
My 7, 13, 3 is a Portuguese coin.
My 1, 8, 12, 14, 4, 8 is a department.
My 9, 11 is a pronoun.
My 5, 2, 4, 6, 10 is a medium of transfer.
My whole grows in the isles of the Pacific Ocean. *Venus.*

**103.** A useful article; a common vegetable; something found in the Chat; part of the body, and what we do with it; a measure; a number; a drink; a question; a word used to horses; a measure; two interjections, and part of the MUSEUM. These rightly placed show how we would *not* comply with England's demands. *Jim.*

**104.** I am composed of 24 letters:
My 12, 24, 18 is a relation.
My 13, 3, 7, 16, 21, 2, 8 is a spirituous liquor.
My 10, 22, 4, 14 was a celebrated painter.
My 15, 11, 22 is a gramineous plant.
My 17, 3, 20, 24, 1 is an acid.
My 6, 23, 19, 9 is a stranger.
My 17, 14, 5, 11 is a nut.
My whole was a celebrated aeronaut. *Jasper.*

**105.** I am composed of 8 letters:
My 1, 7, 8, 4, 2 was well-known in history; he was called by the Pope the "Defender of the Faith."
My 3, 5, 6 is a lump of iron.
In combination my whole is of great importance. *H. A. Danker.*

**106.** I am composed of 16 letters:
My 1, 2, 11, 4, 14, 12 is a strongly built place.
My 8, 7, 4, 9, is the house of many.
My 6, 3, 13, 10, 5, 16, 7 is to decay.
My 15, 14 is an interjection.
My whole is very popular. *Clara*

**107.** Why is a passenger by the 12.50 train very likely to be too late? *Aunt R.*

ANAGRAMS.

**108.** Relation.

**109.** I spell and gain. *C. F. W.*

**110.** Short race. *Tommy.*

**111.** Happy coral. *A. Older*

**112.** No, stir a vat. *Grasshopper.*

**113.** Pa, pat Hannah Haze. *Uncle Joe.*

**114.** I am composed of 15 letters:
My 1, 5, 11, 3 I hope you can do.
My 8, 2, 12, 15 is puzzling.
My 4, 9, 13, 14 nobody likes.
My 6, 2, 10, 7, though often spoken of scornfully, are very useful in their way.
My whole is a constant visitor in many houses. *Pennsyl. Dick.*

**115.** Nine less ten,
With fifty twice told,
Is what many feel
When they're growing old.
*A. N. C. Arr.*

**116.** The Roman —— formed ———
(Fill the blanks with the same word forward and backward, making an historical fact.) *Minx.*

PUZZLE-ANAGRAM.

**117.** 5005E50Y. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

**118.** Entire, I am part of a vessel; behead me, and I am a bird; again behead me, and I am a bird. *Jasper*

**119.** Entire, I am a murmur; curtail me, and I signify to produce; omit my first and last, and I am a disturbance; and without my first two I am a bird. *Charlie Little.*

**120.** Add a letter to a pronoun and make a preposition; another, and make a noun; add another at either end and make a verb; another, and make another noun. *C. F. W.*

**121.** Add a letter to a man, and make a gem. *Sucker.*

**122.** Add a letter to a Scripture character and make a flower. *Mary A. E.*

**123.** Add a letter to a crime, and make meditation. *Alpha.*

**124.** Add a letter to a heart and make a number. *E. W. W.*

**125.** What five letters, by transposition, will form eight different words? Five nouns (one the name of an author), two adjectives, and one verb. *Fleta Forrester.*

**126.** How is it that the Southerners obtain so much intelligence of our movements? *Jim.*

**127.** With what three letters can you express a sentence comprising ten letters? *Geo. T. McKinney.*

**128.** 10002000110. *D. P. and W. W. W.*

129. Hieroglyphical Rebus.

## Answers to Questions in Feb. No.

35. Indignation.
36. Arm-chair.
37. Behave.
38. Marigold.
39. Fred, red, Ed.
40. Mark, ram.
41. Wonder, red now.
42. Hind, hin.
43. Psychomanteum.
44. Antidote.
45. Agnomination.
46. Cantharides.
47. Relation.
48. Acceldema.
49. Mattress.
50. Reward, drawer.
51. Tape, ape, apt, ate, at, eat, pat, pate, pea, peat, pet, tap, tea.
52. Fort Sumpter.
53. Stephen Arnold Douglas.
54. Dr. Josiah G. Holland.
55. Isabella Saint John Besley
56. Erastus Don Palmer.
57. "Honest Old Abe."
58. Aden.
59. When it 's mild, (it smiled).
60. Treason, reason.
61. Daisy.
62. Buttercup.
63. Hound-tongue.
64. W hair over each eye (i) n gander or a bound will p over t and v ice beef hound. (Where over-reaching and error abound, will poverty and vice be found.)

Charlie F. Warren answers all but 64.

*E. W. W.* answers all but 43, 46, 64.

*Bertha* answers all but 43, 45, 55, 64.

*Harlan* answers all but 43, 57, 59, 64.

*Lucy W. C.* answers all but 40, 43, 57, 59, 64.

*D. P. and W. W. W.* answer all but 35, 37, 43, 63, 64.

*Carrie T. Warner* answers all but 35, 43, 45, 57, 59, 61, 64.

*Heber* answers all but 37, 43, 45, 57, 58, 61, 64.

*Novice* answers all but 37, 43, 45, 54, 55, 57, 58, 64.

*Nellie A. Mather* answers all but 40, 43, 45, 46, 55, 57, 59, 64.

*Ella and Willie* answer all but 36, 37, 40, 42, 43, 55, 57, 59, 64.

*Odoacer* answers all but 36, 37, 43, 54, 55, 56, 57, 61, 64.

*H. O. and J. W. Dusenberry* answer all but 35, 37, 43, 45, 55, 63, 64.

*E. E. L.* answers all but 42, 43, 51, 55, 56, 57, 58, 64.

*Clemantine* answers all but 37, 40, 41, 42, 43, 45, 55, 57, 64.

*Birdie* answers all but 36, 41, 43, 44, 45, 46, 52, 55, 57, 59, 64.

*Adrian* answers all but 36, 37, 40, 43, 45, 46, 55, 57, 59, 64.

*C. W. J.* answers all but 36, 41, 43, 45, 46, 49, 51, 55, 57, 64.

*A. S. W.* answers all but 37, 39, 40, 42, 43, 44, 45, 55, 59, 64.

*Daisy W.* answers all but 35, 37, 40, 43, 45, 46, 52, 54, 55, 56, 57, 62, 64.

*Farrand, Bacon & Co.* answer all but 36, 39, 40, 41, 43, 45, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 59, 64.

*Geo. T. McKinney* answers all but 35, 37, 39, 42, 43, 45, 46, 48, 55, 57, 61, 63, 64.

*Black-Eyes* answers 35, 38, 41, 42, 47, 50, 51, 53, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63.

*Homely Face* answers 35, 40, 41, 42, 44, 47, 48, 50, 51, 52, 53, 58, 59, 60.

*Fred W. C. C.* answers 35, 38, 39, 41, 42, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 56, 58, 60.

*E. and A. Cherry Cheeks* answer 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42, 47, 48, 49, 50, 59, 60. 61, 62, 63.

*Tattler* answers 39, 42, 47, 48, 49, 50, 53, 59, 60, 61, 63.

*Jim* answers 39, 47, 49, 50, 52, 53, 56, 58, 61, 62.

*Lizzie H.* answers 36, 38, 39, 42, 44, 47, 48, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 57, 62.

*Mary and Fannie* answer 39, 44, 47, 48, 50, 52, 53, 54, 57, 61, 62.

*Eliza Bates* answers 39, 42, 47, 48, 50, 51, 52, 53.

*Euterpe* answers 35, 38, 50, 52, 53, 59, 60.

*Jersey Boy* answers 38, 47, 50, 52.

*Agnes* answers 36, 61, 62.

*Hunter Boy* answers 50, 54.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Nellie*.—Thanks for the contribution. I have sent it to head-quarters. I will guarantee that *Wilforley* has not taken offense; it does not agree with him. I have answered your other question in the March number.

*Homely Face.*—Glad you haven't left the ranks. Give "Carrie" "as good as she sends," and charge it to me.

*Lucy W. C.*—I do know the subject of that enigma pretty well. The "real name" of the other party I do not know, and have no curiosity to find out, as she seems desirous to maintain her *incog.*

*A. S. W.*—You have made an excellent beginning.

*E. and A. Cherry Cheeks.*—Ditto. You will find my address, given to *Stumbler*, page 96, in the March number.

*Agnes.*—I know not to what "scribble" you allude.

*Fred W. C. C.*—I hope "didn't," "wasn't," and other abbreviations are not deemed incorrect, for I find them very useful "for short."

*D. P. and W. W. Wight* (Troy, N. Y.) would be glad to exchange *c. de v.* with any of the Uncles, Aunts, or Cousins.

*Jean du Casse.*—You and your friends are fit subjects for congratulation; let me know when "the line of beauty" is complete.

*Heber.*—You are very welcome.

*Kittie F.*—I do not know the address you mention.

*C. M. E.*—Thanks for your *c. de v.* I appreciate the modesty of your hesitation; but, lest any one else should be too modest to send me their photographs, I hereby publicly declare that I *want* as many as I can get of the 20,000.

*Daisy W.*—Did you recover the pen? Is the conundrum you send original? See "Hints to Puzzlers."

*E. E. L.*—Your prettily written notes are quite refreshing.

*Lizzie H.*—Your "excuse" was *terribly good.* Fannie and Mary are very welcome. The hieroglyphical rebus in the March number is very guess-able. Don't give it up. You did not send the answer to your second charade.

*Geo. T. McK.*—Answers to March puzzles must reach me on or before the 10th of April. What can not be guessed in forty days must be very tough.

*C. F. W.*—Thank you. You had all right but the sixth item. Don't leave us now you have gained all your prizes.

*Eliza Bates.*—See "Hints to Puzzlers.

*Clemantine.*—That was certainly a very learned historian who said that "Rome was founded by Romeo and Juliet, who were picked up by a bear after being shipwrecked." I suppose the same authority would tell us that Turkey was founded on Thanksgiving-day by a Hungary deputation.

The following cousins, with a view to receiving and perhaps exchanging *c. de v.*, have sent their addresses *pro bono publico*, for the benefit of whom it may concern:

*Saucy Nell.*—H. P. Prescott, Keeseville, Essex Co., N. Y.

*Nell of B.*—Care of Thos. Eaton, Jr., Bath, Maine.

*Annie E. Drummond.*—Box 5,796, Chicago, Ill.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *E. and A. Cherry Cheeks, C. F. W., Odoacer, Hunter Boy, C. C., Jim, Fred W. C. C., D. P. and W. W. W., Nellie A. Mather, F. F., Daisy W., Geo. T. McK., H. O. and J. W. D.*, and *Lizzie H.*

HINTS TO PUZZLERS.

As 1862 has brought so many new subscribers, it might be as well to mention again, that though we appreciate the kindness of those who copy and send us ancient enigmas, charades, etc., we would much prefer that they would save themselves the trouble, as we want only *original* puzzles.

## A STORY FOR FANNIE.

Come here, my little daughter,
And nestle on my knee.
Now listen while I tell you
About the mighty sea.

You've never seen its wonders;
'Tis water all around;
The sky that bends to meet it
Appears its only bound.

It has no fields nor fences,
No house nor tree is seen,
No flowers there are growing,
Nor waving grass so green.

But yet 'tis very beautiful,
With water blue and bright;
And its waves, in ceaseless motion,
Seem dancing with delight.

Great ships are sailing o'er it,
Like birds with snow-white wings,
To bring from other countries
All rare and beauteous things.

Sometimes the wind seems angry
As it rushes o'er the sea,
And then the waves dash wildly,
And the ships roll fearfully.

One day a noble vessel,
Filled with passengers and crew,
Was gayly sailing onward
To the land just come in view.

There were fathers and good mothers,
And little girls like you,
Who had left their native country
For a home and country new.

A storm came sweeping o'er them,
The great waves madly rolled—
The ship went plunging onward,
Like a wild horse uncontrolled.

The sails were torn in tatters,
The strong masts snapped in twain,
The sailors toiled and shouted,
But all their work was vain.

Oh, then, what fearful wailing,
As helpless they were tossed!
Unless some help can reach them,
They all must soon be lost.

But then they prayed Our Father,
And soon the storm was calm.
They were his own dear children,
And he kept them safe from harm.

W. M.

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER IV.

"SUCH an ill-tempered cretur," said Gilbert, sullenly, as the farmer joined him—"such an ill-tempered cretur as this 'ere mule I never saw. A pretty dance I've been led! I reckon I've lashed him well for it."

There were, indeed, the traces of a severe beating still visible on the poor animal's sides, and he was panting and tossing his head in high anger. Mr. Morgan took the bridle from Gilbert's hands rather promptly.

"What brought you so far in the wood?" he asked; "you should have called me when you found yourself in trouble. You know as well as I do that Flash is as quick as his name."

"He hopped around so, and snapped at me," said Gilbert, "that I had as much as I could do to defend myself. He dashed in here in his rage, and I had to follow, of course. I tied Dove-Eyes, for safe keeping, to a tree down yonder."

"You should have called me," again said the farmer, a little sternly; "and as for whipping Flash-Fire, never do it again, if you value your limbs. It is a wonder he has not kicked you so as to maim you for life."

He led Flash-Fire slowly back to the path. The animal seemed to recognize him as a protector and friend, for his rage cooled down gradually, he ceased kicking, and suffered himself to be led back with Dove-Eyes to the rest of the party, who were anxiously awaiting them.

Gilbert was sullen and silent, and refused to answer any of Nathan's questions as to what had aroused the mule's ire. Perhaps he felt conscious that Nathan suspected the truth—that the whole trouble had been occasioned by his having teased and worried Flash-Fire for the purpose of amusing himself.

When everything was satisfactorily arranged, the mules were coaxed over the fallen tree, and landed on the other side, without much resistance on their parts. Then the little caravan moved forward, as before.

"Father," said Nathan in a low tone, so that those walking behind could not hear his voice, "father, do you not think Gilbert has changed a great deal since I used to play with him so much, two or three years ago?"

"Yes," replied his father, "I am afraid so. I do not think he is as well governed at home as he used to be, and then he is foolish enough to be jealous of his new little sisters, and that keeps him in constant warfare. I do not know, Nathan, whether, after all, you will enjoy this excursion any more on his account. I hoped that you would, and therefore yielded to Majory's wish that I should invite him. But we shall see."

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. N. STEARNS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

## CHAPTER V.

"Will not this prove a good place for us to rest until the heat of the noon is over?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

The day was growing very oppressive, and the rays from the sun came through the foliage, and fell with intense warmth upon the path. They had reached a beautiful spot in the woods—a glade covered with luxuriant grass, that would serve the mules for pasture-ground, while at the same time the shadows of the trees at its edge offered an enticing shelter to the weary travelers.

Mr. Morgan looked about, and concluded that this opening in the wood was just the spot they could desire. He gave the word, and children and animals came to a halt; very glad they were to do so. They had traveled at an easy, regular pace, it is true, but the way had been rough, the hill difficult to climb, and the rocks slippery. Only half the ascent was accomplished, and the rest, the farmer said, must be gone through with before evening set in, so that they might encamp in a safe, quiet place on the mountain-top, of which he remembered to have made a like use the previous year. Every one was glad now to rest. The mules were released from their loads, and turned loose in the wild but beautiful pasture which nature provided them.

It was not yet dinner-time—indeed, it must have lacked a full hour to noon — but the children professed themselves so hungry, that it was decided not to postpone the meal any later. Accordingly, a white cloth was spread on a smooth, flat rock, under the shadow of a tree, and the cold meat, the pies, the nice home-made bread were laid upon it. Majory, tired as she was, began to look around for a brook, or a spring of water, with which to fill the kettle and boil a cup of tea for her mother, to prevent her feeling her fatigue too much. Nathan joined her in the search, as soon as he had let Dove-Eyes loose; he was doubly anxious to find some water on account of the animals. He called, good-naturedly, to Gilbert, to come with the exploring party, and help bring back the pail of water, but Gilbert threw himself down in the shade to rest, and cried out—

"You must think I've got the legs of a rhinoceros. I'm too tired."

Nathan felt himself reddening with anger, but he did not retort, and silently followed Majory into the wood. As soon as they were out of hearing, Majory said—

"Nathan, what causes Gilbert to be so selfish? He would not make me a staff, and in a little while after threw away his own. Didn't you see him? He must have known I would have liked to have it.

"Never mind, Majory," said Nathan, "*I* will make you one when dinner is over. I never knew Gilbert to be so unkind before. Perhaps he doesn't feel well, and that gives him a cross turn of mind. Oh, Majory, look at those purple flowers, at the root of that oak! I must get them for you."

Nathan set down the pail which he carried on his arm, and ran to gather the flowers. In a short time they came to a little brook, in which, although the water was by no means abundant, it was clear and cold, and of a pleasant taste. Nathan placed the pail under a small rill that in one place tumbled over a huge stone, and, by patient waiting, filled it. Majory had brought the tea-kettle with her,

and this she filled also. As Majory was so much younger than himself, Nathan felt it his duty to aid her in carrying it. This left him with but one hand for the large pail full of water; and as he returned to the resting-place, staggering under his weighty load as best he could, he thought with some displeasure of Gilbert lying at his leisure in the cool shadows.

When he reached the glade, he was somewhat surprised to see that Gilbert was not, as he supposed, idling away his time, while others were busy. He was helping Mr. Morgan, with great apparent pleasure and interest, to fix two stakes in the ground, and nail a pole across them, on which to hang the kettle to boil. They were just completing the arrangement, when Nathan and Majory appeared, quite flushed and weary with carrying their loads. Gilbert ran to meet them, as briskly as though he had forgotten that he had ever been tired.

"Don't that look *splendid*, Nat?" he asked; "your father and I made it for the tea-kettle, and now we are going to kindle a fire. Bless me! how glad I am you found some water! I'm *awful* thirsty."

He stooped just where he stood, and without waiting for cup or dipper, applied his lips to the edge of the pail, and unceremoniously began to drink. Nathan still held the pail in his hand, and filled with anger and disgust, he felt a strong temptation rise up within him to step back suddenly, and leave Gilbert to a quiet sprawl on the grass. But a better impulse prevailed. He knew that this would be following the silver rule, "Do unto others as they do to you," and not the golden one, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you."

Quick as a flash, his judgment asserted its sway, and controlling his feelings, he contented himself with saying coldly—

"Gilbert, that is neither polite nor clean. You might have waited until my mother had had a drink; at all events, a dipper would have been—"

"Oh, you can give that to the mules," said Gilbert, rising after his draught. "There is plenty more in Majory's tea-kettle, I see, and if there is not enough, you can easily run off and get some more. Come, Majory, let's get the sticks to kindle the fire."

Majory had set down the kettle, and was standing wrapt in admiration of the fireplace.

"That is just according to the gipsies," she said with animation; "I've seen pictures in books just like it;" and away she danced to help Gilbert gather the fuel. In a short time a cheerful blaze was flickering under the kettle, which began before long to give signs of preparing to boil. When Majory saw a long line of steam ascend from the spout, she knew that it was time to draw the tea.

Never did meat and pie taste more delightfully than at that simple dinner, and never were there better appetites than our wanderers brought to their first meal in the wood. When it was over, and the mules had been watered, the whole party dispersed about the little glade, one and all striving to rest themselves as best they might, till the time came to resume the march. The heat was still on the increase, for it was the height of summer, and every one found it desirable to keep as still as possible.

Majory settled herself on the rock that had served for a table, with the flowers in her lap that Nathan had gathered for her near the brook; but

very soon her head drooped unconsciously, her eyes closed, and she sank softly upon the rock, fast asleep. Gilbert followed her example, as far as sleeping went, but Nathan simply reclined on his elbow, every now and then glancing around to see to the safety of the mules. His father and mother sat at a little distance from him, enjoying the beauty of the scene, as they quietly conversed together.

The afternoon was well advanced before Mr. Morgan saw fit to arouse the different members of the little party. The shadows of the trees and bushes were lengthening on the grass, a cool breeze was springing up, and it was evident that the extreme heat of the day was over. Majory had slept soundly on her rock, quite unmindful of the hardness of her pillow, and when her father called her, she sprang up in some bewilderment, and rubbed her eyes. The first thing she saw was, lying beside her, a long, smooth staff, which Nathan had made for her, and placed there ready for her to use. He had carved her name on a crook in the upper end, in neat German text, so that when she wonderingly and half asleep lifted it up for examination, she saw that it was meant for her. She forgot for the moment that Nathan had promised to make her one, and, reproaching herself for having wronged Gilbert, she turned to him as he lay stretched on the grass, and said—

Oh, Gilbert, how kind of you! This staff is just what I wanted. You have made it with a great deal more care than you did even your own. I am *so* much obliged to you."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Gilbert, bluntly.

Majory flourished her staff merrily about her head, by way of showing him that she had found him out, and then she skipped down the rock.

"I didn't make it for you," growled Gilbert; "I have had no time yet."

Majory colored, for she remembered that she had told him it was better made than the one he had thrown away, and not knowing what to say that would not make the matter worse, she went over to Nathan, as he stood loading Dove-Eyes, and soon discovered who had it given her.

As the little party left the glade, and resumed again the path into which it gradually narrowed, many were the looks of regret that were cast back to the lovely spot.

"Never mind," said Mr. Morgan; "we will rest here when we return, so we needn't bid it good-bye yet."

From this place the way grew every moment more wild of aspect. The trees were taller, larger, and the shade denser. The surface of the steep track was entirely covered by rocks and stones, washed bare by the heavy spring rains; difficult as it was to make the rest of the ascent under these circumstances, the trouble was still further increased by the fact that in many places the lower limbs of the trees projected over the path, and rendered it necessary that the whole party should stoop and crawl under. At this the mules began to show signs of rebellion. They did not like to be forced to make their way through, because the sharp twigs scratched and irritated their sides. Mr. Morgan held back the boughs as well as he could to protect them; but this did not better the case much, and the progress onward was very slow. It was evident that in a few years nature would close this avenue, if efforts were not soon made to clear it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE HORN, OR TRUMPET.

WHAT would you think if, on going to church some Sunday morning, you should find a man there with a large trumpet who should occasionally give a loud blast, like a cavalry bugler at the head of his company? It would seem like a strange performance, and the intruder would very soon be handed over to the proper officer, for disturbing the meeting. But in olden times it would have been thought just as strange if the trumpeter had not been in his place to aid in conducting worship in the Jewish church. A company of men, called Levites, were appointed by Divine command, part of whose duty it was to furnish music for the sacred services in the Temple and at the various religious festivals. The trumpet was one of their principal instruments. It was also used, as at the present day, among the soldiers, to give signals, and to inspire them for battle. Its notes, when properly played, are very stirring. Even animals are aroused when the trumpeter sends forth a pealing blast. At such a time we have seen a regiment of horses prick up their ears, prance and snort, and appear as if eager to rush into battle.

Probably the trumpet in some form was one of the first musical instruments invented. It would be interesting to know how the idea of it was at first suggested. Very likely some observing genius was set to thinking by hearing the noise from some old ram's horn lying in the field as the wind whistled past it. Such a hint would be enough for a Yankee of our day; in less than a month thereafter, he would have a trumpet complete. We know from the Bible that at first rams' horns were used for trumpets. You remember how they were employed on one occasion instead of cannon against the great walls of an ancient city, and how the strong defenses came tumbling down when the horns were blown for the last time. This was not the effect of the blast, however strongly the trumpeters may have blown. Read the account in the book of Joshua, if you do not remember it fully.

What a delightful task it must have been to sound the trumpet, proclaiming the Jubilee, among the Hebrews! —the year when release, restoration, and return were the right and the rule through the length and breadth of the land. (Read Leviticus, 25th chap.) One would think that every Levite, who was to sound the trumpet upon the appointed day, would be careful to keep himself in sound condition, without headache, or faintness, or hoarseness, that he might blow with a will. By no possibility could he sleep late on that morning; rather he would be unable to sleep on the night previous, we may imagine. How many hearts to leap for joy—how many sorrows to end at the first blast of his trumpet! No more doubt, no more misgiving in any mind; the day is here. Exiles, return to your homes; poor and needy, be supplied; bondsmen, be free!

The trumpet has been gradually improved, until from being merely the hollow horn of an animal, it is a highly finished brass or silver instrument, capable of giving out the most delicious music. The French horn curves two or three times round. The modern horn or trumpet of metal is straight. The performer regulates

it by means of valves. The Germans have done much for the horn, by improvements and inventions. In Germany some regiments have only horn music, which sounds finely. The horn is not for the expression of the grand in harmony, but of the tender and plaintive. At present it ranks among the first instruments of the orchestra.

## THE MORNING BOUQUET.

The sun shines bright, my heart is light,
And my step is gay and free;
And the mountain air plays through my hair,
And I hear its melody.
Then I'll "gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the thoughts of my heart in flowers."

The violet's eye, blue like the sky,
And the wind-flower pure I'll seek,
And innocence white, with its stars so bright,
And the snow-drop, pale and meek,
And the water-lily, calm at rest
On the silver lakelet's waveless breast.

In forest-glooms the magnolia blooms,
'Mid dark and shining leaves;
And the myrtle fair perfumes the air,
While cypress interweaves.
I'm now away to those mountain steeps
Where the willow, sad and lonely, weeps.

MADGE.

# MUFFLING THE SCHOOL-BELL.

BY W. L. WILLIAMS.

MERRIER school-boys than those who occupied the seats in the Brown High School could not be found anywhere. Their shouts of laughter awoke every echo, and old men passing by the school-house would stop and watch the boys in their happy games, and think what a line of years had passed away since they ran and jumped in the same games, on the same spot.

It was a pretty picture. The old brick school-house, two stories high, was ornamented with a cupola, in which hung the school-bell, a clear, sharp-toned instrument which could be heard to the farthest corner of the village. On top of the cupola was a quill, which answered originally for a vane; but as the boys made it a target to throw stones at, it had become stationary, and pointed to neither point of the compass, but almost straight up into the air. One of the boys, who was somewhat of a wag, said the old quill wanted mending.

The Brown High School boys were, for the most part, good boys; but there are black sheep in every flock, and this school was not exempt.

A boy named George Beck was the most mischievous scholar; he had only been there a short time, but his hurtful influence was already noticed by Mr. Cutter, the teacher. He taught the boys a great many tricks which they had been innocent of before, and one or two of the boys had fallen off very much in their studies in consequence of their intimacy with George Beck.

Rufus Blake and Stephen Holt seemed to be most influenced by Beck's good-natured mischief; they liked him because he was so bold and daring; and he liked them because he could make them help him carry out his plans and projects.

One night, after school was dismissed, Beck informed Rufus that he had succeeded in fixing a key to fit the school-house, and he proposed having some fun out of it.

"Agreed," said Rufus; "what fun shall we have?"

"I will tell you a nice game to play," said George. "We will muffle the bell, and then in the morning Mr. Cutter won't hear any bell ring, and he will be late to school."

"But how can we get at the bell? how can we get up to the cupola?" asked Rufus.

"Oh! easy enough; I know where the ladder is, and we can put it up to the trap-door, and go very easily. I will get Steph. Holt to join with us, and he can hold the ladder, while we tie a cloth round the tongue of the old bell," said George.

Both the boys agreed that it would be a grand trick, and they started down to Stephen Holt's house, to enlist him in the enterprise. They found him in the wood-shed sawing some wood. Stephen was an only son, and inclined to be a very good boy; but, like most all boys, he was afraid of being laughed at; and Beck knew this, and therefore always laughed at him and called him a coward when he hesitated in joining Beck in his mischievous frolics. Stephen listened to the bell project, and, much to the gratification of his comrades, assented to accompany them on the exploit.

The question then arose as to when the deed should be attempted, and the

next evening was suggested as the one; but Rufus thought that they had better take that very night, for something might happen if they delayed. So it was decided to take that evening, and after playing till it was dark, they set out for the school-house. Everything was quiet; the tall elm trees waved their giant arms over the roof, now and then grating harshly against the eaves. Each of the boys felt a thrill of fear as they ascended the steps, but they tried to laugh it off with a joke. The key fitted the lock exactly; they entered, and after securing the door on the inside, they groped their way down cellar, where George had seen the ladder; after stumbling round a great deal, they succeeded in getting hold of it; it was very heavy and quite long, and they were some time in getting it up into the school-room without making a noise.

It required the united strength of the three boys to raise it to the trap-door, but at length it was done, and Rufus and George ascended, leaving Stephen, who was the youngest and smallest, to stand at the foot of the ladder and keep it from slipping.

The boys had never been into the attic before, and were wholly unacquainted with the locality; it was pitch dark, and felt very close and hot; pretty soon they found a flight of steps, and ascending to the top found a heavy scuttle, which they were unable to lift.

"What shall we do now?" said Rufus.

"I guess we shall have to call Steph. to come and help us," replied George.

So Stephen was called to come up, but he said he was afraid to go up such a high ladder, and no one would be at the foot to hold it. At last he was induced to ascend, the two boys in the attic holding the top of the ladder. But it seemed that all three could not raise the scuttle, and then they discovered that it was fastened on one side by a padlock. Here was something they hadn't reckoned on. However, the boys had several keys with them, and they were intent on trying them, when they were startled by a tremendous crash which resounded through the building, frightening the boys half out of their wits. If they could have seen each other's faces, they would have been startled still more, for they were as white as sheets.

"What was that?" asked Stephen, in a tremulous voice.

"I don't know," said the others; "let's go down and see."

They approached the trap-door, when, to their horror and dismay, they found that the ladder was gone. It had slipped from its position and fallen to the floor. By the faint glimmer of moonlight which began to break from the clouds, the boys could see that in its course it had knocked down the stove-pipe, tipped over the teacher's table, and splintered several of the scholar's desks. Here was mischief enough, and, worse than all, they could not run away from it, for there they were in the dark loft, fifteen feet from the floor, and no way of getting down.

"Now we're in a fix!" exclaimed Beck.

Stephen and Rufus thought so too, and the former began to cry and wish he was safe at home.

"Can't we take the bell-rope and go down on that?" suggested Rufus.

It was a happy thought, but was a fruitless one, for on examination they found that the bell-rope was tied fast to a cleat in the school-room, and the

other end was made fast to the bell-wheel, which was equally unattainable.

George Beck said he had half a mind to drop down to the floor, but on looking down he saw that a row of desks and chairs ran directly beneath, which would render a fall perilous.

It was growing very late in the evening, and the boys knew that their parents would be anxious about them, and might, perhaps, send out in search of them; but how could they ever find them in such an out-of-the-way hole as that? They saw no escape from remaining in their prison all night. The floor was hard and dusty, and all they had was the old coat which Beck had brought to muffle the bell with. Stephen Holt laid down on this and sobbed himself to sleep. His companions sat up, trying to conceive some method of release, for another difficulty presented itself; the air of the loft was close and oppressive, and they felt almost suffocated. They knew that it was impossible to avoid detection. If they remained till morning they would be discovered, and it would be no worse if they should seek relief then. So Rufus and George resolved to adopt the only mode of release which they could think of; it was a bold one, but the best one.

A small portion of the bell-rope passed through the attic on its way to the bell. Beck cut the rope off close to the floor with his pen-knife, and then, waking Stephen, they all three caught hold and rang the old bell with all their might. It was just midnight, and the whole village had retired to rest, when the iron clang of the school-house bell reverberated through the air. A sound so unusual started every one from their slumbers, and windows were pushed up and nightcapped heads protruded, asking "What's the matter?" The general idea seemed to be that something was on fire, and very soon this alarming cry ran through the streets. In a wonderfully short time the streets were filled with curious persons running in all directions; a number started for the school-house, but were surprised to find the door shut and locked; no lights were visible, and yet the bell rang on with its wild clangor, frightening the birds from their nests and the poultry from their roosts.

"What can make the bell ring so?" asked one.

"Somebody run to the master's for the key," said another.

At this moment Mr. Cutter appeared with the key in his hand, and ran hastily up the steps, but, to his surprise, the door would not open; the boys had locked the door on the inner side, and left the key in the lock. The crowd by this time was very large, and in it were the fathers of the three boys who had created all this disturbance.

After a while a small boy was put into a window, and he opened the door. The crowd with lanterns, and armed with sticks and canes, rushed up the stairs; their astonishment increased when they found the school-room empty; but a cry of "help" from above attracted their attention. The ladder was elevated, and in a few moments the three mischief-makers, trembling with fright, and covered with dust and cobwebs, stood among the crowd. They felt cheap enough, and hung their heads for shame. Their fathers chanced to be present, and marched the guilty boys home.

The next day a meeting of the School Committee was held, and the matter investigated. The three boys

were arraigned and questioned closely, and their previous character was inquired into. The Committee soon discovered that George Beck was the prime mover in all mischief, and the others were led astray by him.

After some deliberation, the Committee reluctantly decided to expel Beck from the school, and suspend Blake and Holt three months each.

It was a severe sentence, but its effect on the school was excellent. Beck was sent to a private teacher, who had directions to give particular attention to his conduct; and by kindness and good advice, it was not long before he was as well behaved as any boy in the town.

Rufus and Stephen studied at home until their term of suspension expired, and then they returned to the Brown High School, wiser and better boys.

## FAREWELL TO MY VILLAGE HOME.*

BY D. AUSTIN WOODWORTH.

Close by the brook where Andre met
The cow-boys of that day,
There stands a cottage of pure white—
Our home on Tappan Bay.

'Tis nestled in the evergreens;
And flowers ne'er so gay,
Shed sweet aroma all around
Our home upon the Bay.

The sportive children oft would spend
Their leisure hours at play,
With doll or hoop, on the shady lawn
At "Woodside" on the Bay.

We loved it then—we love it now—
That cottage by the way—
Though "stranger" feet pass in and out
Our home upon the Bay.

But times have changed; our little group
Now in their *new home* stay,
As happy as when living in
Their cottage on the Bay.

Farewell to the cosy homestead!
Farewell to each flower and tree!
Oh, stranger, guard with tender care
That home on the Tappan Zee!

* Tarrytown, N. Y.

## A MAY SONG.

'Tis the merry, merry May,
So the tinkling fountains say,
Laughing, leaping in their play.
Tossing off the glittering spray.

Oh, it is a lovely sight!
All around the grass is bright,
Like an emerald carpet quite,
Dotted o'er with golden light.

Little birds, come here and sing—
Come ye of the azure wing;
Redbreasts, sparrows of the spring,
To the fount your warblings bring.

Little children, shout with glee,
Wake your hearts' hilarity;
Mingled let all sweet sounds be,
Greet the May-time merrily.

LAURA ELMER.

## MY PET CHICKEN.

WHEN I was a little girl, my father one day gave me a young chicken. It had lost its mother, and was running about in great distress, chirping loudly, and vainly trying to find its way over a stone wall that surrounded the garden. The old hen, with the rest of the brood, had strayed away across a pasture-lot, to the edge of a wood, and a hungry hawk had pounced upon them. At least we thought that must have happened, for we afterward found some of her feathers and two or three dead chickens in that part of the field. The little one, of whom I am telling you, was the only one that escaped. Probably she hid away, or ran for life, when the hawk came swooping down, and at last got back near the house, where she was found by my father.

I was greatly pleased with my pet. I well remember how my father and mother laughed when I tried to cluck like a hen to call the chicken to me. I had no brothers or sisters to play with, and this made me think more of my chicken. It was something alive, I said, which I could take care of and love. I soon found an old basket in the garret, which I partly filled with feathers, in which my pet might nestle and think herself safe under her mother's wings. Mother gave me plenty of milk-curds and finely cracked corn to feed her with, and I took a nice little china saucer from my playthings to feed her from; for I said she should be a little lady chicken.

Very soon she recovered entirely from her fright, and in a few days she began to grow famously. I named her Brown Betty, as her feathers were dark colored. I used to call her "Bet," and she soon learned her name, so that she would run to me whenever I wanted her.

Most persons think that chickens

know very little. I have heard them say, "as stupid as a hen," but I learned from playing with Betty that they may be taught many things. When she was about half grown, I used to have rare fun in making her work for her dinner. Sometimes I would fasten an ear of corn to a string, and let it hang above her reach, so that she must jump up to pick off the kernels. She would do this in a very amusing way; first, walking round and round it, looking at it with one eye, then with the other, and then at me, as if to say, "How can I get at it?" Then she would commence jumping for it, and very soon pick enough for a breakfast. I taught her to catch flies from the windows, by lifting her up, so that she could get at them, and she soon learned to help herself, by flying to the top of a chair, or upon the window-sill. I wanted very much that she should learn to play horse with me. I therefore tied a string around her leg, to try and lead her, but she was so frightened she flew around in a very ridiculous way, and made such a squawking, I was glad to take off the string. It was some time before she would come near me again, and I gave up the idea of teaching her that trick.

The following year she had grown to be one of the handsomest hens on the place. She was turned out to run with the other fowls, but she did not forget me. She would always run to meet me, and I usually rewarded her with some crumbs or kernels of corn. One day as I was in an out-building, I heard her well-known voice, and on looking around, discovered that she had made a nest in the same old basket that was formerly her bed. The feathers had been left in it, and it exactly suited her purpose. I did not disturb her, and before long she commenced to sit. In about three weeks she led off a fine brood of chickens, and came marching directly into the house, as though she wanted me to see her beautiful family. They were, of course, properly cared for.

Not long after this she was engaged in a very curious adventure. She was scratching for her chickens near a wall at some distance from the house, when suddenly I heard her give a terrible cry; and as I looked that way, I saw a hawk darting down, and ran with all my might to save poor Betty from the fate which had befallen her mother. I should probably have been too late, but just as the hawk was almost upon her, a hungry fox sprang over the wall, and so frightened the hawk, that he darted away as quickly as he had come. The fox, seeing me, also took to his heels, and thus poor Betty was saved. After that I had her safely shut in an inclosure nearer the house, and she lived to a good old age. Her memory is one of the pleasantest recollections of my childhood, and the pleasure I have had thinking of her has taught me that kindness, even to animals, will be well repaid.

---

The running brook by the mill is making history when rounding and polishing the pebbles, those chronometers of the hours since it journey began; it is revising history when it sweeps away the veteran witnesses of old surveys that marked the boundaries of battle-fields and the metes of kingdoms; it is restoring history when it clears away the sand from rocks bearing the legible footprints of a race whose legendary form had faded from the lidless eye of time.

# HOW TO LIVE LONG.

## TALKS ABOUT THE WONDERFUL LIVING MACHINE.

HOW many years will you live? Perhaps sixty; it may be not one. No man can tell. The Creator has fixed about eighty years as the limit, but only a few reach that age, and a still less number pass beyond it. We think most persons might live longer than they do, if they would only live *right*. The body is really a machine. If an engineer should allow dust to remain among the cranks and valves of his locomotive, or should not keep them well oiled, or should in any way neglect them, the machine would very soon run badly, wear out, and break down. So it is with the human body; if it be not properly cared for, we may expect disease, pain, and hastened death. Let us examine some of the principal parts of this wonderful living machine, and notice how they should be used. Some of you may have several years added to life by learning a few simple facts on this subject.

We will first talk about the bones, which form the frame-work of the body, just as the sills, beams, rafters, and other timbers are the frame-work of a house. You know that the carpenter must make this part first, so as to hold up the clapboards, and shingles, and ceilings of the building. In like manner the bones give support to the softer parts of the body. Some living creatures, as the jelly-fish, have no bones. They form only a pulpy mass, which is easily put out of shape and destroyed by pressure. Imagine what would be the consequence of losing only one of the principal bones of the body, say, for instance, the jaw-bone; or suppose the bones of the skull were wanting, and the brains were covered only with skin and hair, a slight tap on the head, such as you often receive in play, would destroy life. But we need not imagine anything of the kind. The bones are all placed just where they are needed, each one exactly fitted to the use for which it is intended. The bones of the human body are all made of the same materials, excepting the teeth, which, however, are not usually reckoned as bones. You are all familiar with lime, such as is used for making mortar, white-washing, etc.; the bones are mostly composed of this substance. They also contain phosphorus and sulphur. Enough of these could be extracted from your bones to make several matches, but they are so united with the lime that you need not fear they will take fire while there.

These solid substances give hardness, but without something to hold them together strongly, the bones would be too brittle for use. An animal substance, called gelatine, is added. You have seen it in the form of glue, which is nearly pure gelatine, made hard by drying out the water. This, joined with the lime, sulphur, and phosphorus, gives great strength to the bones. But how can such materials as these get into the body? Most of them are minerals, and they are not food. We will explain that by-and-by, when we come to speak of the use of food. It is easy to prove that the bones would be too brittle without the glue or gelatine. Take a fresh bone from any animal, and let it remain in the fire about half an hour; the gelatine will all be consumed, but the mineral parts will remain; but the

bone will then be so brittle, that you can easily crumble it with the fingers. Try this for yourself. It sometimes happens that disease causes the bones to lose much of their gelatine, and then an arm or leg may be broken by a very slight fall. The bones of old people contain much less gelatine than those of children; for this reason, their limbs are much more easily broken. An old man would be well-nigh broken to pieces should he have as many tumbles as you may experience in a single afternoon's play.

If the bones were composed mostly of gelatine, they would be soft and easily bent; then there would be continued danger of twisting them out of shape. A man who should strike a heavy blow would find his arm crooked and perhaps doubled up. You can see what would be the condition of the bones without the mixture of animal matter or gelatine by the following experiment:

Procure a wide-mouth bottle and nearly fill it with a mixture of six parts water and one part muriatic acid, which can be bought at any druggist's. Place a slender bone of any animal in the mixture and leave it there a few days; the acid will dissolve most of the mineral matter and leave the gelatine, and the bone can be bent or twisted, and even tied in a knot if it be long enough.

As was stated before, the bones of children contain a large proportion of gelatine, hence they are more readily bent out of shape. The bones of young infants have so little mineral matter that they are nearly or quite as soft and yielding as gristle. In some parts of the world it is fashionable to alter the natural form of some parts of the body, and it is done by parents while their children are very young and the bones can be shaped by pressure. The Chinese have a fancy for small feet, so the mother applies bandages to the foot of the child in such a way as to bend down and double together the toes and the bones of the foot. The Flathead Indians, who live in the Western wilds of this country, think the head should be made to taper backward from the eyes, instead of projecting in the natural way. While their children are young, a flat piece of stout bark or wood is bound tightly against their foreheads, so as to exert constant pressure. The bones of the skull being soft, yield gradually, and the front part of the head is made permanently flat. The name of the tribe is derived from this custom. Travelers say the children do not appear to mind it much, although it looks cruel.

There is another absurd fashion of spoiling the human shape yet practiced by some civilized people. They fasten tight bandages around their waists, which draw their ribs more closely together and give the heart, lungs, and other important parts within not room enough to perform their work, and thus health is soon sacrificed; but you know life is of little account compared with fashion—that is, the life of people who are foolish enough to imitate the Flatheads.

In our next talk about the bones we will say something about the ways in which children may avoid injuring them, and also notice some interesting facts in their construction.

---

"WHAT is that horse out of?" said a fellow, to quiz a farmer's boy, who was riding an old horse, which showed less of blood than of bone. "Out of?" "Yes; what's he out of?" "He's out of oats, sir."

# THE BLACKSMITH.

"I WOULDN'T be a blacksmith," we once heard a boy say, as he was talking with his companions about what trade he should learn.

"Why not?" asked another.

"Oh, it's such dirty work! and then, you know, a blacksmith can't be anybody," was the reply.

We heard no more; but that was enough to show the character of the speaker, and to give us a good many thoughts.

"A blacksmith nobody!" Who makes the tools for every other trade and profession? Who fits out the carpenter with saws and planes, chisels and hammers? Who makes the shoemaker's awl, the turner's lathe, the farmer's scythe and ax, and the press for the printer? That boy did not know that no nation becomes civilized until they have blacksmiths, men who know how to manufacture implements from iron, or he would never have called a blacksmith "nobody."

The work of the blacksmith is very laborious, but it is healthy, invigorating, and not degrading. One of the most accomplished scholars and orators of the present day, Elihu Burrit, was a blacksmith. He learned many different languages while laboring at his forge.

The truth is, any honest calling is manly and noble in the hands of a noble man. The boy who stated these thoughts, showed his foolishness in supposing that gentility consisted in fine clothes, white hands, and easy work. If he should continue to believe this, it is not difficult to tell his fortune. He will be quite likely to try some profession which he has not ability enough to fill. After a few years' struggling with poverty, he will envy the honest blacksmith whom he once despised.

## MAKE A GEOGRAPHY.

"CAN'T do it?" Neither could you walk until you had learned how. We know of a boy but little more than twelve years old who has made a Geography. It is not printed, and probably never will be. It is written, and the maps are drawn on a few sheets of foolscap paper. Any one of you can do the same thing, perhaps as well or better than this lad. He did not like this branch of study, and very often neglected his lessons in it, until an ingenious teacher showed him how to make a geography for himself. Then he became much interested, and at this time knows more on the subject than many men who have a college education.

His plan of working was this: At his teacher's request he first made a "geography" of the house he lived in—that is, he drew on his slate a plan of the house, showing where the parlor, the sitting-room, kitchen, bed-rooms, etc., were situated. The places for the doors and windows were all marked, and also the situation of the principal articles of furniture of the room. After the plan was drawn, the boy wrote a short description of the principal rooms. He mentioned on which side of the house each was, its size, general appearance, etc. Then his teacher questioned him upon it, just as if it had been a lesson in a book. The little fellow was greatly pleased, and did not miss a single answer.

The next exercise was with a lead pencil upon paper. He drew a plan or map of the yard. The place occupied by each building was shown, and marks were made to represent where each flower-bed and tree stood. The points of the compass were marked, and the pupil thought it real sport to tell in what direction the bee-hives were from the pig-pen, and which way from the pear-tree the quince bush was situated. He was also required to describe the different objects as well as he could, and to speak of the neighboring fields by which the yard was surrounded. This completed his geography of the yard.

The young student was now ready for a more extensive work. He undertook to draw a map of his father's whole farm, showing its boundaries and how the different fields were located. This caused him no little labor. He had to walk all around it, and notice in which direction each boundary fence extended; and at first it puzzled him to know how long to make each line on paper to correspond with the length of the farm lines. He first thought of using a long rod to measure each distance, but this was very slow work. His father, who had now become interested from seeing his boy so full of his plans, suggested that he should count his steps as he walked over the ground he wished to measure. This was easily done. He therefore took pains to make his steps as equal in length as possible, and by a little practice could soon measure a distance pretty accurately. His teacher now made him a present of a small pocket-compass, and showed him how to use it. With this he could tell exactly which way the lines ran. He now worked with much satisfaction. He would take his compass and a pencil and paper with him, and starting early in the morning, would commence operations. Looking at his compass, he noticed that the first boundary fence ran nearly north and south. He walked to where it turned eastward,

counting his steps, and found it was one hundred and thirteen steps. Then he marked on his paper, N. 113. The next line he marked N. E. 67, meaning sixty-seven steps in a northeast course. Thus he continues walking and marking until school-time. In a few days he had in this way completed his survey of the boundary lines.

Then came the drawing of them, which was easily done. He had a small pocket-rule, divided into inches and sixteenths, and he made each inch on paper represent represent sixty-four steps. This gave four steps to each sixteenth of an inch. Then, by drawing a "North and South line," and giving each line its proper direction, according to the notes of his survey, he soon had a pretty accurate outline of the farm. The work of dividing into fields was done in the same way. This occupied him several days longer. He also mapped out the brooks, swamps, and other prominent natural features of the place, and when it was completed, and each field was described, he had a work of which he might well be proud. It was the geography of his father's farm.

The boy was not satisfied until he had made for himself a geography of the town in which he lived. This he was enabled to do by copying a map which he procured. In order to be sure that the map was correct, he spent many Saturdays in walking over the different roads laid down upon the map. He also introduced many additions of his own, by marking the situations of churches, school-houses, mills, etc.

All this was a work of months; but at the end of that time he had become a real enthusiast in the study of geography, and was never better pleased than when looking over maps, and learning the situation of places about which he read in books and newspapers.

Now, then, you see how easy it will be for *you* to make a Geography on a small scale for yourself; and if, like the boy we have been writing of, you think this a dry, uninteresting study, you will find, by trying a similar experiment, that it will become a real pleasure. Perhaps you will feel proud enough of your map of the farm, when completed, to send us a copy. We should certainly be pleased with such an evidence that you had read the MUSEUM to some purpose.

## BE WHAT YOU SEEM!

"BE WHAT YOU SEEM," and seem what you should be,
The child of truth, from all dishonor free;
Brave and humane, and generous, just, and wise;
Revere what's good — the bad you will despise.

*Be what you seem*—let virtue mold each thought,
And form the heart, with every goodness fraught;
Thy country's good prefer to private ends,
And taste the pleasure that high views attends.

Be what you seem—benevolence ope thine eye,
And teach thee how her objects to descry;
Befriend the poor, dry up each briny tear,
Nor close thy bounty with th' revolving year.

## THE EAGLE.

EVERYBODY knows how this bird looks. You have seen pictures and images of it without number. It is figured on signs, erected on poles, and used to adorn public buildings; it is stamped on coin, printed on bank-notes, and, just now, is abundantly spread on letter-sheets and envelops. It was adopted as our national emblem early in the history of the country.

The ancient Romans used the figure of the eagle as we do, to represent their national greatness. They called him the bird of Jupiter, king of the gods. His image was emblazoned on all their standards, and always carried in front of their armies. The character of the Roman nation was more in keeping with the nature of the eagle than is the genius of the American people. He is a rapacious bird, living entirely on smaller animals, and making as terrible havoc among defenseless pigeons, poultry, rabbits, etc., that come in his way, as did the Romans among the surrounding nations.

There is, however, much to commend the eagle as the bird of America. He is of noble aspect; all his motions are majestic. His flight towers far above that of the common feathered tribes. His eye is full of fire, indicating undaunted courage. He will fight bravely for his young and for his freedom.

The nest of the eagle is usually built on some high, steep rock, where it is very difficult for man to climb. Many

thrilling adventures are related of the attempts to secure young eaglets from the nest. In addition to the danger of falling from the dizzy height, the hunter has often to fight a sharp battle with the parent birds. Their strength is great, and they can inflict very severe wounds with their sharp claws and strong beaks. A gentleman of our acquaintance once caught a large eagle in a steel trap, and in attempting to remove him, the bird struck his talons into the man's wrist so firmly that it was necessary to cut the cords of the bird's leg before he could be made to let go his hold. When taken young he can be partially tamed, but it is necessary to keep him confined by a chain, or to clip his wings, to prevent his escaping.

Having selected a nesting place, eagles usually occupy it from year to year. Some have been known to keep their home in one place for more than ten years, to the no small loss of the adjacent neighborhood, where they preyed upon the lambs and poultry of the farmer. They have been known to carry away young children. An affecting anecdote of this is related as having occurred in Switzerland. A hunter had set out to climb to the nest of an eagle, on a high cliff a few miles from his own home. He was armed with a rifle, and hoped at least to get near enough to shoot one or more of the old birds. After much labor he succeeded in gaining a point within gunshot, and very soon he saw one of the birds approaching with something in her talons. What was his horror to perceive as she drew near, that it had seized upon a little child, which must soon be torn in pieces unless he could rescue it! Just as the bird was about alighting, he lifted his heart in prayer to God, took aim and fired, killing the bird. He then, by almost superhuman exertion, climbed to the nest, and found, with feelings that can not be described, that it was his own little daughter whom he had rescued!

There are several species of the eagle, as the Bald Eagle, the Golden Eagle, Gray Eagle, etc. They are found in most countries, and their habits form an interesting chapter in Natural History.

## THE SOCIABLE VISITORS.

MR. WILLIS, in his *Home Journal*, has the following charming little story:

"I have two very sociable sets of visitors, every morning early, in my study, at the northwest corner of the house; first, two or three little folks in their slippers and nightgowns, who jump out of their beds to follow Laina the cook as she comes through the entry, punctually at half-past five, with the tea-tray for my writing-table and the bread for my presently expected birds; and, second, the fifteen or twenty little pensioners, in only their bare feet and feathers, who (when there is snow upon the ground) are certain to be at the outside of the window with the earliest daylight, and whom the children love to see made happy with the crumbs. It is a full hour after the tea-tray, of course, before the birds come; but when we have broken up the crusts and strewn the feast over the roof of the portico (early, so as not to frighten the youngest of them with the opening of the window), we pass the rest of the time in telling stories before the fire, talking over the dogs and their behavior, and getting ready for the day's lessons and work. So you are introduced to our morning party, if you please—consisting of, say twenty birds on the outer side of the window, and, on the inner side, a rosy troop of little folks, and their *N*atural *P*enciller by the *W*ay, best known to you by the initials of '*N. P. W.*'

"Now, I looked with some little anxiety for the return of my birds with the first snow-storm this winter. Every day, riding home in the edge of the twilight, I took a good look at the Clove Mountain and Skunnemunk (the parenthesis in our horizon which incloses all promises of storm), and on one evening in particular (I think December 20), my friend Torrey the blacksmith, who hears from the weather by rheumatic telegraph, had sung out, as I passed his shop in the village, that he 'felt a snow-storm in his bones.' And it came accordingly. Enter Laina with my tea, the next morning, and the kind, dark face under the bandanna was quite a contrast to the snow-white hemlock looking in at the windows. Of course we should see the birds! The bread-feast was soon crumbled and spread, and the little nightgowns and I waited patiently for our feathered guests with the daylight. And oh! such a fluttering as there was, with the first gray over the mountains in the east! The dear old birds were there (the same, I knew, by their finding their way to the same tree-hidden window-sill at the coldest corner of the house), and there they were all made happy with the breakfast they expected! And I and my little folks were as happy as they! It is something to be thought of in the woods—something to have birds that would be sorry if we were gone! They would not know—such little ones as these—why the death that might come to *us* should stop remembrance of *them;* and, with every willingness to go hence when my time shall come, I could wish (I trust it is not irreverent to say) that there were hope of still being joyfully remembered at the waking of beloved ones, and of still ministering kindly—watching and crumb-giving from the windows of the spirit-land!"

## MAGGIE AND HER NEWSPAPERS.

WE wish every boy and girl who may sometimes think it a hardship to be obliged to attend school and learn lessons, to read the following story, which we know to be true,

A poor man, who lived in this city a few years ago, removed to Chicago, taking with him his wife and little daughter. A son, old enough to work for himself, was left here. The family were unfortunate at the West. The father, after various hardships, died, and the mother soon followed him, leaving Maggie an orphan, without relatives, and with none to assist her. She was then about fifteen years old; but, as you will see, she had the energy of a woman.

She went out to service until she had earned money enough to pay her way to New York, and then started to look for her brother. She said she wanted to be near him, and also that she was determined to get an education, which, perhaps, he might help her to do.

When Maggie reached New York, all her efforts to find her brother were vain. Her money was soon spent, and she had no friends to give her more. She had, therefore, to rely solely on her own efforts. She at once went to the office of one of the daily evening papers, and asked permission to get subscribers and deliver their papers to them.

The proprietors were much astonished at such a proposal from a respectable, modest-looking young girl. They told her it would be foolish to attempt it, that she would have to go through every kind of weather (it was then winter), that it would require her to be in the streets after dark, where she would be subject to insult, and that it was very doubtful whether she could get subscribers enough to pay her board. But she was not to be put off in this way. She said she was determined to get an education, that she felt sure she would succeed if they would only let her try. The proprietors at last reluctantly consented, and Maggie started with her bundle of papers.

She found it hard work indeed, but she had expected that, and she went patiently forward. Very soon her story became known to several gentlemen, who were so much interested by her determination to get an education, and by her modest, respectful manner, that they assisted her in getting subscribers. She found a place where she might work part of each day to pay her board, when she was not busy with her papers. Before long she had obtained enough customers to give her a clear profit of nine dollars per week, which she carefully saved. Soon it amounted to enough to enable her to commence attending school. She then hired two boys to deliver the papers, superintending their work herself, and receiving enough profit to pay all her expenses. She is now hard at work getting an education. She had to fight a battle with poverty and hardship to win the *privilege* of studying, and she gained a noble victory. She did not value the privilege too highly, and her example is a strong rebuke to those children who neglect the opportunities which kind parents give them freely. When you are tempted to idleness think of Maggie and her newspapers, and go to work with a will.

## AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

CURIOUS.—It is strange that the birth and death of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose ambition was so boundless and whose conquests comprised such a vast territory, should occur on small and unnoted islands. He was born on the Island of Corsica, first imprisoned on the Island of Elba, and finally consigned to the Island of St. Helena, where he died. It also appears singular to notice, in this connection, that his first wife, the Empress Josephine, was born upon an island, that of Martinique, in the West Indies.

ANSWERED ONE QUESTION.—A young man, in "these parts," who had spent a little of his own time and a great deal of his father's money in fitting for the bar, was asked after his examination how he got along.

"Very well," said he; "I answered one question right."

"Ah, indeed!" said the old gentleman, with a look of satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness; "and what was that?"

"They asked me what a *qui tam* action was."

"That was a hard one! And you answered it correctly, did you?"

"Yes; I told them I didn't know."

KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—*Darkey.*

THE man who was lost in slumber, found his way out on a nightmare.

AN advertisement lately appeared headed "Iron Bedsteads and Bedding." We suppose the linen must be sheet-iron.

IT is said that a girl was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

A COTEMPORARY remarks that it is cruelly cold up the mountains; but no wonder, for they have no thermometer up there, so it gets as cold as it pleases.

CURIOUS SENTENCE.—Taylor, the water poet, wrote a line that reads the same forward and backward, and offered a thousand pounds to any one who would write another. Here it is. We trust none of our readers can say it with truth.

"Lewd I did live & evil did I dwel."

THE man who attempted to catch the speaker's eye with a steel trap, was ordered to take the floor by the sergeant-at-arms.

THE woman who undertook to scour the woods has abandoned the job, owing to the high price of soap. The last we heard of her she was skimming the seas.

MEANINGS OF WORDS.—How many words men have dragged downward with themselves, and made partakers, more or less, of their own fall! Having originally an honorable significance, they have yet, with the deterioration and degeneration of those that used them, or those about whom they were used, deteriorated or degenerated thereto. What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful meaning, as their secondary lease! how many worthy have acquired an unworthy! Thus "knave" once meant no more than lad (nor does it now in German mean more), "villain" than peasant; a "boor" was only a farmer; a "varlet" was but a serving man, a "menial" one of the "many" or "household;" a "churl" but a strong fellow; a "minion" a favorite—"man is 'God's dearest minion.'" (*Sylvester.*) "Time-server"

was used two hundred years ago quite as often for one in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense, "serving the time." "Conceits" had once nothing conceited in them; "officious" had reference to offices of kindness, and not of busy meddling; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied. "Demure" (*des moeurs*, of good manners) conveyed no hint, as it now does, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In "crafty" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; "craft," indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the Magdalene could have ever given us "maudlin" in it present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor by the world?

A Valuable Table.—Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor or research is often saved by such a table as the following:

1607—Virginia settled by the English.
1614—New York settled by the Dutch.
1620—Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1624—New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1628—Delaware settled by Swedes and Finns.
1635—Maryland settled by Irish Catholics.
1636—Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1639—North Carolina settled by the English.
1670—South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682—Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
1732—Georgia settled by Oglethorp.
1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union.
1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.
1816—Mississippi admitted into the Union.
1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819—Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820—Maine admitted into the Union.
1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.
1836—Michigan admitted into the Union.
1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union.
1845—Florida admitted into the Union.
1845—Texas admitted into the Union.
1846—Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850—California admitted into the Union.
1858—Oregon admitted into the Union.
1858—Minnesota admitted into the Union.
1861—Kansas admitted into the Union.

Out of "The United States of North America" may be made the sentences:

"First, the mad Tea Act—the Union rose."

"The Constitution made earth safer."

"The Constitution made earth's fear."

Who will amuse themselves by making others?

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE previous month has been an eventful one in the history of our country. It would at first seem almost irreverent to be enjoying pleasant sociability in our parlor, while such tremendous battles are settling the fate of communities. But we may remember that it is not only battles which make history. They attract most attention, just as volcanoes and earthquakes are most noticed in changing the face of the earth, but the sparkling streams from every hillside, the clustering mosses in the shade, and the sweet birds which ever sing on, have no small part to perform in the economy of nature. In like manner, the kindly influences of social joys, which refine the intellect and cultivate the heart, are essential to the right growth of individuals and of nations.

While, then, we have prayers for the success of the right, and sympathy for those who suffer in its defense, we may with equal propriety promote cheerfulness and home joys. Let the Chat commence.

---

ILLINOIS, *March* 6, 1862.

DEAR COUSINS AND UNCLES :—May we enter your *charming* circle?

FANNY AND MARY OF J——.

Who can resist such a modest knock as that? Come in at once, sit by Wilforley —he'll enjoy your brevity.

---

FROM WILFORLEY.

BROOKLYN, *March* 29, 1862.

MY DEAR MERRYS :—I am under a cloud. Last January took from me a beloved father, translating him, with scarcely a moment's warning, from his home on earth to his home in a heavenly mansion; there a place had been prepared for him, and for that place he, too, was prepared; it is the "silver lining" to the cloud to know that he is there. He took quite an interest in the MUSEUM, and contributed at least once to its pages; the poetical sketch entitled "The Bird Battle," in the number for August, '58, was from his pen.

I claim no exemption from you on this account; you may clip away at me just as hard as ever you did, and I shall still try to give you as good as you send.

But my time is increasingly occupied, and you can hardly expect me to answer *all* the letters which some of you have been — and more may yet be — kind enough to address me independently of the Chat—*in the same manner;* so that I hope none such will feel neglected if they should receive an acknowledgment only through this medium. This does not by any means imply that "drafts of *exchange*" for *cartes* will not be honored. I shall always pay them, but expect you to pay the premium; *i. e.*, to send *your picture* with your request. Here let me say —and I won't say it again—that I hope those cousins who have received mine and *promised* theirs, will please hurry up and *perform.*

Annie E. D., I am glad to hear you chatting with us once more; that parenthetical "side-wipe" at you in my last was interpolated; I don't use so large a brush.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

*Feb.* 28, 1862.

Heyday! Uncle, do you want another applicant for a star-ship? I know you don't. But here I am nevertheless!

Homely Face, of course Pertine is *wicked*! Isn't she a "burning and shining light?" And aint lights generally *wicked*?

Bravo! A. N., you wax quite *gallant* over the "*bright particulars!*" *Well*, "all's *well* that ends *well;*" that's true, at least!

How shall I testify my admiration for all the Merry Volunteers? Shall I twirl my knitting-needles in their behalf? No! As Madge says of "*eyes*" I say of stockings! Stockings are so common; *everybody* has stockings! I want to do something *uncommon!* Please suggest what I *can* do, somebody.

CLITE CLINTON.

---

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I want to ask a question of law. It is said, "A man's *will* only has power after he is dead; but a lady's *will* takes effect all

her lifetime." What, then, will be the effect of so many *Wills* as we have in the Chat? May we not infer there is nothing to fear from *bad wills*, unless they are feminine?

I do *not* think it "morally sure" that we have all forgotten Minnie, for she is too much like that fatal *bullet*—sure to make an impression. Homely Face, if there is room for two more in your *dilemma*, take in Kitty F. and Long Bill with you; that will be better than your neutral policy, and ought to satisfy the *Bill* against all further demands.

Uncles Hiram and Merry, have you got a patent right, copyright, woman's right, or any kind of a *right* for making "Extracted Essences?" Yours truly,

HARRIE B.

Why, Harrie, are you blind, not to see that we are a very *willing* company, else how could you have found an entrance?

---

COLUMBUS, *March* 17, 1862.

As I write the name of our capital city at the beginning of my letter, memory tells me it was once a familiar name in the Chat. In those days we all rejoiced to learn anew our A. B. C. Where are you, Alice? You were a favorite of mine, you know. Have you forgotten the merry days of old, and all the Merry cousins?

Another Merry boy writes from the field. Good for you, Adelbert. I admire, honor, and reverence every one who is fighting for this best of governments.

Don't frown, Uncle—I'm winding up. O! I just saw the point of Jim's remark. He don't think *one* side of any paper would hold all we have to say. Ha! *Ha!* BLACK-EYES.

The money was received and duly credited.

---

*April*, 1862.

Good Merrys all with one accord
Lament dear Sybil Grey,

Who seldom offers her kind word to those who love her very much, and wish she would come oftener. Why don't you favor us with a letter?

O. Onley, are you going to tarry in Jericho till your whiskers are as *luxuriant* as Wilforley's? a bad idea if by so doing you cease to patronize *Uncle Sam*.

My little brother Fred, who has arrived at the mature age of *four* years, very gravely informed me, not long since, that the "*hair* is *growing on* his *chin!*"

Fleta, your quotation, which proved the superiority of W. H. Coleman's *spectacles*, was admirable:

*Ab Didone et homine*(y)!

Wilforley, have you made a vow? Methinks I recognize an old friend looking out from that "coolish corner, and lonely," with such a rush of *puns* and *concentrated wit!* LUCY W. C.

---

BOSTON, *March* 5, 1862.

DEAR CHATTERERS:—Three cheers for A. O. He has turned up at last, and in the right place, too. Zephyr, I'll answer for Ol. He won't deny a young lady anything, when backed by such an exhortation as yours. Jennie B. D., welcome to you and all other Massachusetts girls. I wish more of them would make up and show themselves. I suppose, Pussy, from your defense of Boston girls, that you are a native of that city. If so, can't we scrape acquaintance?

Wilforley, you are decidedly mistaken about the Boston girls. I'll warrant that "old Notsob" can show as pretty, if not prettier, girls than New York. You didn't look in the right places for them. You can't find them walking the streets, as Pussy says. I wonder where Ol. is! He knows enough young ladies to say something in their behalf. One more thing, Wilforley, and I'm done with you. You said something about an unkind fling in last month's MUSEUM; in return, I want to ask whether you like black or red best? *Comprenez?* Jean Quilp, I'm glad to see you again. Annie E. D., and others, what do you say to his credentials? "Never liked girls!" Aren't you ashamed "J. Q. P." Aunt Sue, I don't recollect about that "burden." With a hope that some one can solve the "two eyes" in the Feb. rebus,

I am yours, etc.,
C. F. WARREN.

If C. F. W. had looked *above* the two eyes, he might have been too wise to need help on the rebus.

---

So, Mr. Merry, you will really acknowledge that there was *some* essence in my last letter. Now this is to be very highly flavored, so that there may be some dispersed through the whole; I

wish you to take it upon the whole. But first, I must know who that "We" meant, for I can tell you I will not receive *such* favors from every one.

"Oliver Onley," I don't like you *one bit*. You're too *sedate* and *steady*. I admire the "Wilforley style" much more—mischief, and fun, and all that. "Pertine," "you'll do;" I admire *your* style exceedingly. "Wilforley," you need not have added that "masculine gender." "Nuff ced," to show that. Goodbye. AGNES.

Take your choice from *us*, Agnes; *we* are all ready on such occasions.

---

WISCONSIN, *Feb.*, '62.

DEAR UNCLE WILLIAM:—Greeting I come. We hail with delight your entry to our charmed circle. A trio of uncles we now have to attend to our wants, and with our dear Aunt Sue, who is a *host* in herself, we feel a certainty of enjoying many a feast of good things.

Grant me a word with some of the cousins.

Annie E. Drummond, let us be friends, if one of us is "old married people"—*reminiscence of the past!*—ah! Annie, think you because some merry voices are calling me mother, that the well-spring of youthful enjoyments is all dried up? Wait and see if, when the title of Mrs. is prefixed to your name, you cease to remember the days when you were young.

With all due respect to you, Blue-Eyes, I beg leave to enter a protest against your suggestion. I think the older portion of community already have as much printed for their especial benefit as they can well digest, while the children would not be so well provided for if the MUSEUM should be diverted from its usual course.

Cousin Will(forley), I have seen your photograph. Methinks deceit lurks not there—only a little pleasantry.

To digress a little, Uncle William, I look out of my window and see the fields and woods around wrapped in a mantle of snow, and wonder if you are favored with as fine sleighing as we now are enjoying, and wish you could have seen some of the beautiful snow that was so gently falling yesterday. I took up a handful of it, so light, so feathery, the form and outline of each flake as distinctly visible as you have seen them when magnified and drawn on paper. How pretty! thought I, but soon it will melt and vanish away—emblematical of many things we love. But I trespass.

Your affectionate niece,
BELLA B.

Snow! Did we not almost wish it would rain hot water and wash our streets of it? Please don't wish us any more here; it's only a nuisance—its habits are not suited to city life; it can't stand the pressure, and becomes universal *slush*.

---

Won't somebody lend a pocket-handkerchief to the distressed "Correspondent with a bad cold," who writes as follows?

O luckless be, Ib bost uddud,
By head's as buddy as a barsh:
Where gedtly flowig thoughts should rud
There sprig strage streabs with busic harsh.

By dose no fragradt sweet cad dow
By bouth cad taste do viad fido
By tug is furred though burdig glow
Parches this fevered throat of bide.

A beatig drub bakes busic sweet
Cobpared with beatig of by braids
Buscles ad bodes frob head to feet
Seeb bazy paths for waderig paids.

It brigs a sbile to kidest freds
Bute listedig to by talé of wo
To hear be burder eb's ad ed's
That through by bubblig bouth bust go.

Take wardig dow by berry bates
By the sad sog of by poor buse
I cad dot blabe the cruel fates,
For I *would* wear by thid-soled shoes.

---

GRAPE LODGE, *March* 23.

Uncle! Uncle!! Uncle!!! oh, how *could* you reduce my poor missive to merely "pleasant words for the cousins?"

And now, cousins, I'll try to say some of those "words" again.

Jean du Casse, I guess you are a friend of mine; perhaps I'll say who some other time.

Winifred, I love you dearly. Let me give you a cousinly kiss.

A dearly-loved relative of mine has

fallen on the altar of his country. He lies far away near the battle-field of Newbern. Oh! it is so hard for me, who never had a sorrow till now, and to you, dear auntie, uncles, and cousins, I turn for sympathy—most of all, to you, dear, sweet cousin Daisy. Come, sit by me, and let me tell you of him. Perhaps you have friends who have thus nobly died; if not, I know your sweet, pitiful nature will make you weep in sympathy with me, and help to heal the wound in my heart.

The dear Lord preserve our noble Merry cousins from a like fate. I love you all. PET.

We know how to weep with those who weep, yet, with our tears, there is joy that some are counted worthy to die for their country.

---

BALTIMORE, *March* 7, 1862.

After being "sheared," and "chopped," and "pruned," and "*squeezed*," and "clipped" by my respective kin, this may, my dear "Chatterers," be seen by you—well, perhaps before Christmas; but, "better late than never." So I'll try for it then, if not *now*."

"Wilforley," so you have "Zephyr's" "*sweet* face;" that, and a "look of Spartan firmness," go well together, rather.

Good for you, "Black-Eyes." Willie, *is* you satisfied? Charlie, so we are in open warfare with B. E. Uncle, do you allow belligerents in the Chat? "Saucy Nell," if you like *horses*, I like *you*. Now, girls, why don't you *Major*-General Willie C. at once? Brigadier won't satisfy him. I'll conclude by acknowledging my (if possible) increased loyalty to the "stars and stripes," and remain,

Yours truly, JIM.

---

NORTHERN N. Y., *March* 8, 1862.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND ALL THE REST:—I come tapping at the door of the editorial sanctum with the point of my pen. I think Uncle Hiram acts too much upon the *offensive* with that hatchet of his. Wouldn't it be better if he should merely *cut off* our retreat, and make us surrender our pens at discretion? This would, perhaps, *curtail* our efforts.

I do not choose to describe the color of my hair and eyes, but am aware that most people would consider such as I rather *verdant*, for with love and goodwill to all, I humbly subscribe myself,

NOVICE.

## Extracted Essences.

LADY BIRD flies in through the open door, and is quite welcome. She desires the acquaintance of Blue-Eyes.

A. J. ARNOLD was born on the Fourth of July, and is of course a very independent young gentleman. He gives so good an account of himself as a scholar, we welcome him to a seat near the bookcase.

HOOSIER BOY, an old friend, would like to make the acquaintance of Jean du Casse, Lofery Will, Homely Face, and others.

EUTERPE asks for a seat near some of the bright luminaries. She undoubtedly enjoys their *shines*.

ODOACER gives his hand to O. Onley, and inquires if our Bee is dangerous. Yes, if her sting is as sharp as her works are sweet, but nobody in our parlor would give occasion to use it. He would like to exchange *cartes* with Will H. C.

MOLLIE MYRTLE claims Jennie Black as a friend, and commends her to Wilforley as a witch and a flirt. Save us from our friends! She wishes to exchange faces (on paper) with Annie E. D., and inquires whether to parse Homely Face as masculine or feminine. We tell no tales out of school. She would like a note from Daisy Wildwood.

JOLLY JINGLE hesitates to enter the parlor, for fear of Fleta and Black-Eyes. His or her very trepidation will make him or her welcome. Are not all pleased with homage, especially ladies? J. J. claims protection from Annie E. D., whose wing is always ready.

BLUE-EYES No. 2 hails from Mudland, and is of course a free-soiler. She (?) thinks all would be in the same category were they to visit that section. She (?) stands up stoutly for the Boston *versus* the Brooklyn girls. We know of but one way in which to settle this impending crisis: Send "photos" of the 10 best specimens from each of the above cities, and let them be placed in the Merry Album; we can then speak *by card* in giv-

-ing an opinion. Perhaps some other city, seeing the contest, will step in and bear away the palm. "Come one, come all."

JASPER writes to us from the U. S. gunboat Winona, at Southeast Pass, mouth of the Mississippi. He is expecting soon to have warm work in moving toward New Orleans, there being heavy forts and batteries on the way. May God protect him! We don't understand why the MUSEUM has not reached him safely. It has been sent, according to directions, *twice*. Will somebody please give Uncle Sam a caution not to so neglect our Merry boys?

ROBERT MERRY returns thanks to an unknown friend for a substantial package by express, received April 1st. The unknown donor will ever be held in solid remembrance; his heart certainly can not be made of stone.

GRASSHOPPER will please send address, that we may give credit for the money received.

ANNIE E. D.: Your *c. de v.* is received, and takes a prominent place in our Merry Album. There is still room for more.

We also have to acknowledge the receipt of a series of "photos" from Commodore Nutt, of Barnum's Museum, in which he is represented in his favorite characters of the Sailor Boy, Billy Barlow, Soldier Boy, etc., etc. They are placed in Robert Merry's Album, by the side of the rest of the great little folks. We shall have to accept the Commodore as one of our Merry family, and commend him to the friendship of all the Merrys. Go and shake hands with him at Barnum's.

---

STEEL PENS are used in enormous quantities. Tons of steel are consumed weekly in their manufacture. A new style, made for Fowler & Wells, by Josiah Mason, England, are rapidly gaining favor. They are of excellent quality, and by a peculiar contrivance, each pen can be adjusted to suit any hand or style of writing.

## Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

LUCY W. C. wins the prize for March, having correctly answered the greatest number of enigmas.

FRED. W. C. C. has guessed the hieroglyphical rebus 99.

### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

130. "Up! Stir the rough logs to a ruddier glow!
And spread forth the gladsome cheer!
For the night hangs dark on the plain below,
And the swift-winged storm is near!"
(Full oft *my first*,
When loud storms burst,
Shelters some wanderer from their worst!)

"Let the white sail flutter free and wide!
How our smooth prow cuts the laughing foam!
Faster, yet faster, oh, may we glide!
For we're going home, boys!—going home!"
(May the good God's hand
Keep that gallant band
From *my second's* wrath, and guide to land!)

"Let the song be heard, the dance, and mirth!
Glad be each heart, each step be light! [earth!
Away with care and the woes of
Gay be the festal hall to-night!"
(So the revelers sang,
And the goblets rang,
While *my third* kept chime with a glimmering clang!)

"To the strife! to the strife!--'tis
the trumpet calls!
The foeman comes! To arms,
ye brave!
On, soldiers, on! He wins, who
falls,
A lasting fame and a patriot's
grave!"
(May God's own might,
In the hour of fight,
Help those who strive for *my whole*
and THE RIGHT!)
*Fleta Forrester.*

**131.** I am composed of 13 letters:
My 5, 1, 2 is a boy's nickname.
My 3, 9, 13, 11 means to desire.
My 6, 12, 7, 8 is an adverb.
My 6, 4, 10, 1 is a pronoun.
My whole is a personage well known throughout the United States.
*C. C.*

**132.** I am composed of 21 letters:
My 5, 7, 18, 15 is a body of water.
My 11, 14, 6, 12 is a deed.
My 19, 16, 17, 13 is an insect.
My 8, 10, 4, 3, 21, 18 is a city in Italy.
My 1, 2, 20, 9 is a color.
My whole is that of which we often read. *Fred. W. C. C.*

**133.** My first is to drive away; my second is gallant; my whole is to bully. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

**134.** My first is (in sound) what my second often does; my whole is a turning-point. *Lizzie H.*

**135.** My first is found in every country of the globe; my second is what we all should be; my whole is the same as my first *Coralie.*

**136.** The XLNt FX of a 100150500 ☞ —H X500er 104i51ty R 1?ab50.
*Wilforley.*

**137.** My first is a fowl; my second grain; my third an article of importance; my fourth, moist; my fifth, increases or decreases, as the case may be; and my whole is a patriot.
*Daisy W.*

**138.** Where in the Bible are we told to imitate the example of one of the leaders of the Southern rebellion, and run from a foe? *Daisy W.*

**139.** Transpose a coin into some bonds of union. *Odoacer.*

**140.** Transpose a bird into an animal.
*Geo. T. McK. & C. F. W.*

**141.** Transpose another animal into a bird. *Alpha.*

**142.** Transpose part of our flag into spirits. *Eliza Bates.*

**143.** Transpose what we often see on a creek into what we often see (on warm summer days) in a creek.
*Busy Bee.*

**144.** Entire, I am a period of time; behead me, I am an article of food; again behead me, and I am used for food. *Charlie Little.*

**145.** Entire, I am an emblem of beauty; behead me, and I am a powerful liquid; curtail me, and I am a preposition; replace my head, and I am a useful article. *Ida May.*

**146.** My first speeds proudly through our land;
My next is what my first doth do;
My whole is one of that noble band
Who signed the freedom of our land,
And struggled bravely through.
*A. Older.*

**147.** Why was Noah saved without a Pope? *Minx.*

**148.** What is the only word in the English language that can be written without pen, pencil, chalk, or any other pigment? *J. F. C.*

**149.** I am composed of 9 letters. In me may be found: 1, a title; 2, a metal; 3, a weight; 4, a coin; 5, one of the Merry cousins; 6, part of a wheel; 7, neat; 8, an adverb; 9 and 10, two prepositions. My whole is a place in New York State. *Jasper.*

**150.** Entire, I am a country; curtail me, and I am an inhabitant of the same; behead and transpose, and I am to prevent. *Nedloh.*

**151.** 1 YY 1 OWN $\frac{c}{c}$ it. *C. F. Warren.*

**152.** Entire, I am a sentence: behead me, and I am a fortress; curtailed, I am to strive violently; now transpose, and I am inexperienced.
*Tommy.*

**153.** Behead an article of apparel, and leave one who sometimes wears it.
*Venus.*

**154.** Behead a slipping, and leave the slip. *E W. W.*

**155.** I am composed of 12 letters:
My 1, 9, 11 is an animal.
My 3, 9, 10, 11 is a grain.
My 4, 5, 7 is part of a barn.
My 12, 2, 6, 8 is a stone.
My whole is a body politic.
*Edith Livingston.*

**156.** I am composed of 13 letters:
My 10, 5, 3, 4 is a boy's nickname.
My 8, 9, 1 is an animal.
My 11, 12, 6, 13 is a fruit.
My 13, 2, 7 is part of a hat.
My whole is a poet. *Eddie.*

## Answers to Questions in March No.

**65.** LOVE.
**66.** Robert Merry, a lover of youthful genius.
**67.** William Shakspeare.
**68.** August Sontag.
**69.** Peter Ambrose Francis Choderlos Delaclos.
**70.** Corinthians
**71.** Intercedents.
**72.** Hydrolite.
**73.** Jehosaphat.
**74.** Milwaukee.
**75.** Oliver Onley.
**76.** Husbandman.
**77.** Boa constrictor.
**78.** Because Time beats all men, and a drummer beats time.
**79.** A day's difference.
**80.** When it is used to sow lace (solace). (G. T. McK. says, "when it makes needles needless;" C. W. J. says, "when it makes comforters;" A. S. W. says, "when it is a good feller (fellow)."
**81.** Stable, table, Abel, Abe.
**82.** I O U 0 (I owe you nothing).
**83.** Eléve, levee.
**84.** Hares, share.
**85.** Glare, large.
**86.** Yard, dray.
**87.** Stake, skate,
**88.** Lurch, churl.
**89.** Mate, ate, mat, ma, am.
**90.** Political.
**91.** Issue.
**92.** Wilful lie (Wilforley)
**93.** Willie H. Coleman.
**94.** Fleta Forrester.
**95.** Jasper.
**96.** Had anchor (H. A. Danker).
**97.** Sibyl Grey.
**98.** Glad I ate her (gladiator). *Eliza Bates* says, "Lictor (licked her)."
**99.** Curtail in g x pence swill lad in Co me (Curtailing expenses will add income).

*Lucy W. C.* answers all but 68, 69, 71, 76, 78, 79, 80, 83, 84, 86.

*A. S. W.* answers all but 69, 76, 78, 83, 84, 85, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 99.

*D. P. and W. W. W.* answer all but 70, 76, 78, 80, 82, 83, 87, 92, 93, 94, 95, 97, 98, 99.

*C. W. J.* answers 65, 66, 67, 71, 73, 75, 78, 79, 80, 81, 84, 86, 88, 89, 90.

*Myrtle P.* answers 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72, 73, 74, 75, 79, 81, 87, 89, 90.

*Alice Clayton* answers 65, 66, 67, 73, 74, 76, 77, 78, 81, 86, 87, 88, 89, 98.

*Geo. T. McKinney* answers 67, 71, 72, 75, 81, 82, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90.

*Tattler* answers 65, 66, 67, 72, 74, 79, 81, 84, 85, 87, 88, 89, 90.

*Fred. W. C. C.* answers 65, 66, 73, 78, 79, 81, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 99.

*Mel.* answers 65, 66, 67, 74, 75, 78, 79, 81, 86, 87, 89.

*Eliza Bates* answers 65, 66, 67, 70, 72, 74, 81, 85, 86, 87, 89.

*J. A. R.* answers 35, 67, 68, 74, 75, 81, 86, 89, 90.

*E. E. L.* answers 65, 66, 67, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 79, 81, 86, 88, 89, 90.

*Grasshopper* answers 65, 77, 81, 86, 89, 98.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*E. D. Price and E. W. Thompson.*—Answers must reach me on or before the 10th of the month, or they will not be credited.

*A. S. W.*—I like your spirit: shake hands.

*Alice Clayton*, in an ingenious acrostic upon "*Aunt Sue*," says she would like to "touch" *Wilforley's* hand; but whether with her fair fingers or the tongs she doesn't mention.

*Mel.*—Your solution of No. 99 was very ingenious, but not quite correct.

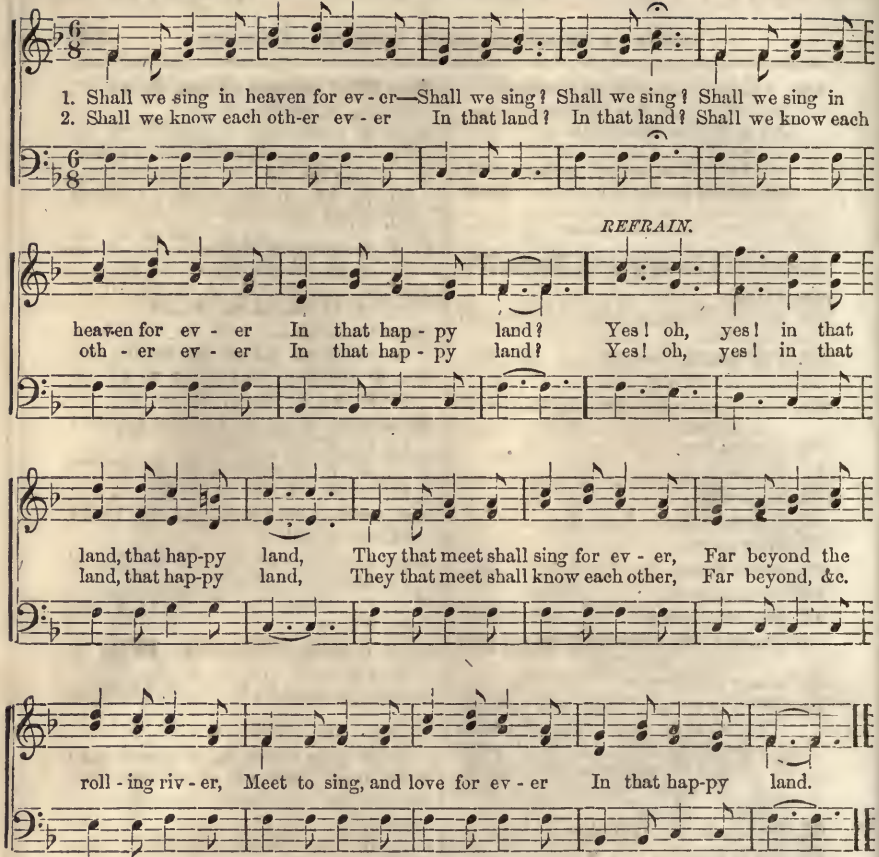
*H. A. Danker.*—Glad to hear from you again

Several communications will be noticed next month.

*Coralie* sends love to all the cousins.

*Jimmie R. Beale and Myrtle P.* wish an introduction to the 20,000.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *C. W. H., Coralie, Jimmie R. B., Eliza Bates, Grasshopper, J. A. R., D. P. and W. W. Wright, C. W. J., H. O. and J. W. Dusenberry, Lucy W. E., and Myrtle P.*

# SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?*

1. Shall we sing in heaven for ev - er—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in
2. Shall we know each oth-er ev - er In that land? In that land? Shall we know each
REFRAIN.
heaven for ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
oth - er ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall sing for ev - er, Far beyond the
land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall know each other, Far beyond, &c.
roll - ing riv - er, Meet to sing, and love for ev - er In that hap-py land.

3. Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing, and love for ever
In that happy land!

4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5. Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

6. Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Parents and children meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

7. Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

8. Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Saviour
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever,
In that happy land!

---

* Wm. B. Bradbury. From "Golden Chain." By permission. Copyright secured.

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

THE WATERFALL.

MANY a bright-eyed rabbit and fleet-footed squirrel our travelers started from their retreats as they passed along. Once a squirrel darted right across the path, under Flash-Fire's feet, and disappeared among some laurel bushes.

Nathan found so much use for the

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. N. Stearns, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

hatchet in clearing the road, that he fastened it to his belt by a string, in order to have it ready at a moment's warning. Mr. Morgan noticed at last that Nathan, between his mule and his hatchet, was keeping himself too busy for his strength, and he dreaded that he might suffer serious consequences from his fatigue. He could not assume to himself more than he was already doing, for Flash-Fire's temper was fully aroused by this time, through the unusual trials to which he was subjected, and it required all his attention to keep him from breaking away. He saw that Gilbert was sauntering along, as he had done the whole day, taking care of no one but himself, and he decided at last to tell him that he ought to share Nathan's work. He felt unwilling to do so, as Gilbert was to be regarded in the light of a guest; but as he did not seem to have sufficient generosity to volunteer his services himself, when he could not but see that they were so much wanted, there was no need to be over-scrupulous. Accordingly, he asked Gilbert, as pleasantly as he could, which he would rather do, relieve Nathan of the mule, or chop away the dead and living branches that so often intruded themselves into the paths. To his surprise, Gilbert showed great willingness to assist, and said he would do just as Mr. Morgan desired. Accordingly, the care of Dove-Eyes was at once given to him, and he entered on his duty so cheerfully, that everything promised to go well.

The long rest and the comfortable dinner had put everybody in a good humor. When the road was not steep or rough enough to make it necessary to scramble up by holding by the bushes, Majory, Nathan, and Gilbert sang songs together; it was many a day since that deserted path had echoed to such sounds.

"Look! look!" cried Majory, "look, father! look, mother! do look at the beautiful waterfall! See how it dashes all white and sparkling down those gray rocks!"

Majory was skipping gayly ahead of the party, and came upon the view first. She stood still, and called to the others. In a short time they were looking at the cascade too, and admiring the long, slender sprays of water which leaped so delicately, yet so fearlessly, over a bald, dark ledge of rocks to the right of the path, and fell foaming and murmuring in a small chasm at their base, and then coursed out of sight through the woods, a peaceful brook.

"This is the most beautiful scene I have beheld for years," said Mrs. Morgan, as she seated herself on a bank and gazed around her. The mules were brought to a stand, and, released from control, stooped their patient heads to steal a sly mouthful or two of grass.

"It is strange," said Majory, "but I do not remember to have seen this waterfall last year; do you, father?"

"No," said her father, "I do not. Now I think of it, I am almost certain that it was not here, that it has been formed since."

"Why, father!" asked Nathan, in a tone of surprise, "how could that be? It is such a large stream that that scarcely seems possible."

"It has forced its way, probably," said Mr. Morgan, "from some little pond or stream, whose sources have sent more water than usual to it, until it has overflowed. I am sure this was not here last year."

"And I am, too," said his wife. "I am too fond of waterfalls not to have

noticed this one if it had been here. Come, children, it is time to move on. We must leave this green little valley, and push ahead to the place for our night's encampment."

It was, indeed, a valley; green, pleasant, and sunshiny. Like the spot where they had dined that morning, it was comparatively free from trees, and the broad light of day made it seem more cheerful than the wood-path by contrast; that was actually somber with shade. All around, excepting by the side that they had come, was a lofty ledge of rocks, which, relieved here and there by a scraggy, stunted evergreen, gave to the place an air of positive grandeur, enhanced manifold by the little waterfall that tumbled, hissing and frothing, down its face, and by the cries of a flock of wild pigeons that kept circling over it, evidently in fear and alarm. Up these rocks, which were apparently more than two hundred feet high, the path of our wanderers led. They could see it winding oddly in and out among the dwarfed evergreens; in their now wearied condition, it was not a welcome sight.

"*Must* we climb up that hill now?" cried Majory. "Can not we pitch the tents *here*, father?"

"Courage, Majory," said her father, smiling. "Don't be impatient yet awhile. We have only to mount this path, and then we rest for the night. These rocks look harder to ascend than they really are. I remember the path well. The only difficulty is, that one side of it is unprotected by trees or bushes, and a few false steps might precipitate one over the edge. Don't you recollect how we managed last year, and how, although the path is not narrow enough to be actually dangerous, you clung to the wall all the way up?"

"Is *that* the place?" asked Majory, turning to scan the path anew. "Now I recollect it, and that makes me more sure than before that the waterfall was not there."

"Come," said Mr. Morgan, "we must move on. Touch up Dove-Eyes, Gilbert, with your switch. She lags behind too much. Come, Majory; come, Nathan."

Gilbert mumbled something about being tired, and picked up very slowly the switch which he had just dropped. The path had lately been quite clear of encumbrance, and Nathan's hatchet had not been brought into requisition for at least half an hour; consequently he was walking along quite at his leisure for the first time during the day. As the party reached the foot of the rocky cliff up which they were to climb, Gilbert turned to Nathan, and said, carelessly:

"I say, Nathan, come and drive the mule yourself now, can't you? You are doing nothing, and I am fagged out."

"Nathan must be tired too, I'm sure," spoke up Majory, warmly, "for he has led Dove-Eyes all the day but the last hour while you have had him, and part of the time he chopped the way clear too; while—while you and I, Gilbert, had nothing to do but take care of ourselves."

Gilbert glanced around to see if Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were within hearing, and then he said, "I don't care, I'm tired out; and Nathan, if he had any kindness in him, wouldn't wait for me to ask him to help me. *I* shouldn't, if I was in his place, walking along there so slow and easy."

Nathan smiled a little scornfully. "What *would* you do if you were in my place?" he asked, coolly.

"Do? I'd take the mule off your hands," said Gilbert, promptly.

"Very well," said Nathan, calmly; "I will do so. Whoa, Dove-Eyes. Give me the switch, Gilbert."

Utterly surprised at this ready compliance, and half inclined to think that there must be some motive behind it, Gilbert stood still for an instant, and stared at Nathan as he quietly took the bridle from his hands. Majory looked at them both in silent indignation, but said nothing. She was vexed at Gilbert's selfishness, and displeased with Nathan for humoring it.

The ascent of the cliff was not easily accomplished. The mules did not rebel nor appear frightened at the precipice; but they had to be led very slowly and carefully in order to insure safety, and it was well on this account that Nathan had relieved Gilbert of his charge. Majory, holding by her mother's hand, followed immediately after her father, who led the way, and from time to time looked back to see that all things were right. Gilbert, empty-handed, brought up the rear, whistling; Nathan, going before him, relapsed into almost total silence, for he did not speak, excepting now and then to urge Dove-Eyes on by some kind, coaxing words, with which he was in the habit of addressing him.

It was not till they reached the top that Mr. Morgan noticed the change that had taken place, and then he said:

"Back again, Nathan? Well, I suppose Dove-Eyes is about as fond of you as you are of him! There! here we are! This is our camping-ground. Let us leave the mules standing, and go nearer the edge of these rocks, to the left, children. If I remember right, the view is fine. We can take one look, and then get to work to prepare for night, for the sun is sinking. This is the peak where we encamped last year."

The mules were at once drawn back from the cliff a few hundred feet; they remained peaceably standing, while the weary travelers threaded their way through the old oak trees that skirted the brow of the hill. Arrived there, they found themselves looking on the valley they had just quitted. There it lay, green and dim. Shadows were slowly filling it, and the hum of the insects of evening were beginning to resound from its depths. The low splash, splash of the waterfall was distinctly to be heard; but without going dangerously near the bank, it could not be seen. The setting sun cast a mellow, hazy tint on everything, and, like an atmosphere of gold, mingled with the verdant hues of the still ravine below.

"It is going to rain," suddenly exclaimed Mr. Morgan. "There is a peculiar mist about that sunset that a farmer can not mistake. We must get under shelter before it comes. It will only be a summer shower; but even that is bad enough for us. We must pitch the tents at once."

"Are you *sure* it is going to rain?" asked Mrs. Morgan, anxiously, as they hastily returned to the spot destined for the encampment.

"Just as sure as I can be," was the reply; and even as he spoke, a faint, low, majestic roll of thunder rose and died on the air slowly. All was now haste and confusion. Every one wished to do so much, that at first everybody did little or nothing. The mules were unloaded, and preparations made to set up the two little tents, and get the baggage under them before the storm broke. Nathan's hatchet was now of the utmost service; and weary, dispirited, and angry as the poor boy was, he worked with zeal and dispatch. Nathan's temper was as warm

as his heart; and when the latter was wounded, as Gilbert had wounded it the whole day by selfish unkindness, the former was very apt to rise and take control of his actions, strive against it as he would. Once or twice his mother noticed how silent he was, but in the hurry and dismay she said nothing to him on the subject. Meanwhile, the sky was darkening fast. Heavy clouds moved back and forth upon it, and threatened every moment to pour down their contents. Occasionally a vivid flash of lightning lit up the gathering darkness on that lone mountain-top, and revealed the surrounding landscape to the uneasy travelers.

The mules had been tethered to some trees growing near, that in the alarm they might not stray away, and perhaps meet with an accident at the edge of the not far distant precipice. The poor creatures were apparently very much frightened at the approaching storm, and the novelty of their situation—for to be tied to a tree, expecting every moment to be exposed to the full fury of wind and rain, was very different from resting in peaceful security in their comfortable stalls at home.

At last the rain fell, gently at first, but increasing in violence every moment. Fortunately the two slight tents were now erected, but they shook and flapped in the wind to such a degree, that our poor, frightened wanderers expected every moment to find them torn away, and themselves left roofless in the storm. They could hear in the woods which surrounded the opening where the tents stood, the crash of falling boughs, and the creaking and sighing of the trees themselves. Heartily did they wish themselves safely at home in the farm-house.

"I don't want to be a gipsy *at all*," sobbed Majory, clinging to her father in alarm. "I don't see why folks write such nice things about gipsies. They must be the most miserable people in the world. I wouldn't give our old house for five hundred tents!"

In spite of his uneasiness, her father smiled.

"Madge," he said, "is a splendid *fair-weather* gipsy; but the moment rain and discomfort come, she finds the forest is not exactly the thing she thought it. Eh, Majory?"

The tents were very small, too small for one of them to hold so many people with comfort; but it was deemed safest that they should keep together, which accordingly was done. Mr. Morgan and his wife tried to be cheerful, in order to raise the spirits of the children, but after a while a dreary silence prevailed; the roar of the wind without, the fall of the heavy rain, and the descent of night, all combined to make the party feel the desolateness and peril of their situation. Hunger, too, was beginning to attack them; but, unfortunately, the basket of provisions had been deposited with the bedding in the other tent, and there was no help for it but to fast. Gilbert had an apple in one of his pockets, which he took out and ate, but without offering to share it with any one. Nathan looked at him as he did so, with renewed wonder at his selfishness, and a dislike which he could not master fastened itself upon him.

The shower was not as brief as Mr. Morgan had expected. It was at least an hour before it abated. When it did so, the farmer was the first to open the tent cautiously and look out. The wind had meanwhile died away. Everything was still. Uttering an exclamation, Mr. Morgan stepped into

the open air, and called to the others to follow him. Great was their wonder as they did so, to find that a beautiful, quiet evening had succeeded the storm. The full moon was shining peacefully, the stars dotted the sky in clusters, while a mild, clear breeze awoke a thousand balmy odors from the wetted foliage and earth. Everywhere around lay the tokens of the destructiveness of the tempest. Branches had been torn down, and in some places the earth had been washed away by the descending flood.

"Very thankful ought we to be, my children," said the farmer, solemnly, "very thankful indeed to that heavenly Father who doeth all things well, that no accident has happened to us."

"We were the shorn lambs to whom He tempered the wind," said Mrs. Morgan. "While He found it necessary to send this storm, He has not allowed it to injure us. It is over now, and we can sleep in peace."

Preparations were made for the evening meal, and for retirement for the night. By this time, between alarm and actual fatigue, the travelers were very willing to close their eyes early.

Again Nathan's hatchet was brought into use. Fortunate indeed was it that it had not been entirely forgotten. Mr. Morgan cut down some young trees and hastily nailed them together in the shape of bedsteads, raised about five or six inches from the ground. This was a contrivance on which to spread the quilts and blankets, and thus protected the sleepers from the dampness of the earth.

It was rough work, but soon accomplished, thanks to the united efforts of Nathan and his father, Gilbert helping as usual, by looking on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MUSINGS.

I'm weary of watching and waiting
For a gleaming of heavenly light;
The storm-clouds are gathered around me,
And the shadowing darkness of night.

I'm bound by fast-riveted fetters
To this barren and wilderness shore;
I've struggled full often to break them,
And vainly—they gall me but more.

For me not a heart is there beating,
Nor a voice kindly breathing my name;
But the tones and the looks e'en of loved ones
Are cold—it is ever the same.

Alas! must I wrestle uncared-for,
And wearily walk on my way?
Is there no one to help me or cheer me?
Will the night never dawn into day?

Thus murmured my desolate spirit,
And Memory lifted the vail
That hideth the past in its shadow,
And told me a sorrowful tale.

But I thought of my infinite Saviour—
Of His gentle and stainless life—
And the crown of glory He promised
To those who press on through the strife.

Then kneeling, I pleaded for guidance,
And I'm striving courageously now,
To pass over wrong and unkindness
With a quiet and unruffled brow.

And to labor for thee, dearest Saviour!
Who hast loved and suffered for me,
Now hushed is my spirit's deep yearning—
It sweetly is resting in thee.

MADGE.

# THE HOME SOCIETY.

## HOW IT WAS FORMED.

"SPLENDID! splendid!" shouted Frank, dancing around the room with delight.

"It will be real nice!" said Henrietta. She was as much pleased as her brother Frank, but her nature was more quiet.

"Can't I be one, too, Hetty?" inquired little Susie, as she laid down her doll.

"Yes," said Frank, "you shall be one, two, three, four, if you want to!" and he caught her up and gave her a hearty kiss, for she was the pet of the house. "I'm going right off to tell John and Kate all about it," continued he; and away he darted, without so much as saying "Good-morning" to his Uncle Frederick, who smiled to see the spirit with which all entered into what he had just proposed.

No wonder they were pleased. Uncle Fred, as they all called him, loved children, and knew how to make them

happy. He was unmarried—what is called an old bachelor. After having been away a long time, traveling through the United States, and also visiting many countries of the Old World, he had returned to make his home with his brother-in-law, Mr. Malcolm. It was a very pleasant place. The family were wealthy, and lived in a large mansion on a corner, just out of a beautiful village. The house was surrounded by shrubbery, and beautiful trees shaded the streets leading to it, as you see in the picture.

On the morning when our story commences, three of the children were with their mother in the sitting-room; the other two were out at play. Their uncle had been giving them an interesting account of the meetings of different societies which he had attended, such as the Linnæan Society, the Geographical Society, the French Academy of Arts and Sciences, etc.; "but," said he, "the most interesting meeting I ever attended was one of the Home Society."

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Malcolm.

"When I was in England," replied Uncle Fred, "I was visiting with a family where there were five children." At this point the children present became very attentive. "One afternoon," continued he, "one of the oldest boys requested me to attend a meeting of their society, to which I gladly consented. When three o'clock came, several of their cousins entered the sitting-room, and I noticed that each had brought a book, or a picture, or a neat roll of manuscript, or some other article. After exchanging salutations, the oldest, who was styled the President, called on a young miss of fifteen to commence the afternoon's entertainment. She blushed a little at seeing a stranger present, but without any awkward hesitation began reading a most interesting story she had found during the previous week. When she had finished, her brother, about twelve years old, gave a description of a jaunt he had made into the country a few days before, and exhibited some curious minerals he had found, and also some beautiful butterflies he had caught. The next one showed the company a handsome picture, and talked about it. Each one had something prepared for the amusement and instruction of the others. They called it their Home Society. I was told by their father that they had continued their meetings for more than a year, and that they grew more and more interesting. I was so much pleased with what I saw and heard of the society, that I decided at once to propose to the children at home to form one of the same kind."

At this point, Frank, who had been listening with the greatest interest, broke out with the exclamation, "Splendid!" and, as we have said, ran as fast as his feet could fly to tell his absent brother and sister; it took him but a few minutes to find them.

"Oh, John, Katy, come right away!" cried he; "we're going to have a Home Society, and Uncle Fred's going to be President, and we're going to tell stories, and look at pictures, and hunt butterflies, and everything"—and here he had to stop for want of breath.

"Where? what is it?" exclaimed they, quite bewildered by Frank's sudden outburst.

"Up in the sitting-room—come!" said Frank; and, without waiting for further explanations, he seized Kate's hand, and all skipped away to the house—Frank full of enthusiasm with

what he had heard, and the others full of curiosity to know what could be coming.

"Now please tell Kate and John all about it, Uncle Fred, and let's have a Home Society right away," said Frank.

Uncle Fred gathered them close around him, and, with one hand on John's shoulder, and the other holding the hand of Kate, he explained to them more fully how they could make the proposed society pleasant for all. "Remember," said he, "it is to be, like a bee-hive, without any drones; every one must try and bring in his part of the honey."

"I can bring some sugar," said little Susie, which made them all laugh heartily.

Before they parted they had arranged that Uncle Fred should be President, that Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm should be honorary members, that each might introduce one new member, with the consent of all the others, and that the first meeting should be held one week from that time.

During the week before the first meeting, the children's thoughts were full of their new society. Frank, especially, entered into the plan with his whole soul. At first he was anxious to invite all his young friends to join the society at once; but his uncle showed him that the exercises would be much more interesting if every member should take some part at each meeting, and that this would be more difficult with a large number. He therefore contented himself by asking only his cousin George, who was a favorite with them all.

Mrs. Malcolm had suggested to the children that it would be more entertaining if each should keep to himself the part he expected to take until the time of meeting. This was an excellent idea; for it is a fault with the young that they love to talk much about what they are going to do—and very often there is more talking than doing; it also kept up their interest, as each was curious to know what the other was preparing, and also desirous to surprise the rest with something unexpected. So there was a great deal of mystery, and many knowing looks, and much inquisitive questioning during the week. Each kept his own counsel very well, except that Kate declared that mother and Susie were up to something together, for she heard them talking earnestly together in the library every morning. Frank also said he guessed John was intending to give them a treat on "Catterpillarology," for he saw him in one corner of the garden very busy with

an ugly worm, which was crawling about on his hand. However, no one discovered anything for a certainty; so that when the Wednesday afternoon for their first meeting finally arrived, their curiosity was wrought up to the highest point.

## BIRDS OF NEW YORK—THE CROSSBILL.

THE following beautiful lines are by Longfellow, who versifies a curious Jewish legend, which gives the origin of the formation of the Crossbill's beak and the bird's peculiar blood-red plumage. It is entitled

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM JULIUS MOSEN.

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how, with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron
A poor bird is striving there.

Stained with blood, and never tiring,
With its beak it does not cease;
From the cross 'twould free the Sav-
Its Creator's Son release. [iour—

And the Saviour speaks in mildness,
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the Crossbill,
Covered quite with blood so clear;
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs like legends, strange to hear.

Is not this a beautiful legend? And may we not derive a moral from it, that we should be kind and unselfish in assisting the suffering and helpless? A little bird striving to draw the piercing iron from our Saviour's bleeding hand! Is not this an example of true sympathetic kindness? * * * *

In the family of Linnets, following the Crossbill, we have the genus Ægiothus, a Greek compound, which signifies the Roving Linnet. The name is very appropriate, as we shall see.

This genus comprises two species: the Red-poll Linnet and the Greenland Linnet. The latter has been said to have penetrated the United States in severe winters; but it is doubtful, as its home is amid the icy regions of the North the year round.

The Red-poll (Ægiothus linaria) is also an arctic species, but it is more or less numerous every winter in New York State.

It is a very handsome little bird, about the size of the Yellow-bird, with a crown of rich crimson, and breast tinged with carmine. Its throat is

black, back brownish, with a tinge of carmine on the upper tail-coverts; wings and tail brown.

The female is without the red breast; the crown is duller than that of the male; in other respects the plumage is similar.

During summer, the Red-poll resides in the wild and dreary regions of Arctic America; of its nest and eggs we know nothing.

Not until cold winter, with its chill blasts and icy fetters, locks our temperate regions in his bounds, do we see anything of this beautiful bird; *then* we notice flocks, of variable size, frequenting gardens and stubble-fields, where they find sustenance in the dried seeds. Some winters—the last, for instance—it does not appear in our State; food being plenty in its natal regions, there was no occasion for migrating.

The winter before last was particularized by heavy snow-storms, and immediately following a dense fall of snow in February, the Red-polls made their appearance in large numbers; some flocks, seemingly wearied by long travel, resorted to the deciduous trees, and were exceedingly shy. On taking flight, they sound a plaintive call—tè-wittet-chè-wee—exactly similar to that of the Yellow-bird, Pine Linnet, and Crossbill. Besides the similarity of their calls, these birds have the same undulating manner of flight, proving their connection in the family of the Linnets.

After heavy storms there are always bare patches of ground from which the snow has drifted, and to these the Red-polls resort, either to obtain gravel or to pick up stray crumbs, seeds, and the like. I have often watched them on such occasions, and have been much interested in their actions. They cluster together in large numbers, running over the ground, now diving into the snow, picking at some dried stalk, scratching the frozen ground for gravel, and seem perfectly contented.

They appear beautiful indeed in the clear light of the sun; the rich crimson crowns and carmine breasts of the males show to great advantage with a background of crystal snow. They are tamed by hunger generally after a storm, and can be approached within a few feet.

They came regularly every day for nearly a month upon a bare spot south of the Troy University, and the students fed them, making great pets of them. As the weather became milder, these birds departed for the north suddenly, leaving not a trace behind.

A male bird, which I slightly "winged," I have kept in a cage for about two years; he bears confinement well, is very sprightly, and sings every spring. The song is peculiar, commencing with a low cher-r-r-r, and following with a variety of quailing notes quite ridiculous to hear. He became very tame, would call when spoken to, and seemed very contented. When caught he was exceedingly wild. He feeds on canary seed, hemp seed, and plantain, shelling the seeds with great dexterity. This fall, I learn that, after his moult, his crimson feathers changed to a golden brown; he will probably never obtain them again.

Epicures think this little bird a delicacy, and pay a high price for them; but they are so small, that it seems cruel to shoot them for food.

This species inhabits Northern America and Northern Europe, ranging across the continents, coming south only in winter.

With this article we conclude the History of New York Linnets.

HENRY A. D.

## A LION IN LOVE.

IN one compartment of the cage in which the animals perform at Van Amburgh's menagerie, is a huge, tawny Asiatic lion. His room-mate is a black female tiger, small compared to the lion. The attachment between the two is remarkable. When other animals are in the same cage, and any affront is offered to the little tigress, she runs under the lion, and wo be to the animal that dares approach her. No matter how hungry he may be, the lion never touches his share of their daily meal until his little chum has selected her share, and even this he never entirely consumes until certain that she has enough.

She has been twice removed from the lion; but, until she had returned, the generous beast would take neither food nor rest, while the frantic manner in which he pushed at the bars was a sufficient warning that the further detention of the tigress would be a dangerous matter. Should his mate die, the lion would probably pine to death. Once, when she was taken away, a lioness was substituted; the lion instantly fell upon her, and at a single bite, broke her spine, and crushed some of her ribs.

## RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

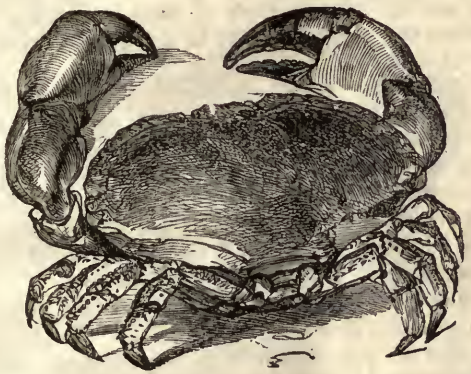
THE trees look up with blossom eyes,
To see the glory of the skies,
Unconscious that their petals sweet,
The blue and gold of heaven repeat.
All winter long, upraised in prayer,
Their brown arms trembled in the air;
But now, like patriots calm and true,
They wave their flags, red, white, and blue.

Sweet flowers, fair daughters of the sun,
Whose cups with odors overrun,
Lift their soft blossoms in the light,
Brightening the earth as stars the night,
And swing their golden censers there,
Like lovely maidens offering prayer.
These darlings to the season true,
Show colors red and white and blue.

Gay birds, whose song the upper sphere
Might stoop with sun and stars to hear,
Have filled the listening air with notes
Of rapture from their silver throats.
These poets of the wilderness,
God's messengers sent here to bless
The heart that's loyal, just, and true,
Wave their soft wings, red, white, and blue.

The brow of beauty pure and white,
Fair as the moon amid the night,
Of raven hair upon her head,
The lip of kindness soft and red,
Whose words are drops of balm to heal
The heart that throbs for others' weal.
Cerulean eyes—clear, full, and true—
Repeat again, red, white, and blue.

# THE CRAB.



WE well remember how we first became acquainted with this singular-looking creature. We were groping in the water of Long Island Sound, near the shore, to find hard-shell clams, which were abundant there. Suddenly we had a bite. Out came the nipped hand with a jerk, and with it a large crab that had seized one of our fingers with his strong pincers. It left a very lively impression of one of his peculiarities. Since that sudden introduction we have had opportunities of observing his habits under more favorable circumstances, and he is really a most interesting animal.

The common crab, shown in the picture above, is cased in a crust-like shell, which covers its body, legs, and claws to the tip ends of his fingers. It is of a greenish color, which becomes bright-red when boiled in preparing him for the table. This protects him from being devoured by fish, who are exceedingly fond of his flesh. The shell also serves the purpose of bones, so that we may say he has his bones on the outside. The shell is very curiously arranged at the joints, giving security to the inclosed parts, and at the same time allowing freedom of motion. He has five legs on each side. Eight of these are flattened toward the ends; he is thus furnished with a fine set of oars for pushing himself through the water, which he does with great rapidity. The two front legs are much larger than the others. At the end of each is a strong pair of jaws or nippers, pointed at the end and armed with blunt teeth. With these he seizes his food, carries it to his mouth, and also defends himself when in danger. His legs are so arranged that he can swim or run forward, backward, or sidewise, with about equal facility. He feeds upon animal food, as fish, clams, meat, etc., not being at all particular whether it be freshly killed or not, and is thus a very useful scavenger in removing decaying matter from the sea.

While young and growing, his body occasionally becomes too large for his shell, and he must have a new suit. This is provided for him thus: The old shell cracks open, and the crab, with much labor, slowly draws his soft body out. Before doing this, he seeks some quiet place, usually far up a stream leading to the ocean, where the larger fishes can not well follow him. Deprived of his shell, he is a soft, helpless mass, offering a most tempting morsel for a hungry bass or black-fish. Soon, however, his skin thickens, and in a few days becomes a hard shell, and then he goes boldly forth in his new armor.

Sometimes, when fighting with his brother-crabs, or by some other means,

he loses a leg. This causes him only temporary inconvenience. At the next time of shedding his shell, a new leg will grow out, at first smaller than the others, but it will increase at each time of taking on his new clothing, until at last it will be as good as the original member. What a blessing such an arrangement might be to the thousands of our soldiers whose limbs will be shot away during the present war!

This species of crab abounds along the Atlantic coast, from Cape Cod southward. They are especially plentiful about Chesapeake Bay. They are excellent eating, particularly when taken just after shedding their shells.

There are several species of the crab, some of which have no shell of their own. One sort is very small, and living in constant danger of being devoured, he takes refuge between the shells of a living oyster. The two tenants seem to agree perfectly under their narrow roof. Some naturalists think the crab assists the oyster in finding food; it is more likely, we think, that he keeps the intruder in his shell because he can not eject him.

The hermit-crab is also without a shell of his own; he therefore furnishes himself with the cast-off clothing of some of his neighbors. He looks about for an empty snail or other shell that will fit him, and makes it his home, carrying it about with him in his travels, like Diogenes with his tub.

The soldier-crabs of the West Indies live near the sea-shore during summer, but as the wet season approaches, they take up their line of march for the interior of the country. Thousands upon thousands of them may often be seen upon a moonlight night pushing forward in solid columns. They retreat to the woods and burrow deep under the leaves, hiding so effectually that no trace of them is seen until they come out in spring to return to the sea-shore.

A fine collection of different kinds of crabs may be seen alive in the aquaria at Barnum's Museum, in this city, where their singular habits may be readily observed. They appear to be fully at home; and the case containing them is usually surrounded by a group of interested visitors.

A figure of the crab is used to indicate the month of June. You have often seen it in the almanac. The ancient astronomers named the different groups of stars from animals and other objects which they thought the constellations resembled in form. One of these was called Cancer, a Latin word meaning crab. In the month of June the sun appears to be among this constellation; and the figure of the crab is therefore used as a sign of the month.

## GIVE AS YOU WOULD TAKE.

My bairnies dear, when you go out
With other bairns to play,
Take heed of everything you do,
Of every word you say;
From tricky, wee mischievous loons,
Keep back, my bairns, keep back;
And aye to all such usage give
As you would like to take.

A kindly word, a soothing look,
Have ready aye for all;
We are one Maker's handiwork—
He made us, great and small.
We're all the children of his care;
Oh, then, for his dear sake,
Be sure such usage then to give
As you would like to take.

—*Nursery Songs of Scotland.*

## FLOWERS WITH WINGS—BUTTERFLIES.

"OH! see, mamma, the flowers have got wings; see them fly round the garden!" exclaimed a little girl of three years old. She had never been in the country before, and did not know what to call the beautiful butterflies she saw sporting among the flower-beds. It was a pretty idea. The gorgeous dress of the butterfly is equaled only by the brilliant colors of the tulip and the rose, and they may well be called the flowers of the insect tribe.

It would take many pages to write only the names of all the different kinds of butterflies. Every country has thousands of different species; almost every plant gives nourishment to some different kind of worm which is afterward changed to a butterfly. They differ in size, color, general appearance, and habits. Some of them are dressed in plain drab, others are gaudy, with the brightest colors. There are some specimens little larger than a pin's head, and some whose wings spread more than six inches. Many fly only by night, while others sport in the sunshine. The plainly-dressed species are called millers, be-

cause their coats appear as if dusted with flour. If you examine the wing of a butterfly or miller with a good microscope, you will perceive that this dust is composed of delicate and beautiful little scales, arranged as regularly as the feathers upon a bird. No artist, save the Divine Creator, could make such exquisite workmanship as is there shown.

Some people have the mistaken idea that the small butterflies are young ones, which in time will increase in size; but winged insects do not grow. All the growing, and most of the eating, is done before they get their wings.

A butterfly, like most other insects, is found in four different forms before completing his life: these are the egg, the larva, the pupa, and the imago. The egg is laid by the winged insect. It is seldom larger than a pin's head, and frequently so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. The larva is hatched from the egg. Larva means a mask. While in this state, the insect has the form of a worm; he is thus "masked" under a different guise from that in which he will finally appear. The eating and growing are mostly accomplished during the larva state. The black and red hairy caterpillars, so common everywhere in summer time, are the larvæ of the Tiger moth. It will be very interesting to you to keep one of these creatures in a small cage, and watch his changes. Feed him every day with nettle-leaves, which are his favorite food, or with leaves of any plant on which you find him eating.

The skin of a worm, or caterpillar, does not grow; and he soon becomes too large for his clothes. Then the skin splits along the back of the neck, and the creature comes out soft, moist, and helpless, but the new skin soon hardens, and the worm is ready for another feast. Each hairy caterpillar changes his skin ten or eleven times before completing his growth.

After the larva has attained to full size, he begins to make for himself a winding-sheet. This is usually of silk, which is manufactured by the insect from a gummy fluid in his body, which is thrown out in fine threads, and hardens by exposure to the air. He wraps it round and round himself until he is completely encased, looking like a little mummy. This is called the pupa state—as the Latin word *pupa* signifies mummy. Some insects do not have this silken covering. They merely attach themselves by silken threads to some twig or other sheltered place, and hang there, while a hard, shell-like skin forms over them. The pupa of a butterfly is called a chrysalis, or aurelia. They are often very beautiful, of a light-green color, dotted with black and golden points. They are sometimes improperly called butterflies' eggs.

While the insect is wrapped up in this case, apparently dead, a wonderful change is going on in his structure. The creeping worm, from which most people foolishly turn away with disgust, is being transformed to the beautiful winged creature which all love to look upon. The perfect insect which emerges from the pupa-case is termed the "imago," or image, because each such individual is an image and representative of the entire species. The imago of most insects in this climate comes from its confinement with the return of warm weather. All through the cold weather, the butterflies and many other winged insects have been sleeping in their

silken cradles, rocked by the winds as they hung suspended from twigs of trees or bushes. Had they ventured forth then, all must have perished; but the Creator, who made them all for some good purpose, continues to watch over them, and calls them from their prison-house when He has prepared the warm sunshine and the fragrant flowers for their reception.

The life of butterflies is a short and merry one. They dance gayly about for a single season, deposit their eggs, and having thus secured the perpetuation of their race, they die.

## NERVOUS HENRIETTA.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"OH, my patience!" thought Henrietta, "if I could only pack grandma off by herself for awhile, just till I jot down a word or two! To have a pair of black eyes following your every motion is enough to stiffen you out straight. I never saw eyes look through a body so!"

Henrietta was growing nervous. There sat the glaring white kitty on the rug, staring at her with winking eyelids, and in the corner stood the tall clock ticking with all its might—and what a clicking grandma made with those knitting-needles! There was a bright fire, but Henrietta was quite sure one of the brands was about to split in two and come rattling down upon the hearth.

"Henrietta," said grandma, slowly, settling her spectacles and picking up a stitch, "are you writing a letter to your mother?"

"No, ma'am," answered Henrietta, shortly, scowling at her paper.

Grandma went on with her knitting, the clock went on with its ticking, and the cat still stared at Henrietta as she puzzled away at her writing. By-and-by grandma dropped another stitch, settled her spectacles, and asked, slowly:

"Henrietta, are you writing a letter to Charles?"

"No, ma'am," repeated Henrietta, "I am *trying* to write a composition. But seems to me you are very wide awake to-night, grandma! It's eight o'clock, and I've had your flax-seed tea ready for an hour!"

"Yes, dear," said the good old lady, innocently, "but I don't feel sleepy a bit!"

Henrietta sighed, and scribbled on her paper as a slight relief to her feelings.

"I do believe the Fates are against me to-night! Can I keep my temper? I will try, if it kills me! I've got ideas enough in my head now for twenty compositions, but they float, and dive, and fly, and creep, and slip through my fingers. You might as well try to catch a will-o'-the-wisp and use it for a lantern, as to try to fasten one of my thoughts down to this paper!"

"Why, Henrietta," said grandma, "your fingers are flying pretty fast! I guess your pen isn't so very bad after all, is it?"

"Oh, dear!" thought poor Henrietta, "does grandma mean to drive me crazy to-night? I believe I won't

answer her, and then she may begin to mistrust that I don't want to be bothered!"

But the next moment a better spirit prevailed, and she answered her good grandmother kindly:

"Yes, grandma, but you know I don't like steel pens—they always plague me. It's my honest belief now that if I only had a gold pen I could write what I want to just as easy!"

Grandma smiled. Henrietta was afraid she was going to speak again, so she added, very pleasantly:

"Grandma, dear, you know how nervous and silly I am! Now if you'll just please not to talk, I think, maybe, I could write better."

"Bless your dear little soul!" said grandma, "I've been putting you out, haven't I? Well, I won't say another word! I wouldn't have sat up so long, only I thought for once I'd wait till your father got back from the post-office."

Then grandma turned about and put her feet on the fender. Henrietta felt greatly quieted. She had fought against her unkind thoughts and "conquered a peace."

"Well," thought she, "my head seems to have *settled*. I think I can write now."

She took for a subject these words of the Koran: "A spoken word no chariot can overtake, though it be drawn by four swift horses."

"That is the very thing for me to write about," thought Henrietta; and it seemed as if her pen had wings as it flew over the paper, tracing just the very words she wanted, and putting them in just the right places. True, she wrote so rapidly that she did not stop for punctuation marks, and the sentences looked as if they were all out of breath; but she was laying the corner-stone for her best composition, which afterward brought her the prize.

When her father came in from the driving storm, looking like a walking snow-image, Henrietta was greeted with the words:

"Well, little lady, I've got a letter for you with something in it as hard as a stone and as long as my finger. Who, do you suppose, would be sending you a stick of candy through the mail-bag?"

The old clock in the corner had not ticked twice before Henrietta had found out what was inside that letter—a gold pen in a beautiful gold case! "From grandmother."

"Oh, you dear, lovely, darling grandma!" cried Henrietta, throwing her arms about her neck, "I'm just as happy as I can live! Why, what a precious grandma you are! And that was what made you sit up all this long evening, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said grandma, with one of her loving smiles which never grew old; "I wanted to hear what you would have to say about the pen. I would sit up a good deal later, too, to see your eyes shine so, my dear."

"And how near I came to fretting at the dear grandma who was trying to make me so happy!" thought the conscience-stricken Henrietta. "If I HAD spoken one disrespectful word to her, I should want to bite my tongue right out! I've made up my mind to one thing—always to wait for the *second thoughts*."

---

POPE once said, it is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

# PATIENCE AND ANAGRAMS.

"NOW, that's *too* bad!" exclaimed little Bess, striking her pencil down quickly on the slate, which had for five minutes been shaded by her brown curls, as she bent earnestly over it. "I do say it's *too* bad."

"*What* is too bad, Bess?" asked her older sister, Mary, who, apparently occupied with her history, had been stealing occasional glances at the animated face over the slate, and watching with pleased interest the busy fingers putting down letters, and tripping back and forth among them with her pencil-point. "*What* is too bad, Bess? I thought something was pleasing you very much."

"Oh! did you? Well, I *was* just ready to have such a good one — these anagrams, you know. I surely thought I had extra axes, and just because of an *r*, it's all spoiled!"

"What were you going to make your extra axes out of?" asked Mary, with a curious smile.

"Now, *don't* make fun of me, please. Artaxerxes was my word."

"Well, I should *think* that would just make it," said Mary, thoughtfully. "Are you *sure* it will not?"

"Don't you see that *r*?" asked Bess, holding up her slate, and giving a bayonet thrust to the offending letter.

"Yes; but what has that *r*, all alone by itself, to do with it?"

"Why, it's my *proof*. You see I write down my word, and then rub out each letter of it as I use it in picking out my new words, so if none are left my anagram is complete."

"So you found an extra *r*, instead of an extra axe, in your way? Well, that *is* rather trying; but then there are plenty of more words, and it isn't much work to get them out. You have a capital way. Besides, that wouldn't have been so very good a one. You know 'Aunt Sue' says the word and the sentence should bear some relation to each other. Now, if Artaxerxes had been a famous wood-cutter, in

stead of a Persian king, it might have been too bad."

"But wasn't he a warrior, too, and mightn't they be battle-axes?"

Mary admitted the force of this, with a smile, as she went on to say:

"When we see such anagrams as 'astronomers—no more stars,' and 'parishioners—I hire parsons,' there is a certain sense of fitness that produces all the pleasure I can find in an anagram."

"I know they're better; but, then, not half of them *do* mean anything. *I* never could make such ones."

"I should try, if I made them at all, to have them just right. You must remember it takes some *patience* to *get* them, as well as to *make* them. You want the satisfaction of feeling paid when you're through."

"Patience! I should think it did!" said Bess, laughing and repeating, "Oh, Sam, cut my pen!" in a very comical manner. "If *that* didn't take the patience of Job! And what did it *mean*, after all? I'm sure Webster don't know! I think they ought to be *fair*, at least!"

"So do I," said Mary, laughing at Bessie's earnestness. "Now try the word *homestead*, Bess, and see what you can make of that?"

"Why, *is* it one?"

"I'm not quite sure; I was running it over in my *mind* to-day; but I had no slate to prove my canceling correct."

"What did you *think* it made?"

"Do-eat-hams."

"Oh, so it will," said Bess, hastily putting down the letters; "and you know they do eat hams at homesteads!" Then Bess began drawing the tip of her forefinger slowly through each letter, repeating slowly, "do e-a-t h-— *There*, *now*, that's worse than Artaxerxes! If that *e* was only an *a!*"

Mary looked on the slate a moment, and then said, pleasantly, "But you see it isn't!"

"How easy you do take things, Mary! Now, that would be *so* good, and it comes so near!"

"That's the *best way* to *take things*, isn't it, Bess?" said Mary, gently lifting Bessie's face by the little fat chin, and looking into her large blue eyes lovingly. "Anagrams, you see, may teach us a lesson."

"*Almost* anagrams, you should say," said Bess. "Well, let's try something else. Shall we try 'Aunt Sue?'"

"Yes, put it down."

"I can get—let me see—yes, 'use-a-nut;' but that don't *mean* anything like 'Aunt Sue.'"

"Oh, yes, that will do as well as your 'battle-axes.' You know, she keeps 'nuts' for the 20,000 to crack, in her '*drawer*.'"

"Oh, that's it!—let me send it."

"Very well; and if I get time, we will try and have two or three more ready by the next number, and every one with a meaning."

When Bess gave Mary her good-night kiss, she said to herself, "I like to get out puzzles; but I'd rather have Mary's patience than all the anagrams in the world. I wonder if I should try *very hard* if I ever could be like her!"

## EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

THIS law, they say, great nature's chain connects;
That *causes* ever must produce *effects*.
In *me* behold *reversed* great nature's laws,
All my *effects* lost by a single *cause*.

## CURIOSITIES OF NAMES.

THERE are many interesting and curious ideas connected with names. Nowadays every one takes one name from his parents. Formerly names were given to describe each person. Some were called Smith, that being their trade; others Brown, from the color of their hair. A fat man rejoiced in the name of Large, and a short one had to be known as Little.

A gentleman has been recently studying the Troy City Directory, and noticing the curiosities among the names found there, each of which was undoubtedly given at first in the manner described above. He says:

*First.*—An examination of the spiritual condition of the community shows that our wants are provided for as follows. We have among us:

1 Pope, 8 Bishops, 3 Abbotts, 4 Deans, 11 Devines, 3 Parsons, 3 Priests, 1 Prior, 4 Elders, 15 Palmers, 1 Creed, 7 Crosses, 1 Crozier, 1 Lent, 11 Graces, 7 Churches, 2 Chapels, 1 Pew, 1 Sole, 1 *Christian*, 1 Sexton, 1 Coffin, 3 Graves.

In the several *Trades* and *Professions* we have—

123 Smiths, 1 Shoemaker, 7 Barbers, 3 Lawyers, 1 Shaver, 1 Butcher, 2 Brewers, 10 Carpenters, 14 Bakers, 4 Porters, 13 Coopers, 41 Millers, 2 Goldsmiths, 5 Dyers, 6 Masons, 5 Naylors, 1 Cutler, 11 Potters, 4 Pillman, 3 Sawyers, 25 Taylors, 2 Thatchers, 4 Merchants, 6 Turners, 7 Weavers, 10 Butlers, 2 Gagers, 3 Seamen, 1 Farmer, 20 Gardners, 4 Hunters, 9 Fishers, 6 Fowlers, 6 Shepards.

For the purpose of carrying on the above departments of business—

4 Banks, 4 Bankers, 1 Bills, 3 Bullions, 1 Penny, 3 Shillings, 1 Guinea, 2 Coyne, 2 Rouleau, 3 Groats, 1 Tenpenny.

As a defense against starvation we have—

15 Cooks, 1 Carver, 3 Crabbs, 1 Woodcock, 8 Coons, 3 Fish, 2 Haddock, 2 Hams, 4 Bacons, 2 Tators, 3 Salmon, 6 Herron, 1 Mackrell, 2 Hares, 6 Lambs, 2 Pike, 1 Jelly, 2 Sherry, 5 Pease, 1 Leake, 2 Sauces, 7 Rices, 4 Beans, 8 Coffees, 1 Kittle, 3 Potts, 1 Dish, 2 Pitchers.

The following cases of disease are permanently maintained among us:

41 Burns, 3 Cramps, 2 Gravels, 3 Paines, 1 Piles, 8 Stones, 2 Strains, 1 Ricketts, 1 Drown, 13 Boyles, 36 Fitz, 1 Sweat.

In the way of household and personal appurtenances we have—

1 Bureau, 1 Buskin, 7 Brogans, 1 Button, 1 Broom, 7 Coats, 1 Comb, 2 Cuffs, 5 Curtains, 3 Hoods, 5 Kanes, 1 Tubb, 5 Wings, 1 Rugg, 2 Brushes.

*Meteorologically*, we have constantly—

1 Blow, 2 Gales, 1 Breeze, 7 Floods, 7 Snows, 8 Winters, 1 Summer, 9 Days, 6 Weeks.

*Miscellaneous.*—The following form a select society by themselves:

1 Little and 8 Longs; 2 Shorts and 3 Lows; 1 Stout and 1 Small; 1 Bratt and 1 Smart; 1 Guest and 2 Ladys; 1 Folke, 6 Sages, 1 Goodman, 3 Goodfellows, and 1 Truworthy; 1 Merriman, 9 Walkers, and 1 Trotter; 3 Vains, 1 Meek, and 1 Meeker; 20 Coles and 3 Colemen; 2 Stars, 1 Moon, and 1 Mooney; 2 Laws, and only 8 Quirks; 2 Bachelors, 26 Brothers, 3 Cousins, 1 Grieve, 1 Jolly, 1 Fortune, and 1 Surprise.

Truly we may exclaim, with the poet—"What's in a name?"

## SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

A DIALOGUE FOR THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

THOMAS. I say, George, did you ever see such a stingy fellow as Ned Williams? He's a real pig.

*George.* Pig! why don't you go the whole hog? There's no more use asking him for anything than there would be in trying to milk a cow's horns.

*Thomas.* I got real mad at him this morning. My cousin came to see me, and we wanted to take a sail on the pond. My boat is being painted, so we couldn't use her, and I tried to borrow Ned's. He didn't want her, but he invented fifty excuses for not lending her, and so we had to give it up. But I'll pay him for it yet!

*George.* I played him a good trick the other day. I bought two papers of lozenges, one winter-green and the other cayenne-pepper, hot enough to take the skin off from your teeth. Then I changed them so that each paper had the top-half winter-green, and the rest cayenne. Pretty soon Ned came sniffing around. He can smell a piece of candy clear across the play-ground. So I took out a paper, and began eating my lozenges, and, just as I expected, Ned asked me for some. I handed him the paper, and told him to help himself. If he'd been decent, he would only have got the winter-greens, but he took out about two thirds of the lot, and it happened that the very first one he put in his mouth was a cayenne. You ought to have seen him hop when he had chewed on it once or twice. He went bellowing over the play-ground like a mad bull; the boys thought he was half murdered, and it raised a terrible row.

*Thomas.* He'll whip you for that, won't he?

*George.* Poh! I'd fight him with one hand.

*Thomas.* I had a tussel with him the other day. He lost his top, and said I had it, and so I gave him a crack to teach him better manners than to call me a thief. We had just clinched when old Roberts came in sight, and we had to quit.

*George.* You ain't afraid of old Roberts, are you? I never saw a schoolmaster yet that I was afraid of. I wouldn't have been coward enough to quit for him, I know.

*Thomas.* Say, you call me a coward again and I'll punch you!

*George.* Oh, I didn't mean you was a coward—I only meant I wouldn't have run!

*Thomas.* Maybe you wouldn't; but —hallo! here comes Ned Williams now. He's walking pretty fast, as if he wanted to see you. Now's your time to let him settle up, if he wants to.

*George.* Oh, I'd like nothing better, but father sent me on an errand, and I shall catch it if I don't get back pretty soon. (*Starts hastily.*) I must go. You needn't tell Ned what I said, for I don't want to hurt him. (*Steps out of sight, but stops to listen.*)

(*Enter Ned.*) What was George's hurry?

*Thomas.* I guess he's afraid of you.

*Ned.* Yes; he thinks I've got an account to settle with him. If he wasn't such a coward, he might have known I could take a joke, if it was a hot one.

*Thomas.* He told me about the trick

he served you. He's a great brag, though.

*Ned.* Yes, that's almost always the case with cowards. Did you hear how he got caught by Mr. Roberts the other day?

*Thomas.* No—how was it?

*Ned.* Why, we were all standing near the school-house, and Sam Terrill proposed we should go to the pond and take a swim. Some of the boys said Mr. Roberts had forbidden it. "Pooh!" said George, "who's afraid of old Roberts, or any other schoolmaster?" Just then Mr. Roberts came around the corner. You ought to have seen George leg it across the play-ground, making believe he was chasing his ball. Mr. Roberts laughed heartily, and so did all the boys.

*Thomas.* Wait until I see him again —he won't hear the last of that joke.

*Ned.* George would be a pretty clever fellow if he wasn't such a brag, and wouldn't tell such whopping stories. He stretches everything, so that you must always allow about nine tenths for shrinkage.

*Thomas.* Isn't it curious a fellow can't see his own faults? If George knew how he appeared to other boys, I believe it would do him good. I've a great mind some time to let him know just how he does look.

*Ned.* I believe it would do him good; for if I hate anything it's a coward.

*Thomas.* Well, I've got to go up street, so good-day to you. (*Goes out, but stops just out of sight, as he hears George's voice, who enters from the other side, and says:*)

Hallo, Ned, my boy! how are you? How's your mouth?

*Ned.* All right now; but that was a little too bad of you, George. If I'd have been a baby I should have screamed; or if I'd have been like Tom Bounce, I would have given you a thrashing.

*George.* I don't doubt it, for Tom's as quick as a flash of gunpowder. He gets mad at a word. I do believe he would have pitched into me just now when I was talking with him, if he hadn't been afraid of me. But you did bear that hot lozenge like a martyr; I expected you to yell like a panther, but you just walked off chewing, as if you rather liked it.

*Ned.* Well, that's the best way; no use in making a fuss when you're fairly caught. But, as you were saying, Tom is a passionate fellow. He flew at me the other day because I said I thought he had my top, and we might have had a pitched battle if Mr. Roberts had not come along just in time.

*George.* Tom got into a nice scrape the other day, by being so quick-tempered. He was stooping over, picking up some marbles, and old Roberts, who was walking one way and looking another, stumbled over him, pitching him sprawling head forward. Tom never looked to see who it was, but yelled and kicked with all his might, giving old Roberts a regular battering.

*Ned.* Tom's a fine fellow if he wasn't so hot-headed.

*George.* Isn't it queer he can't see how much like a wasp he is? I couldn't help but think of him the other day when we read that verse of Burns' about seeing ourselves as others see us.

(*Enter Thomas, laughing.*)

*Thomas.* Ha! ha! ha! "See ourselves as others see us;" that's rich! Now, boys, I've found the old saying true—listeners never hear any good of themselves. You've ventilated my fault pretty thoroughly, and at any other time I might have been mad to hear you talk about me so; but I have

kept cool, and I'm not sorry to look at the picture you made of me, for I shall try hereafter to hold my temper. Now it's my turn to hold up the glass to you.

*George.* You needn't trouble yourself to show me up; I heard every word you and Ned said about me. Seeing you're so frank, I'll own up that I am given to bragging sometimes, though I hate it in others; but I think I shall be more careful in future.

*Ned.* Well, I suppose it's my turn next, but I'll save you the trouble of telling my great fault; I think I'm a little selfish.

*Thomas.* Not a little, Ned; and I say it kindly, you are *very* selfish. Others see it more plainly than you do. It's your great failing; but for that you'd be a first-rate fellow.

*Ned.* Well, enough said; I'll begin anew on the spot. Come both of you and take a sail with me, and we'll talk over the matter as we go, and see if we can't improve some of our features before our likenesses are exhibited again.

## HELPING TO BUILD NESTS.

LOOK up in that grand old elm and see that new bird's nest on one of its overhanging branches. What a beautiful place for a quite home for the nestlings, and how admirably it is built and securely fastened among the twigs! It belongs to a pair of orioles, or golden robins, as they are sometimes called. These birds construct their nests of bits of twine, cotton, tow, etc., which they pick up with great pains from the surrounding

country. On the tree which you see in the picture, a pair of these birds have built their nest for several years, because here they were sure of a kind reception and a helping hand.

I saw that nest built the other day, and learned the secret of their attachment to the place. Being on a hasty visit to the country, I called at the residence of John Preston, Esq., of New Ipswich, N. H., an old friend of Robert Merry. I found him seated in his little office very busy cutting up twine of different lengths. He greeted me very cordially, but kept on with his work, which seemed to be of great importance. When he had prepared quite a handful, he led the way out of the office, and deposited the strings upon the cross-bars on which you see the little bird under the tree. Then he told me they were for the birds to build their nests with, and that every year, when the sweet notes of the oriole sounded through the branches of the trees, filling the neighborhood with sweetest music, he had supplied them with material for building their nest. We retired a short distance, and very soon down came one of the beautiful birds, like a flash of golden light, and commenced selecting material for his nest. I supposed he would take the first piece that came to hand, but, like a skillful builder, he took up first one piece, then another, examining them very curiously and apparently measuring the length with his eye, like a practiced carpenter. When one was found that suited his purpose, away he flew to his chosen limb, and having securely fastened it he returned for another. He was the very personification of industry, and set an example worthy of imitation by many bipeds without feathers.

Ordinarily it would require a week or more of hard work for a pair of these birds to finish their nest, as they must usually take long journeys to find proper material, but having everything provided at hand, they nearly completed the outer walls in a single day.

The following morning my friend provided a quantity of tow from bits of rope, which he picked to pieces for the use of the birds, which they speedily appropriated for a soft lining to the nest. The matter interested me so much, that I brought away a good photograph of the tree and surroundings, taken on the spot by my friend Newton Brooks, and here you see an exact representation of it.

I was greatly pleased in watching them; but what I admired most, and what I am sure you will also think worthy of imitation, was the kindness shown to these little creatures by this noble-hearted man. He could find time, from pressing business, to care for the birds that came to cheer his home with their songs.

It made me love him better than ever. He has his reward for his kindness in the friendship of the birds, who have learned to know their benefactor, and sing for him their choicest songs. Here, thought I, is a lesson for our Merry boys and girls. How much good you can do if you only improve the opportunities that directly cross your path every day! It is the little acts of kindness all the time, that make life happy, and bring sunlight to the heart and music all around you. Be kind and do good, not only to your little friends and schoolmates, but to the animals that God has made. The Creator is kind to the birds, and we may be sure he will smile upon all those who imitate his example.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HAVE you learned the language of flowers? We do not mean what is written in the books, as that a rose signifies love, a lily purity, a nettle fretfulness, etc., but what the flowers and trees whisper to the butterflies and birds, and to all who have learned to understand them. No matter how *we* came by this knowledge, but many a pleasant hour we have spent in their company, and they tell some very curious stories. For instance, one day two school-boys, who were passing the garden, stopped a moment to admire a beautiful rose-bush just bursting into bloom. As they stood there, we overheard one say, in a desponding whine, "It's too bad to have to study, study, study"—and just then they passed on. But you should have heard the mocking laugh that went up from all the flowers and shrubs that had been listening.

"It's too bad to have to grow and open flowers and be handsome," whined the rose in a mocking tone.

"It's too bad to have to creep out of the dark ground and spread myself in the sunshine," echoed the violet in the same tone.

"It's too bad to have to be filled with clusters of grapes," creaked the vine, while its very leaves shook impatiently; and a tall hollyhock that stood near the fence nodded significantly as it repeated the story to a humble-bee that had come to sip from its golden cups.

The boys did not hear it; but as they have lately entered our parlor, we repeat it for their benefit, in presence of the company; but, of course, no others will take it to themselves.

But we see you are waiting your turns to speak.

---

HOME, *April* 28, 1862.

DEAR MERRYS:—I have come to the conclusion that it is about time for me to give an account of myself, especially as Cousin Josie wishes me to.

First I must let you know that I am no longer in the army, having left it on account of a severe attack of typhoid fever (the volunteer's scourge), which nearly cost me my life. I can not boast of witnessing any battles, although I have seen plenty of skirmishing; I have suffered privations, as all soldiers must, and borne the fatigue of long marches An advance into Virginia proved no pleasant tour, mud and rain constituting most of the scenery. Since I last wrote there have been many kind words for me from my sympathizing Merry cousins, for which accept my heartfelt thanks; they have cheered me in many an hour of despondency. You, too, Uncles, let me thank you for your sympathies, and last, but not *by any means* least, Aunt Sue.

Adelbert Older, my old friend, let me give you a regular Union grip, wishing you God-speed!

Lucy W. C., did you include me among the fixed stars in your astronomical list? I think you should place Oliver Only and myself among the "comets," or rather "shooting stars," as we are expecting to "shoot off" to New Brunswick this summer and there "shoot off" our guns. In short, we are off on a collecting tour, but of this anon.

Pertine, will you send me your *c. d. v.*, "care of Aunt Sue."

C. F. W., I intend to judge for myself in that Boston and New York question. I'll find Ol. and get him to look up those pretty girls!

HENRY A. DANKER.

---

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Good evening! all of you. I suppose it's always evening in the Chat, that being the pleasantest time for a pleasant time. At any rate your faces are lighted up. Sissy (C. C., I mean), come here, I want to ask you something. Now, are gas-lights, blue-lights, sky-lights, and twi-lights "*wick*-ed?" You choose to "keep dark on that subject?" I would. You seem to be fond of puns; do you prefer them "rare," or "well done?" Puns are spontaneous with me. Sorry I can't help it. Now, Sissy, kiss

me; and consider that *well* we've drawn on so much, as drained, will you?

Of course, Lucy, you "recognize an old friend." I hope you never "cut" one. I'm glad you like horses, Jim; you believe in "the stars;" but no "stripes" for them, I know.

F. F., you are very brilliant! Receive my homage. Commodore Nutt, Uncle Merry, is one of "New Hampshire's granite sons"—just "a *chip* of the old block," you know. Are there more than *five* volunteers from our number? Uncle Hi, you may be able to extract an *S* from my letter, but as to where the *sense is are*—my senses!—where are they? A. N(UISANCE).

A nuisance, well carried out, is often a source of pleasure. What's in a name?

There are many more than "five volunteers" from the ranks of Merry, enlisted in the service of the country. We received a letter only the other day desiring us to change the address of the MUSEUM; the boy who had received it for years had fallen nobly and bravely, defending the stars and stripes. May he rest in peace.

In regard to the Commodore, we were aware of the place of his nativity, and cordially took him by the hand as a genuine New Hampshire Nutt—hard to crack. We can testify that it is a good State to "emigrate from."

---

Well, I got in "onced," so I'll try again. Jean Du Casse, I don't believe Oliver has that "high, open brow" at all; no, he looks dark and gloomy, and —but I'm not sure of that. Homely Face, I suppose you are of the "common gender." Daisy Wildwood, I agree with you in respect to Wilforley and the hatchet. Fleta, I consider you a second. Now, "all of you," what *do* you think of "Fanny and Mary of J.'s" letter? Three words *apiece!* They should not be allowed to carry on such dangerous conversation. Why, three *lines* now will be thought *tremenjus*. Good-bye, AGNES.

---

BALTIMORE, 1862.

Oh! won't we poor *civilians* be cast in the shade when all those "*heroes*" return from the "wars?" Why, we won't be able to obtain even a glance from the fair ones. So I advise you all, who can, to enlist, if it's only to remain in their favor. All you "Northerners" don't deserve any credit at all for being "Union;" for weren't you all born and bred to it, and isn't every one so with you? But here, where it is "half-and-half, one is always in a "broil" with somebody—this is where the "shoe rubs." Black-Eyes, thank you for letting me know in such a gentle way of the incomprehensibility of my remarks. Yes, that is just what I meant.

"Wilforley," do let me know the *truth* about those "Brooklyn girls." I am very much interested on the subject. I can trust you *now*. "Uncle Hiram," if you *would only* let us be ourselves *in full*. I am glad you admire Beecher, Fleta, as I do very much. JIM.

"Be ourselves in *full*," eh! That's what we desire earnestly. Its being *empty* that bothers us. Why, sometimes there are words enough for a prime minister's report, and nothing but *report* in the whole load. We have some idea of adding a *fulling* mill to our furniture—Jim shall help run it.

---

*February*, 1862.

DEAR MERRYS:—We are now on our way to Vera Cruz, Mexico. It has lately become a place of much importance, and I may have some interesting incidents to write of on our arrival.

On our way down from Mobile, we passed the Winona, at Passe L'Outre; only imagine my feelings at passing, without a chance of speaking to or seeing one of *our* cousins, and one of *my* brothers! Yes, Tommy is my brother, as some of you already know.

I wish to make a very particular request to all the Museumites in general. To the young sailor a letter is more welcome than food, and nothing is hailed with so much joy as is the mail. Therefore I wish every one once in a while to write a few lines to me. I will not promise to answer every one, but will do all I can. All letters directed to Jasper, and inclosed to Uncle Merry, will reach me, and will be acknowledged as soon as I get them. I have to wait so long for the MUSEUM that it is doubly welcome when it does arrive, and how much more so 'twill be if I can only get some letters with it.

Hoping, therefore, to hear from some of my dear cousins, I remain

Yours truly, JASPER.

In our May number we inadvertently placed Jasper on board the gunboat Winona. It should have been Tommy. It adds interest to the accounts of the brilliant deeds of our navy, to know that some of our Merry boys are bearing their part.

---

Thank you, Uncles, for allowing me once more to enter your parlor of parlors. After tapping at the door again and again, some kind soul took pity upon your humble—well, and let me in.

Jolly Jingle, come out in your true colors. I "followed my knows," as Aunt Sue did hers, and there's no use in hiding now. Annie Drummond, I feel as though I was well acquainted with you. Somebody has been telling me of you. Do you know any one named Fanny S.? Ellian—but here comes Uncle Hi, "smiling grimly." NELLIE VAN.

---

FROM WILFORLEY.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153.]

Pertine! do anything but *die* for me; I can't spare you. Save yourself a little while, and I—or my carte—will come to see you, and we'll talk it all over together. You must have been *looking at me*, and pretty hard too, to see a resemblance to Zephyr.

Nellie Van, and all ye cousins, please don't pronounce my name Wil*for*ley; it sounds forlorn. *Wil* is the accented syllable, as I tried to show before, italicising *for* so that you should'nt get it *ful* (or *fool*), and yet *should* get it full. Adrian, as I don't know *B*ilforley, I am not responsible for his opinions; but *I* think your specs must have been bedimmed when you looked through them at our Brooklyn girls. How could you expect to *see* them when you overlooked them? The *P. est G s* here, Pussy, as elsewhere, are to be found "at home"—when they are not in the streets; oftenest, though, in the former.

Fleta, je ne sais pas assez de French parler a vous comme I should like to; mais ne pensez vous pas *nous spec*-kled folk are pas-a-pas getting un majorité dans le Chat? Madge, I am sorry you escaped that time; I should like to have clapped eyes on you, and should *now*, for that matter. I have been transformed only once, and have no intention of making a "Commodore Nutt" of myself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I came home from school one dreary, rainy afternoon, prepared to sit down and mope, when pretty soon some one said, "Here is your MUSEUM, Jennie." I sprang to get it, the blues chased away, and in a moment was in the Chat, listening to the voices of old and new Merrys.

Fanny and Mary, you are short and sweet. Wilforley, I know how to sympathize with you. C. F. Warren, thank you. Sure enough, where *are* all the Massachusetts girls? Won't *some* of them turn up? [Their noses? U. W.] Bella B., glad to see you again. "Correspondent with a bad cold," I shake hands with you, you express my feelings exactly, for just at present I am in the same condition as yourself. Pet, I am sorry for you, but, as Uncle says, can you feel *quite* as badly when you think that he died in a noble cause?

My love to all the rest, and to you, dear quartette. Affectionately,

JENNIE B. D.

---

OUR MERRY ALBUM is being finely enriched by contributions from the cousinhood. Saucy Nell, Lizzie, Winifred, and Leslie have recently taken their places, much to our satisfaction. Many thanks to those who have sent their *cartes de visite*. There is yet room, and all are welcome.

Uncle Hiram wants to know how the boys in St. Louis are, nowadays; if they are *all* as *bright* as they used to be—if they are as *good* as they are *rich*—if I. H. is Victor still—and if, in general, they are all as merry and true-hearted as they were in "'59." Let each one answer for himself, and for all the rest, too. Some of the boys in Olive Street had a good deal of "*Will*" in their compositions; and one of the girls—her name was Kate, and there is no name sweeter than that—was as sharp as any Hatchet you ever saw—a genuine *cutter* of the old New Hampshire stamp. But she went to New Hampshire, to Rye Beach, and pass-

ed through New York, and didn't—well, I don't like to say what she didn't do—but, Kate, you'll do better next time, won't you?

### Extracted Essences.

ODOACER thinks Novice's plan of surrendering pens would not work. He is right. He would like to assist Wilforley in looking after the girls.

RED ROBIN DICK sends an awful alliteration attacking all secession sympathizers sharply with every letter of the alphabet. It is very good, but unsuitable for the MUSEUM.

DOLLY timidly enters the parlor, giving love to the cousins from all of whom she would like to receive *c. de v.'s*.

IDA MAY wrote on May Day, when everything was helter-skelter, including her letters. We should like to hear from her again when she has had a good *spell* to right them.

JASPER speaks for himself above. Last month by mistake we put his name in place of Tommy, who, the cousins will remember, was on board the gunboat Winona at the taking of New Orleans.

VERA LEE is apprehensive that she may be excluded from the Chat because of her age. We assign her a seat next to Black-Eyes, who can help her keep a child's heart whatever her years may be. She sends love to all.

FANNY E. W. thinks the parlor must be made of India-rubber. She wishes an introduction to all the cousins, and claims relationship to Homely Face. We like her for that.

BROWN-EYES, after a ride upon her high horse, "Rob Roy," comes bouncing into the parlor in great spirits, and takes a seat beside Pertine. She invites Winifred and Saucy Nell to take a ride with her. She would like acquaintance face to face *card-wise* with Ellian, Wilforley, and Fleta.

BETTIE WARD (daughter of Artemas) tries to steal into the parlor, to get sympathy for being a younger sister. First she must prove her paternity by setting us in a roar, then we'll conclude she don't need pity.

SISTER M. is smitten by the gravity, dignity, good common sense, and intelligence which spectacles impart to their wearers. *Looking*-glasses *are* attractive.

BLUE-EYES (we don't know which one) writes from Java (who'd a' *thunk* it) for help from C. D. W. in solving the puzzles, and to give love to the cousins. They will think of her at the breakfast-table.

MARY of J— is pleased with her reception and her seat. She proposes to die for nobody—sensible. She claims friendship from Saucy Nell, and sends love to Winifred.

ELFIE DRYAD pleads hard to be heard at length, but the parlor was too nearly full. She has special regard for Daisy Wildwood, but sends remembrances to Winifred, Pertine, Stumbler, Wilforley, Fred Ryder, and Jean Du Casse. She would like to write to Aunt Sue, who loves to grant permission.

ZEPHYR.—We have a letter for you on our table. Please send your address, and we will forward it.

MISTAKES.—By an oversight we omitted to notice in our last number several lists of misspelled words in the March number, sent in by subscribers. The longest list was sent from Millerton, by "Hunter Boy." It contained seventy words, all of which, except two, were abbreviations as didn't, can't, etc., which are not properly errors.

---

FALL RIVER ROUTE TO BOSTON.—To all those travelers who, with good fare and first-rate accommodations, are anxious to arrive early in Boston, we recommend the Fall River line as the "regular swiftsure." The "Metropolis" is one of the most magnificent steamboats afloat, and, with the "Empire State," makes a route to Boston and Providence second to none. The boats have been refitted, and are under excellent management.

# Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

E. W. W. wins the prize for April, having correctly answered twenty-five out of the thirty puzzles.

## Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

**157.** The red-lipped morn rose fresh; and everywhere
The sunbeams welcome found, save one,
Which fluttered through the close-barred windows where
The gambling wretches, who the daylight shun,
With red wine flushed, and eyes bloodshot and red,
Wearied *my first*. Again, and yet again, [fed
They th' uncertain tide of fortune
With gold ill-gotten, other gold to gain.
Oh, what a ruin here! of God's most noble work,
Of life's great end, and of the deathless soul!
*My second* here we see! Ah, dangers lurk
Where passions rule—not principles *control!*
In vain *my third* is raised; a warning voice!
Their hearts are hardened, and they will not hear!
Useless to give *my whole*, or point to joys
Which but provoke the ribald jest or sneer!
Let us be thankful that the sunlight glad,
Brings to *our hearts* but gladsomeness and praise!
Ne'er be the daylight in *our* haunts forbade!
Ne'er let *us* fear the noontide's searching gaze!

*Fleta Forrester.*

**158.** I am composed of 19 letters:
My 5, 1, 16, 13, 10 is a town in New York.
My 15, 18, 12 is a locality where a certain individual died.
My 17, 8, 11 is a recluse.
My 9, 7 is a pronoun.
My 13, 14, 1 is an animal.
My 19, 2, 14, 4, 3, 6 is a river of Great Britain.
My whole we all anxiously look for.

*C. C.*

**159.** I am composed of 11 letters:
My 2, 7, 10 is a kind of boat.
My 10, 3, 6, 8, 8 is a ravine.
My 5, 9, 11 is a kind of sloop.
My 4, 1, 10 is a game.
My whole is a science.

*H. A. Dankr.*

**160.** My first is a color; my second an agreeable exercise; my third an article of clothing; and my whole a celebrated character.

*Lucy W. C.*

**161.** Express with four letters (not "I O U O") a sentence containing four words and fourteen letters.

*A. S. W.*

**162.** What kind of morals are most easily put on and off?

*Wilforley.*

**163.** Why are unprotected hearth-fires like insolent beggars? *Minx.*

**164.** My first is a female,
My second the same,
My whole is much dreaded.
Pray what is its name?

*Carrie T. Warner.*

**165.** I am composed of four syllables, and am very popular just now; my first and second form a Latin verb; my third is a species of animal; my first, second, and third form a kind of rule; my fourth, reversed, is thin and narrow; and my third and fourth, without my final, is intellectual.

*Jim.*

**166.** Behead an animal, transpose, and leave another animal.

*H. O. & J. W. D.*

ANAGRAMS.

**167.** Ira, run, go get it. *C. F. W.*

**168.** Cid is a common toad. *Clementina.*

**169.** Care on lip. *Fred W. C. C.*

**170.** Sal I run. *Nellie A. Mather.*

**171.** A lion; capture it.

*Geo. F. McKinney.*

**172.** Bind sure. *Grasshopper.*

**173.** I am composed of 35 letters:
My 21, 32, 23, 35, 3, 11, 33 is the name of an animal.
My 34, 4, 5, 13, 6, 27 is a musical instrument.
My 18, 5, 1, 22 is a girl's name.
My 30, 27, 12, 9 is a girl's name.
My 17, 24 is a pronoun.
My 31, 28 is a pronoun.

My 14, 20, 2, 8 is what most civilized persons do every day.
My 16, 10, 15, 7 used to be much worn by women.
My 29, 22, 25, 5 is something you will see in the country.
My 19, 15, 26 is an animal.
My whole was the name of a French historical writer.

*D. P. & W. W. Wight.*

**174.** I am composed of 10 letters:
My 2, 7, 9, 8 is what some young ladies can do very prettily.
My 8, 7, 2, 6 is sometimes bitter.
My 5, 1, 3, 10 is a system.
My 4 is a vowel.
My whole was a famous racer.

*Charles Little.*

**175.** When eyes and limbs are wrapt in sleep,
Within one's comfortable bed,
My first o'er both will nightly creep, [tread.
With thirsty fangs and noiseless
My second prowls in every clime,
Where echoes not the human tread, [twine
And thick the mountain forests
Their sunless branches overhead. [and birch,
And when through groves of oak
The backwoods men and maids pursue [search,
For blackberries their jovial
How often have the startled crew
Fled with my whole from sounds they reckoned
Were like the hoarse voice of my second! *E. W.*

COUNTIES IN WISCONSIN.

**176.** Part of every building.
**177.** An animal.
**178.** A defective implement.
**179.** A sudden movement.
**180.** A symbol of peace.
**181.** A favor conferred.

*E. & A. Cherry Cheeks.*

**182.** C(tion) What we can not accuse Gen. McClellan of, *now*.

*Lucy W. C.*

## Answers to Questions in April No.

**100.** Whippoorwill.
**101.** Fleta Forrester.
**102.** Bread-fruit tree.
**103.** Apologetically.
**104.** Count Francesco Zambeccari.
**105.** Hydrogen.
**106.** President Lincoln.
**107.** It will be ten to one if he catches [it.
**108.** Oriental.
**109.** Plaindealings.
**110.** Orchestra.
**111.** Apocryphal.
**112.** Starvation.
**113.** Zaphnathpaaneah.
**114.** Harper's Magazine.
**115.** Ill.
**116.** Arena, an era.
**117.** Lovely, volley.
**118.** Stern, tern, ern.
**119.** Growl.
**120.** I, in, pin, spin or pine, spine.
**121.** Earl, pearl.
**122.** Iri, iris.
**123.** Peculation, speculation.
**124.** Core, score.
**125.** Slate, tales, teals, salet (helmet), Stael (Madame de), least, stale, steal.
**126.** Because they have private cars (privateers) to catch all they can.
**127.** R. U. L. (are you well?)
**128.** COMMIX.
**129.** A people intent on being overruled by a king, need not complain if monarchs arrogate their ability to over-rule opinions.

No one has answered the enigma on page 116. *Arthur, Annie, Fleta, Wilforley, Lucy, E. W. W., H. A. D.*, and all other puzzlers, a gold pen for the first correct answer received.

*E. W. W.* answers all but 103, 104, 116, 126, 129.
*Mary A. E.* answers all but 103, 104, 116, 123, 124, 125.
*Fleta F.* answers all but 104, 109, 116, 121, 123, 124, 126.
*D. P. & W. W. W.* answer all but 104, 109, 116, 123, 125, 126, 129.
*Alpha* answers all but 101, 103, 104, 109, 116, 124, 125, 126.
*Clementina* answers all but 103, 104, 109, 110, 116, 123, 125, 129.
*Carrie T. Warner* answers all but 103, 104, 108, 109, 116, 123, 124, 127.
*A. S. W.* answers all but 103, 104, 107, 116, 122, 123, 125, 126, 129.
*Johnnie* answers all but 103, 104, 110, 116, 121, 122, 123, 126, 127.
*Lucy W. C.* answers all but 103, 104, 107, 109, 116, 123, 124, 125, 126.

*C. M. E.* answers all but 101, 103, 104, 110, 116, 120, 123, 125, 126, 127.

*Ellian* answers all but 103, 104, 107, 110, 114, 116, 122, 126, 127, 129.

*J. A. R.* answers all but 103, 104, 109, 116, 118, 121, 122, 123, 125, 126, 127, 129.

*Homely Face* answers all but 103, 104, 109, 110, 114, 116, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127.

*E. E. L.* answers all but 103, 104, 106, 107, 108, 109, 116, 120, 121, 122, 123, 126, 127, 129.

*Harry Gordon* answers all but 103, 104, 108, 113, 114, 116, 118, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 129.

*Jim* answers 100, 101, 103, 105, 106, 107, 111, 112, 115, 117, 119, 120, 121, 126, 128.

*Geo. T. McKinney* answers 100, 101, 102, 105, 108, 111, 115, 117, 119, 121, 124, 126, 127, 128.

*C. W. J.* answers 100, 101, 102, 106, 107, 111, 112, 115, 118, 119, 121, 124.

*Heber* answers 100, 101, 105, 106, 110, 112, 114, 115, 119, 121, 129.

*Fred W. C. C.* answers 100, 101, 105, 107, 115, 117, 119, 127, 128, 129.

*Agnes* answers 100, 105, 107, 112, 115, 128.

*Saucy Nell* answers 101, 105, 117, 128.

*Blue-Eyes* answers 101, 115.

*C. D. W.* answers 129.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Carrie T. Warner, Dolly, Clementina, and Jim.*—Your letters did not reach me until the 11th of April.

*Jessie L.*—Thanks for your *c. de v.;* I hope mine reached you safely.

*Brown-Eyes* informs *Blue-Eyes* that her address is Box 365, Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y. I shall certainly look out for *Brown-Eyes* next time I pass through your city.

*E. E. L.*—*Psychomanteum* is the name that Professor Anderson gives to his temple of magic.

*Lucy W. C.*—How I envy you that ride! The flowers were very fragrant; many thanks. "Little" had no reference to size.

*Harlan* sends his love to the 20,000.

*Vera Lee.*—You sent no answers with your charades.

*C. F. W.*—I sympathize in the exclamation points.

*Saucy Nell.*—Your guess at 129 was very ingenious. *Harrie Bowles* has treated you no worse than he has me. No one can *help* "loving" *A. E. D.*

*C. M. E.*—I should like to have made one at that dinner party.

*Pertine.*—Thanks for the sweet flowers; give *Zephyr* a sympathizing kiss for me. Ans. to your question—Yes; nineteen years old.

*Lily.*—Mayn't I have one of the new *cartes?*

*Tommy.*—I understand the magazine has been faithfully sent to you. Have you seen anything of our little *Busy Bee?*

*Jasper.*—We miss you.

*Homely Face.*—Many thanks for your photograph. "Josie" is a dear little black-eyed "feminine." I have seen, and know. I still pin my faith on Gen. McClellan. Love to Kitty and Carrie.

*Wilforley.*—Jim wishes to know why you have not written, and I dare say you wish to know why *I* have not.

*A. S. W.*—Why were you not a little more *intent* upon solving 129?

*Daisy.*—Tell Ellian I am quite jealous about that *c. de v.* I am sorry I couldn't help you with the rebus, but how *could* I?

*Black-Eyes* wonders if any of the cousins think enough of her to send their photographs. To test the matter she gives her address—"Black-Eyes, Box 150, St. Clairsville, Ohio."

*Carrie T. Warner.*—Do try a *little* harder for that third prize.

*Agnes.*—I never saw the *story.* Mine is the *puzzle and "scrap" department* only. Scraps, short and pithy, thankfully received.

*Harry Gordon.*—"Fine or superfine?"

*C. D. W.*—I have nothing to say to him who, having thirty days, or more, in which to write answers, etc., gives himself only the last two minutes of the last hour of the given time. His trains must always start at 12.50 (*vide* 107).

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Jim, Carrie T. Warner, Ida May, Vera Lee, Spriggins, Lucy W. C., F. E. W., Aunt Lizzie, Odoacer, J. A. R., Johnnie, Fred W. C. C., C. W. J., Ellian, Clementina, D. P. & W. W. W., Geo. T. McKinney, and Edith Livingston.*

## BESSIE'S FISHING.

THERE'S a little brown house, in the picture, with a broken chimney, and some swallows that like the chimney all the better because it is old, and their grandmother lived in it longer ago than they can remember or would believe if we should tell them exactly how many summers ago it was.

There is a respectable little river that runs all through the warm weather, right by the brown house; runs from its cradle-bed on the mountain top, where the sun tends it, and the clouds feed it, and the long-armed winds rock it; runs down the mountain, over the plain, through the valley, and into its great blue home of ocean.

Out of this little brown house on the river, this very week, came two boys—Ned and Isaac. No sooner had they closed the door, than it was re-opened by a little girl, who shouted: "Where are you going, Ned and Ike? Let me go, too?"

"You can't go, Bessie," answered her brother, Ned. "We are going fishing. Good little girls never go fishing."

"You *always* call me naughty, Ned; so I am not one of the good

little girls, and I can go. Wait till I go get my hat."

Bessie hurried into the house; and just as soon as she had shut the door, Ned said:

"There! She has gone now—make haste and run around the corner, and we'll hide in the wood-shed till she gets over crying about it."

"You're a cruel brother, Ned. We might take her, and not go so far," said Isaac.

"Nonsense! besides, I'm going all the way up to the famous place Uncle Jonas talked about last night, and she'd get tired, and warm, and cry, and then what in the world should we do with her?"

Isaac peeped out of the wood-shed at Bessie, as the little girl came from the house, with her hat carefully tied on, and a tiny basket on her arm. The child looked up and down the way, and then ran to look up the lane. No boys were in sight. Poor little thing! Why didn't you look just where four wicked eyes were rejoicing over your surprise?

"Ned! Cousin Isaac! where are you?" shouted the child.

"What's the matter, Bessie?" asked the dearest old lady that anybody's eyes ever saw, coming to the door as soon as she heard the call.

"They've gone off and left me," said Bessie; and her bright face flushed and clouded and cried, all in a minute.

"There! I told you! she cries at nothing," whispered Ned to Isaac.

"It isn't right, anyhow," Isaac whispered back; "I'm going to take her—it's mean."

"If you do, I won't give you one of my flies, and you *know* there aint one like 'em within forty miles of here."

Now the pretty artificial flies that his cousin Ned had brought from the city were Isaac's particular temptation, and he yielded, especially as Ned held him fast. So the two boys kept still until Bessie's grandmother had soothed and taken her into the house.

"Now is our chance—run like fun," said Ned, and the two guilty boys ran until they were out of sight.

After reaching the ground, they fished and fished in vain, until they were tired.

"There! I'm tired of this; come on, Ike—wind up your reel and let us go," said Ned.

"Just wait a jiffy, Ned. There! There! Did you see that big fellow come to the surface then? Hold on, now! keep still; I'll creep around under the bank and throw my fly, and catch him, or else, I shan't."

"I've had enough of it—the sun's hot, and my head aches; besides, I don't believe there's a trout in the stream;" and Ned dropped his line, left the hook in the water and the fly floating, pulled his straw hat over his eyes, laid his head on the grassy bank, and fell asleep.

Isaac crept cautiously down, keeping his shadow out of the water, until he came to the large tree under whose branches he had seen the fish.

"Now, my fine fellow, here's as pretty a fly as ever you caught—be obliging, and try it."

The trout did try as soon as the winged thing touched the surface of the water.

"Oh, *he's* a snapper!" shouted Isaac. "Hallo, Ned! come here! I've got him this time, but *he's* a pounder—and awful strong," he added, as the trout started up stream with his line.

Ned was fast asleep, and evidently

not dreaming of fish or fishing, and so Isaac followed the fortunes of his occupation, holding a steady hand; and, at last, exhausting the wary trout, he drew him safely to the bank. I don't think the boy thought of the pain and sorrow of the poor, panting beauty as it lay on the grass, drowning in the air. He only thought of the pride with which he should display it, as a trophy of his skill, and he ran up the stream toward Ned, anxious for his friend's surprise and admiration. Ned's sleepy hand had a slight hold of his fishing-rod, the fine new rod that he had been saving pence and shillings to buy, through many months, and that he had brought to the country with the fond delusion that country fish would admire it so much that they would cling to it at the first chance. Perhaps Ned's fond delusion was not a delusion after all, for, as Isaac drew near, he saw a tremble go through the line; in an instant the fly goes under, the rod rushes, pulled by some invisible force out of Ned's hand, down the smooth bank into the river.

Isaac shouts, drops his trophy, and rushes down the bank. Too late! the light rod is sailing merrily down stream —down stream—towed by an under-river power.

Ned starts up at Isaac's shout, pushes his hat off of his eyes, and looks at his friend's movements without the least idea of what has taken place.

"I'm glad you've come back," he said, "it's time to go home."

"I think so. What a fisherman! you'd have been pulled under bodily, if I hadn't been here. Look there!"

"What's that?" said Ned; "is it a snake?"

"Where's your rod?" asked Isaac.

"Oh! oh! what shall I do?" screamed Ned, as the truth flashed into his mind, that his rod and line were sailing down stream.

"Do? do nothing," replied Isaac, as Ned began hastily to take off his jacket, with an idea that he was to swim for it. "We'll follow on down stream till the thing gets caught on a rock, or a branch, or a stump, or something. Just take a look at my beauty, here!"

"What a goose I was to go to sleep with the fly out!"

"I should think so."

"Well, don't you tell of it."

"Maybe not."

"Can't you promise?"

"I hate promises—girls are always making promises."

"Well, then, you're not to tell; Uncle Jonas would laugh at me."

"You're a coward, Ned!"

"What do you mean, Isaac Smith? I shan't fish with you any more."

"Very well," returned Isaac; "I mean that you *did* go to sleep, and let a fish carry off your rod, and you *ought* to be laughed at, and are ashamed to be laughed at; isn't that pretty near a coward, and a little bit like being—well—a story-teller?"

Ned saw the truth of Isaac's view of the facts, and was angry accordingly. During this conversation the two boys had been hastening down stream as fast as they could get on, through the bushes and trees that grew along the river course. Ned lost sight of the rod suddenly, behind a group of thick bushes. He was angry at himself, at Isaac, and now at the fish.

"I don't care," said he, suddenly, "you're mean, and the country is mean, everything is mean, up here."

"All but you!" retorted Isaac;

whereupon Ned left him and walked off up stream as fast as he could.

"He'll come back in no time—he's huffy enough for a dozen; I'll bet he'd be just the one to burn up cotton, if he lived down South," said Isaac; "and if he hasn't a mind to hunt up his own property, I shan't trouble myself about it," and Isaac threw his fly the second time, and waited in vain. It was getting too late for fish to bite, so Isaac wound up his line, threw away his birchen pole, and went toward home with his pretty prize duly displayed, if by chance an admirer should appear.

You see that the very stream in which Ned and Isaac fished ran by the little brown house. Now it happened that Bessie, after she was comforted by her grandmother, began to look about for some amusement.

The apple-trees were in blossom, and the wind shook down pretty pink and white petals in snowy showers. Bessie gathered a "big pile" of them she thought, "enough for a pillow," and she put her pretty head down upon them, and a few moments later, when her grandmother looked for her, she was found asleep. After awhile she awoke, and with the flakes of flowers all fastened in her hair, she jumped up and ran down to the river.

Ned had left the boat just below the garden gate.

"Oh, I can go and sit in it, and fish with my fingers," said the child to herself; "the fish will be so near that I can catch 'em; I wonder why Ned don't fish that way—I'll tell him all about it."

Bessie went out of the garden gate and stepped into the little boat. She thought it would be nice to push the boat, as Isaac did, and so she took the only oar in the boat and tried it.

"This is better than going fishing—it's nice and cool here," she thought, as she found herself in the shadow of the trees.

Ned had left the boat with the stone that was used for the anchor in it, and little Bessie floated away down stream. Before she knew it, she was out of sight of the cottage, and being carried down very fast, she thought it was fine at first; but directly the stream broadened and deepened, and Bessie heard a great roaring noise. She looked up at the clouds to see if it was thunder that she heard, and at the trees to see if it was wind blowing in the tops of them, but the clouds were few and white, and the trees were as still as if the wind was dead and buried.

There was a saw-mill just below, and the noise that Bessie heard was the waterfall and the wheel—as the one rushed over the rocks, and the other rolled round and round.

Bessie knew nothing of her danger as she drew nearer and nearer the edge of the fall, but she called as loud as she could, "Grandmother! Ned! Isaac!"

They were far away, and every instant Bessie's boat drew nearer and nearer the waterfall.

Where are that man's ears who stands by the wheel, that he doesn't hear Bessie's call? Alas! the water and the wheel are all that he hears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

DANIEL WEBSTER penned the following sentiment: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we embue them with principles, with the just fear of God and of our fellow-men, we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

## LITTLE LEARNERS.

Docile Nettie knows her lesson,
Not a word she fails to spell;
Only pleasure 'tis to teach her,
All her tasks are done so well.

Unlike her is Nettie's brother—
Full of mischief as a sprite,
Harry seldom knows his lesson,
Rarely are his answers right.

Gentle Nettie, all attention,
On her mother keeps her eye,
Catching every truth she's teaching,
As the happy hours go by.

Harry tries Ma's patience sadly—
On her ring his eye is fixed,
In his thought the sparkling ruby
With her words is too much mixed.

Glittering gems are very lovely,
Nettie knows as well as he;
But she's bent on getting wisdom,
Waiting at her mother's knee.

Little ones, your loving teachers
Do not grieve by thoughtless ways;
Be industrious, sweet, and docile,
Then you'll gain both love and praise.

LAURA ELMER.

## THE BOY SOLDIER.

"OH! if I was only a man!" said little Charlie Bruce, as he was listening to his father's stories about the war.

"What would you do then?" inquired his father.

"I'd have a sword and a gun and a hat with a feather in it, and I'd go to the war, and be a general," answered Charlie, proudly. "But I can drum, if I am only a boy," continued he, and he seized a couple of clothes-pins and began to beat a tattoo upon the table. "Can't I have a drum, father?"

"We'll see about that," said Mr. Bruce; and Charlie was quite satisfied, for he felt pretty sure of having his wish.

The next Saturday, early in the morning, a package came to the house directed to "Master Charles Bruce," and on opening it there was not only a drum, but a toy gun, and a cap with a feather in it.

How Charlie's eyes danced! indeed, he danced all over, and could hardly wait to hang the drum around his neck before he beat a roll that almost made the windows rattle. He then paraded with his gun, and ordered arms and shouldered arms until he was tired, and then marched around the yard to the beat of his drum.

But he soon found it rather tiresome playing alone, and his dog Bounce happening to come into the yard, he at once resolved to make a soldier of him. He had some trouble to make Bounce understand what was wanted of him; he knew how to sit upright, but to hold a stick like a gun was a new idea, and dogs do not take new ideas as quickly as boys do.

But Charlie persevered, and when his father came home, he was greatly amused by seeing Bounce gravely holding a pole over his shoulder, while Charlie was bidding him, "present arms."

Charlie had enjoyed his day's sport greatly, and he thanked his father many times for the beautiful present he had received.

After tea Mr. Bruce called Charlie to sit by his side, and told him more stories of the war, particularly about boys who had gone as drummers. The most interesting one was about

THE DRUMMER-BOY OF MARBLEHEAD,

which was published in the *Independent*. It was as follows:

On the day that news came of the murder of the Massachusetts soldiers in the streets of Baltimore, a young boy of Marblehead, named Albert Mansur, came home from school wild with indignation, and told his mother that he was going to the war—he couldn't stay at home.

"Why, Albert," laughed his happy mother, "they won't have you—you are too little, my boy."

"I can drum, can't I, mother? I guess those old rebels will run when they hear me play the Star-spangled Banner;" and out he went, and his mother heard him playing the smart old tune as he marched down the street at the head of a tatterdemalion set of urchins, called by him his regiment. He had a gift for drumming, and, thinking of his words, that mother's heart stood still with fear. He was her only child, her handsome boy; how could she let him go? But she scolded herself for even thinking of it. Of course his father would keep him

Felton. sc.

at home. At dinner-time Albert attacked his father on the subject, but his father peremptorily answered "No," and told him there must be no more talk on the matter. Usually his father's decision settled things, but this time Albert argued manfully. He could do just as good service as anybody; he ought to go; he must go. But Mr. Mansur was firm, and he had to yield, although the struggle was so severe that he grew pale and thin. At last, to divert his attention, they sent him to his grandfather's in Augusta, and fervently hoped he would forget his fancy.

But when he arrived there he found a regiment all ready to go into camp a short way from the city. He accompanied them as drummer. His father and mother, as the weeks went by, became impatient, and at last went for him. As they rode through the streets, almost the first person they saw was Albert, marching in a fine new uniform, with this same company, who were on their way to the station. He had kept his promise to them, that is, he had not enlisted; but they felt from that day that they must let him go. He went home with them, and after a few weeks they gave him up, and he enlisted in the Massachusetts 23d, Col. Kurtz, as drummer for one of the companies, being the youngest in the regiment.

I can never tell you how his mother felt, how his father in his bitter grief prayed, how many hot tears stained the few articles he could carry; and then, almost as sorrowfully as to his burial, they went to see him start. That day the poor parents talked long together, then the father went out, and while he was gone the pale mother knelt with her face hidden, asking for strength and patience. When he came in, Albert knew that he should not go alone; his father had enlisted as private in the same company, so as to take care of that idolized boy.

They sailed in the Burnside expedition; and on all that long, dreary passage Albert was the light and joy of his regiment, and indeed of all the regiments on the vessel. So full of hope and enthusiasm was he, that his father wrote his mother, "All the petting he got did not seem to hurt him a bit." Officers and men delighted to do him favors, and his prompt, saucy drumming won praise from the gallant commander himself."

When the hazardous work of landing began, Albert managed to be in one of the first boats, and was consequently among the first to stand on the enemy's island of Roanoke—theirs then, ours now, thanks be to God! In that march through slime and water he did his part well, not allowing his father to touch his cherished drum from an instant. At last they came in sight of the enemy's battery.

"Who will go and take it?" asked the general commanding.

"The Massachusetts 23d," was the quick reply.

"Forward, then, double-quick!" and in the teeth of that galling fire they rushed to their death as it had been to their bridal. Albert slung his drum over his shoulder, and seizing a rifle from a wounded man near, dealt true shots for his country. His father fell wounded by his side, but he heeded him not; his whole soul had lost itself in the work before him.

"Look at that child!" said one officer to another; "no wonder we conquer when boys fight so."

At last the position was ours; the rebel gunners turned and fled, and for an instant the roar of the battle ceased.

So intent was Albert that he never stopped, and was loading again, when the colonel touched his shoulder.

"Wait; rest a minute, my young hero—don't you see they are running?"

"Oh, glory hallelujah!" sang out the excited boy; "didn't I say they should run to the old tunes?" and seizing a disabled revolver for a drumstick, he struck up, in a wondrously defiant way, our impudent old strain of Yankee Doodle. It was a strange sound as it rang out over that field of death, and faint and weary as our brave fellows were, they gave it a rousing welcome. A flying rebel heard it, and looking back, took sure aim at Albert. A man near the boy saw him, and tried to pull Albert down, but he stood his ground, and the ball did not fail to do its deadly work.

They thought him only stunned at first, and bore him out of the crowd. They bathed his head and brow; and you will love his knightly colonel none the less when I tell you that his strong arms held the dying boy. His pale lips moved at last, and they bent eagerly to hear his words. Some inquiry for his missing father, some last precious words for his lonely mother? No; only this, boy-like, "Which beat? quick, tell me!" Tears ran like rain down the blackened faces, and one, in a voice husky with sobs, said, "We, Albert; the field is ours." The ears death had already deadened caught no sound, and his slight hand fluttered impatiently as again he gasped, "What? tell quick!" "We beat 'em intirely, me boy," said a big Irish sergeant, who was crying like a baby. He heard, then, and his voice was as strong and bright as ever as he answered, "Why don't you go after 'em? Don't mind me; I'll catch up —I'm a little cold, but running will warm me."

He never spoke again; the coldness of death stiffened his limbs, and so he passed from the victory of earth to the God who gave us the victory. They laid him down tenderly, with his head resting on a smooth green sod, and as his wounded father crawled up to see him, they feared a wild scene of lamentation, but he only said, "He would rather die than had us beaten." He was urged to go home with Albert to his mother, but he would not, only saying to their solicitations, "Albert would be ashamed if I did; and I will fight for him as long as the war lasts."

## "GO HALVES."

A CLASS in Latin were reciting the well-studied lesson, when their attention was diverted from the classic to the "ordinaire" by a cracking noise, quite familiar to the noon hour, and the odor of roasted something very tempting, that proved conclusively the preference given by one of their number to the physical above the mental appetite. The teacher closed his book, and appealing to their sense of right, said, "Master J——, what would you say if I should come into this class with my pockets full of peanuts and commence eating them instead of pursuing the lesson?" The guilty one, although not addressed, was evidently pondering the subject, and we hope regretting his misdemeanor, when a voice from the corner whispered, "Go halves." The laugh that "went round the room" was his applause; but we hope his sense of honor may curb his ready wit in the future, and that desiring to do to others as he would have them do to him, may incite him to "go halves" in every good word and work.

E. A. P.

## MEMORY'S PICTURES.

BY JENNIE JENKINS.

MEMORY brings forth her pictures,
Twines garlands of buds and flowers,
Lifts from the past the curtain,
As I dream of the by-gone hours.

I see once more the old homestead,
Embowered in the sycamore-trees,
The flowers that grew in the garden,
Hear the distant hum of the bees.

The sunshine softly lies in the grass,
And the wild birds sing by the brook,
As my brothers sit on the mossy banks
And fish with their line and hook.

I glance through the open door-way,
And down through the wide, cool hall;
Hear the patter of childish footsteps
As they come at their mother's call.

I enter, and go to the old room
Where we gathered in family prayer,
And sit me down by the window,
And dream that we all are there.

I see my old, gray-haired father,
As he takes the book in his hand,
And opening the clasp of silver,
He reads of the Holy Land.

And my mother—my darling mother,
As she sits in her easy chair,
She joins her voice in thanksgiving
And the hymn—that sweet old air.

And my brothers, so many and merry,
And my sisters, so gentle and fair,
With eyes like the dusky twilight,
And their brown and braided hair.

And tears drop from off my lashes,
As I dream of the years gone by;
Of the dear ones whose feet grew a-weary,
And now 'neath the violets lie.

## THE THREE RIVULETS.

THREE bubbling springs sent forth their bright children from a hillside. Each was gifted with power, wealth, and beauty, and their hearts were free as their steps. They sang glad songs of invitation to the birds to drink of their rich fullness, and with lavish hand tossed glittering jewels to the thankful flowers that trooped along their banks. Long way they wandered together, cheering each other with happy laughter; but hills rose before their course, and now each must choose his own path.

"I will go forth boldly into life," shouted one, as he sprang over the steep rocks and darted away with a step of pride and power.

"Let me walk peacefully along the plain, and drink in the sunshine and cheer the fields," murmured the second, gliding noiselessly around the obstructing hillock.

"As God wills," sweetly said the third, and sank into a fissure of the rocks that opened before it, and hid it from mortal sight.

Forward rolled the adventurous stream overleaping all barriers, gathering power at every step, until it swelled with pride, and forgot its sweet childhood. But a stronger hand was laid upon it. Man bridled it with the curbing dam, harnessed it with sluice and race-way, and bade it turn the wheel that should grind his corn, weave his cloth, and forge his implements. Oh, how the angry

stream roared and chafed! but man calmly saw its fury spent in carrying out his own wise plans; and ere long the subdued torrent, with humbled pride but fuller heart, looked gladly upon the thriving villages that sprang up along its banks, and found many a weary hour beguiled by the sweet smiles of children that were won to its banks by its gentler flow; and the spirit of its own kindly childhood again filled its bosom with peace.

The peaceful stream of the plain was welcomed along all its course. Rich meadows opened wide their doors for its entertainment, which it repaid with royal bounty. Stately trees in long procession formed a guard of honor as it passed. As it widened, it was intrusted with the riches of men, and generously rewarded their confidence. But, alas! with increased wealth came corruption. It had received not only the clear streams poured into its lap from the grateful woods, but it refused not the turbid waters of the wayside ditch, nor the filthy flood of the city sewers. Its sparkle no longer flashed back the sunshine, and when the beautiful summer cloud and the glorious stars of evening gave forth their inspiration, no answering image stirred in the heart of the darkened stream.

But a change came. It had wandered far along its way, and soon it must mingle its waters with the ocean whose distant roar could already be heard. No more cities crowned its banks, no more tributaries brought it increase, and now as its course slackened, its hold of earthly impurities relaxed, and its course grew brighter; but the spreading delta was left, a painful memory of the past.

And what was the fate of the hidden stream? Down, down it sank through dismal depths, broken and torn by ragged rocks, painfully forced through narrow chasms, away from the bright sunlight and all that had made its childhood happy. No man marked its struggles, heard its cry of anguish, or praised its steady course through every obstacle. Yet it complained not; it had accepted its apportioned lot, and still pressed forward on its mission. Long it forced its struggling course, ever cheerfully saying, "As God wills." But its hour of joy came. A rock was smitten at the foot

of a hill, the way for the stream was opened, and forth it sprang with a shout of delight a glorious fountain, that beautified the valley like an angel of health. Then every one spoke its praises, though none thought of the painful struggles that had given it such wondrous power and beauty. As its treasures were poured out, it sped forward with eager steps to find its rest in the bosom of the ocean.

One evening a poet sat upon a jutting rock listening to the music of the ocean. Three silver voices seemed to join in harmony, which rose distinct above the swelling chorus. The three streams had met at last, and amid their happy greetings this note was heard from each, "He doeth all things well."

W. M.

## HOW TO LIVE LONG—No. II.

TALKS ABOUT THE WONDERFUL LIVING MACHINE.

YOU have often seen persons with crooked limbs. Sometimes they are born with such deformity, but usually it is caused by accident or improper use of the bones while young.

We know a young man, one of whose shoulders is an inch or more higher than the other. It was made so by his being obliged to carry a heavy pail of water very often while a boy. His mother was a washerwoman, and he was compelled to get all the water from a pump at some distance from the house, and gradually it pulled his bones out of shape. If he had carried the same weight in two pails, one on each side, it might have been done without injury.

We have seen young men whose lower limbs were badly bent out of shape, from having been obliged to sit day after day upon a high bench where the feet could not touch the floor, while they were attending school. The thigh-bones were then soft and yielding, and the weight of the feet gradually bent them downward. Very many young ladies have crooked backs, because while young they were accustomed to lean upon the elbow when studying at the school-room desk. Gradually the bones supporting the back were forced out of shape, and as they hardened they became fixed in that position.

You see how necessary it is that the bones shall not be subjected to great strain or pressure before they become hardened. We shall observe

this more clearly as we examine the different bones of the body.

You will probably be surprised to find how many bones are needed to make up a perfect human frame. The skull alone has eight; there are fourteen in the face, and each ear contains four; in the whole body there are two hundred and eight, besides the teeth. They are of very different shapes and sizes; some of them are long and slender, others thin and flat, and some of the most irregular form. If all the bones of a human body were separated, and taken to the most ingenious mechanic who had never seen a skeleton, he would find it impossible to put them together in their proper places. But the Divine Inventor has so perfectly fitted each part to the other, that the most skillful workman can not suggest an improvement.

Let us look first at the skull. Each of the eight bones composing it is made up of two layers. The outer part is fibrous and tough, the inner is dense and hard, and the two are united by a porous portion of bone. If the whole were hard and solid, a slight blow would give a severe shock to the brain underneath; it would be dangerous to tap a lazy boy's head with a thimble, as schoolmistresses are sometimes accustomed to do. The different pieces are joined in a way to still further guard against injury to the brain. The edges are full of irregular notches, which fit into each other like the edges of boards which the carpenter dove-tails together. The seams thus made are called *sutures*. You know that when a cracked bowl or jar is struck lightly, the sound is duller than when the bowl is solid, because the vibrations are interrupted by the cracks; so it is in the skull. The vibrations produced by a blow are interrupted by these joinings of the bones. It sometimes occurs that the skull is cracked by a fall or otherwise. If it were one hollow bone, the crack would be likely to extend around the whole circumference; but now it will only be continued to the edges of one piece. If the edges of the different pieces were smooth so as merely to fit to each other without being firmly fastened together, then a slight pressure might displace them and injure the brain. Thus you see it would be impossible for us to improve upon the construction of this important part of the body.

Although the bones of the skull are so placed as to give the best protection to the brain, it is still necessary to take care of it, especially in youth. Never strike a person on the head, however lightly, especially a young person. The skulls of some are so very thin, that they may be killed by a blow which would but slightly injure another.

The fourteen bones of the face are intended principally to keep the softer parts in shape. The bones of the jaw afford a solid foundation for the insertion of the teeth. By means of muscles attached to the bones, the various movements of the face are made. The bones of the ear assist in some way in the hearing; how, we can not exactly tell.

The bones of the head rest upon the back-bone, or spinal column, which extends up to the neck. They are connected by a very curious joint, which permits the head to move in any direction, and at the same time protects the large nerve running directly through its center.

There are many things yet to be said concerning the bones, which we must leave for another occasion.

# SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC,

ILLUSTRATED SO AS TO BE EASILY LEARNED.

Aries the Ram, is a man ramming down a gun.

Taurus the Bull, is a fat John Bull, reading a paper.

Gemini the Twins, are the famous Siamese twins.

Cancer the Crab, is a boy with a crab biting his toe.

Leo, is a Pope who lived in Italy, by that name.

Virgo the Virgin, is a single woman feeding a parrot.

Libra the Scales, is an old woman weighing fish.

Scorpio the Scorpion, is a fierce woman beating her husband.

Sagittarius the Archer, is a fat Miss shooting at a target.

Capricornus the Goat, is a merry boy mounted on a goat.

Aquarius the Water-bearer, is a boatman on a river.

Pisces the Fish, is two fish dealers blowing their horns.

THE FARM WORKED BY STEAM.

## THE MAGIC GLASS

IT looks as if the boiler had burst and shattered the premises to fragments. But the steam was not in the buildings. Some farmers use a steam-engine to drive their threshing machine, and the saw in cutting up their wood for winter. Jake Dorn had no such apparatus; he went by steam himself. He ran off the right track, and, of course, he and everything around him soon went to ruin.

This farm was given to Jake by his father, and when he married and took possession of it, no young man had brighter prospects. Everything was in good order, crops grew famously, and the birds sang around no pleasanter homestead in the land. But in those days it was thought that farmers needed steam to help along with the hard work. In haying-time, when the sun shone hot, whisky or cider-brandy must be drank occasionally to keep out the heat and to keep up the strength. In winter it was needed to keep out the cold. It was taken by the plowman to help keep his furrows straight, and in the fall, of course, it must be had at the husking.

Jake had learned to love strong drink in his father's house, and he thought it indispensable in his farming operations.

A few men are so constituted that they can drink moderately for many years, without allowing the appetite to increase upon them. But Jake was not one of these. Year by year the habit grew stronger. He began to spend much of his time at the tavern, instead of attending to his business. He became more interested in village politics than in raising wheat and corn, and his farm soon showed the

COLD WATER FARM.

marks of neglect. The fences were left unrepaired; the cattle and pigs took possession of the yard and garden; the buildings were suffered to decay, and the whole place went down-hill with its owner, until it looked as you see in the first picture.

It did not take many years to finish his history. Debts increased, acre by acre was sold or mortgaged, until, in a short time, all was gone, and Jake died a wretched outcast, and his broken-hearted wife soon followed him to the grave.

Edward Dorn was twelve years old when his parents died. Though he had been greatly neglected, he was an intelligent, resolute boy, well liked by all the neighborhood for his cheerful and affectionate disposition. His mother had watched over him day and night, that she might, if possible, counteract the evil influence of his father's example, and her faithfulness had been rewarded. Edward had solemnly promised his mother on her death-bed never to taste intoxicating drink, unless as a medicine. He did this willingly, for he knew what fearful ruin it had brought upon his own once happy home.

After Edward's parents died, he was at no loss what to do. Many farmers in the neighborhood offered him a home where he could earn his living. It did not take him long to decide among them. He chose to work on the place known in that neighborhood as the "Cold Water Farm." It received this name, not because the water was colder than that of any other farm, but from the fact that its proprietor, Mr. Strong, would not allow a drop of *fire water* upon his premises.

It was a wise choice, for in this place Edward would be free from temptation to break his sacred pledge, and besides, there was no more enterprising farmer and no kinder man in

all the neighborhood round than Mr. Strong.

From the first, Edward worked faithfully for his employer. No matter what work was intrusted to him, he always did it well, and in a few years he came to be the head manager of the place. Under his supervision everything prospered, and the neighbors all declared he was the luckiest man alive. Once he was asked, in presence of a large company, what was the secret of his luck; he replied, quite mysteriously, "I owe much of it to the magic glass."

This excited great curiosity, and everybody wanted to know more about it. Edward had long wanted an opportunity of speaking to his neighbors on a subject near his heart, and he resolved to use the one now offered. Accordingly, he told those present that if they would meet at the schoolhouse on a certain evening, he would show them the magic glass.

When the time came the house was crowded, for the "magic glass" had been talked of in every household for miles around.

Edward took his stand at the desk, placed before him a small box, and commenced by saying that he must first speak of a false magic glass that would ruin whoever came under its power. He then gave a touching description of a family reduced to ruin step by step, but said not a word about alcoholic drinks. He spoke so feelingly from a remembrance of his own early history, that the whole audience were melted to tears. Next he pictured the prosperity attending the use of the magic glass, until every one was filled with interest. "Now," said he, "I will exhibit the two glasses, that you may shun the one and take the other," and opening the box, he held up in full view to the astonished audience, a glass filled with brandy, and another sparkling with pure water.

Words can scarcely describe the effect, as he went on to speak of the evils of intemperance as they had all witnessed them, and to show them the benefits of temperance as shown in his own experience.

The affair ended by organizing a temperance society on the spot, of which Mr. Strong was chosen president and Edward Dorn secretary; and from that time a happy reform commenced in that neighborhood.

A few years later, and Edward married the daughter of his employer, and upon the death of Mr. Strong, became proprietor of the "Cold Water Farm," where he lives in possession of all the enjoyment that well-earned prosperity can give.

## HEART COMPENSATIONS.

There's not a heath, however rude, but hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude, and scent the evening hour;
There's not a heart, however cast by grief and sorrow down,
But has some memory of the past, to love and call its own.

Learning, it is said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death. Each may be equally effective for evil.

The cheerful are the busy; when trouble knocks at your door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word, "engaged."

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER VII.

MAJORY slept in the tent with her father and mother, while Gilbert and Nathan occupied the other together.

Nathan, by this time, was very far from feeling pleasantly toward his companion. In fact, the enjoyment of the whole excursion was spoiled for him by his presence. When Gilbert had partly undressed, for Mr. Morgan had told both of the boys not to disrobe entirely, so as to be ready in case of any accident, he threw himself carelessly in the middle of the bed, and with a sigh of fatigue prepared to go to sleep.

Nathan, in a few moments, was ready to follow his example, but as he turned toward the bed to do so, he saw by the faint moonlight that came through the partially closed entrance, that there was no space left for him.

"Move, Gilbert," he said, in a harsh tone.

"You've plenty of room," said Gilbert, sleepily, "if you have only a mind to think so." And he retained his position.

Something rose up in Nathan and urged him to retaliate—to do to others as they did to him. He had borne much during the day from Gilbert, and he decided now, indignantly, that he would endure his selfishness no longer.

"I have heard," he thought, "one of Mr. Reynolds' clerks say that when one could not follow the golden rule, the silver one was next best. I shall try it with Gilbert. I will do to him *as he does to me.*"

Nathan's conscience was not quite easy as he made this resolution, but he was so vexed that he hardly felt its admonition. He tried to persuade himself that he was doing right, and for the time he believed he was.

"Gilbert," he said, "I want you to listen to me. If you don't move and make way for me *at once*, I shall do something that you will not like."

Gilbert gave an expression of impatience and changed his position slightly. Nathan calmly laid himself down on the edge of the bed, which was all that remained to him. Then he braced himself firmly up and gave Gilbert such a push as sent him rather briskly out of the way, and left plenty of space for himself.

"You've shoved me right up against the wet canvas of the tent," whimpered Gilbert, "and you've almost broken my back, too."

Nathan answered not, but quietly kept his place. Gilbert tried to push him back again, but he was so cramped up against the canvas that he could not exercise his strength, and the effort was ineffectual. Thus they remained for a long while, both of them wide awake, both of them trying to outwit and conquer the other. Gilbert at last went so far as to pretend that he was asleep, and snored very peaceably for at least half an hour, in hopes that Nathan would relax his vigilance. But this was of no avail. Nathan meant

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. N. STEARNS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

to keep his companion in his uncomfortable position till morning.

"I'll do to him," thought he, "as he has done to me." And thus Gilbert lay all night, cramped into an uneasy posture, the wet tent flapping against him with every motion of the soft breeze without. His sleep was not, in consequence, remarkably good.

The next morning the little party of travelers was up and stirring at daylight.

Majory, quite refreshed, was in the liveliest of her moods, and went skipping about helping get breakfast. Her father and mother, too, were rested by a night's sound slumber, and were now ready to resume and enjoy the journey. Mrs. Morgan said that two or three times she had been awakened in the night by the noise of the waterfall, but that she had fallen asleep again almost immediately.

"I think," she added, "that the rain must have increased its size, for it absolutely seemed to *roar* as it fell over the rocks. You can hear it now if you choose to listen."

They did listen, although they could not see it, and certainly quite a heavy body of water was to be heard dashing furiously over the bank.

"When we come back," said Majory, "the sight will be splendid from the valley under us. Perhaps we can encamp there, instead of up here; mayn't we, father? You know we have almost been blown away on these rocks, on the top of the mountain."

"Perhaps so," replied her father; "I dare say it will be safer as far as the wind is concerned. Gilbert, how did you sleep?"

Nathan glanced at Gilbert and met his eyes. Gilbert hesitated, then said, "Pretty well, sir."

He had found Nathan to be so prompt in action that he did not dare to draw further ill-will upon himself by revealing the truth to his parents.

The mules were found to be in a good condition; the storm had done them no more harm than to give them a fright. During the night they had eaten all the grass that lay within the extent of their ropes; they were now set free to browse at their leisure, and drink from the various temporary brooks caused by the rain.

"To-night," said Mr. Morgan, "we shall sleep at grandfather's, and as going down-hill is not as slow or as fatiguing as climbing up, we shall get there, I think, early in the afternoon; that is, if we do not take so long a rest as we did yesterday."

"How glad grandfather will be," cried Majory, "and how it will surprise him to see us all!"

It was indeed easier to go down-hill than it had been to ascend. The road was better, too, and very seldom impeded with fallen boughs. The mules made much more progress than the day before, although they were very apt to slip when any rocks bare of vegetation were to be descended; when they did slip, the poor creatures were very much frightened, and gave utterance to shrill prolonged cries that were startling to hear. Mr. Morgan and Nathan were careful, however, in the manner in which they led them, and this prevented the frequent occurrence of such accidents. Gilbert kept much of the way with Majory, and together they found many treasures along the road in the shape of deserted birds' nests, shining pebbles, flowers, moss, rare grasses, and wild, bright-hued berries, the latter two being intended to be made, when dry, into bouquets for the following winter. Majory was in

such wonderfully high spirits that Gilbert could not but enjoy himself this morning as he rambled through the woods by her side. He forgot his trouble of the previous night, and even imbibed some of his companion's good humor. Majory looked at him in astonishment, once or twice, when he offered to carry her staff for her when she was not using it, and her hands were otherwise occupied with gathering treasures from the road-side. He seemed to her then like the Gilbert of other days, and it gladdened her cheerful heart still more when she saw him relieve her mother of a little basket, in which she too had undertaken to collect specimens of the different wood mosses that grew in their way.

Poor Nathan was really unhappy all that morning. He walked soberly by the side of his mule, conversing quietly now and then with his father, who was ahead, but not noticing or joining in any way with Majory's and Gilbert's enjoyments. Following the silver rule did not seem to have put him in a very good temper, for occasionally unoffending Dove-Eyes was startled by a smart blow from his switch, and once his father turned to look at him in sorrowful and reproachful surprise as he heard him mutter a hot and angry exclamation. He saw that the face of his son was clouded and discontented, but he forbore asking questions just then, and in fact he preferred that whatever had gone wrong with him should right itself again without any interference on his part.

At noon, the pause for rest was much shorter than on the previous morning. The reasons for this were many. In the first place, the heat was not as intense as it had been then, when there was absolute necessity to wait for a cooler part of the day. The shower had made the air much more agreeable for traveling. In the second place, they were used to walking by this time, and did not require so long a rest, and then, too, the path was down-hill, and one and all were in haste to reach "grandfather's" as soon as possible.

"The sooner we get there," said Majory, "the longer we can *stay*, you know; grandmother has always so much to show us, that I know I, for one, shall be in no haste to come away."

"But we must leave to-morrow afternoon," said her father, "no matter what attractions are held out to us, Madge, for Nathan's leave of absence is only a week, and he must have a little rest at home before he goes back to the store."

While the others were reposing after dinner in the brief interval which it was decided to take for the purpose, Nathan wandered off by himself through the forest. It was no longer a pleasure to remain with the others, and hear them laugh and see them enjoy themselves. He amused himself for some time picking the blackberries with which his path happened to abound; after he had eaten a few, he thought he would gather some and carry them in a paper which he had in his pocket to his father and mother. When he had filled the funnel which he made as full as it would hold, he sat down to rest, leaning his head moodily on his hands.

Was this the pleasant vacation he had dreamed of so long? Was this the delightful excursion through the woods, the very thought of which had so often made his young veins glow with the joy of anticipation? He said to himself that it was all Gilbert's

fault, and bitter, unkind thoughts rankled in his mind against him.

"I despise him," he said, clenching his hand involuntarily, "I despise him with all my heart for his meanness. I'll stick to the silver rule if he does anything more to offend me. He'll get just as good as he gives."

The birds sang merrily overhead, the insects chirped amid the grass, a bright-eyed squirrel leaped from among some logs lying near him, and ran scampering away to its nest; but Nathan was too sad to notice the beauty by which he was surrounded. He was startled at last, however, by hearing footsteps coming toward him from among the trees back of where he sat. There was a rustle in the briery brushwood, a trampling as of some one in haste to extricate himself from among it, and as he turned to look, he distinctly saw a human figure advancing toward him, but whom it was he could not tell. He smiled as he caught himself thinking of wild Indians and bears, two living creatures which were totally unknown in that long-settled part of the country. What was his surprise when he saw, at last, emerging from the bushes in exactly an opposite direction from that by which he had come, Gilbert Smith himself! He had a pail in his hand, and was evidently in search of water. He looked astonished to see Nathan. By his gruff manner it was evident that now they were alone, he meant to remember the events of the night.

"You had better go back," he exclaimed, roughly. "While you are lazing your time away, I have to be doing your work," and he showed the pail.

"It will do you good," said Nathan, contemptuously; "anybody who has been busy with nothing but amusing himself all the morning, need not speak of *laziness*, I think."

"There is the pail," said Gilbert, coloring, and giving it a kick toward his companion, "and you had better hurry, for your father wants the water for the mules."

"Did he tell you to ask me to get it?" asked Nathan.

Gilbert made no answer, for there was none to make, unless he told the truth, which was, that he had been sent for it himself, and telling this would by no means further his object. So off he walked on the tangled path he had come, and, whistling coolly, was soon hid from view by the foliage.

Nathan stood looking after him, a world of scorn and indignation burning in his breast. He stooped, raised the pail, and paused to reflect. If he left it there for Gilbert to return and get it, in all probability it could not be found again, for the paths to the spot were wild and numerous. This would be a serious loss, and one that might cause inconvenience and suffering to the whole party. No, it was plain that his duty called him to fill the pail from a brook he had seen farther down, while gathering blackberries, and go with it to the mules at once. He had no doubt whatever that Gilbert had been sent for the water himself, but this he left to be settled at another time, muttering gloomily, as he strode away,

"Yes, I'll stick to the silver rule!"

He forgot his paper of berries, and hurried off leaving them lying on the ground where he had dropped them in the first surprise occasioned by Gilbert's appearance.

When he reached the encampment, Gilbert had not yet returned, and without asking any question he proceeded at once to give the mules water. The

poor creatures were very thirsty, and drank eagerly. Nathan stood by them gently rubbing their long ears, till, seeing that the last drop had disappeared, he thought he would ask his father if it would be safe to give them another pailful. His father was sitting in the shade, reading a little book which he had brought with him in his pocket, and this question of Nathan was the first intimation he had of his presence. He raised his eyes as Nathan spoke, and looked somewhat surprised to see him standing there, pail in hand.

"Why, where is Gilbert?" he asked, "I thought he went for the water. I sent him some time ago. Another pailful, you say? Well, yes, I suppose you may give it to them; they are not much heated now;" and he turned again to his book.

Nathan went back to the brook with his pail and filled it. His temper was by no means improved by the news which his father had communicated, namely, that Gilbert had been sent for the water himself. While he was preparing to return, it struck him that he had forgot his blackberries, and he thought he would empty the pail again, and for fear of losing it take it on his arm while spending a few minutes searching for them near the place where he thought he must have left them. Accordingly he ran along what he imagined was the path, but soon found, to his dismay, that it did not lead in the right direction. He tried another, and another, but with no more success. These paths were not actually paths, but natural openings in the trees, and many of them led into intricate thickets and marshy spots which it was evident were unfrequented by man. Nathan was now heartily glad that he had not left the pail where Gilbert had thrown it, because he felt assured that if he had done so, he should never have been able to find it again. He was beginning to feel very tired; remembering that he had not yet rested himself after the morning's march, and that that of the afternoon must soon begin, he turned, and with the pail still hanging on his arm, hurried toward the brook.

But he had more trouble before him now. He had not reflected that he ought to mark the way as he went, and to his astonishment he found himself completely puzzled as to the right direction to pursue in getting back. As far as looks went, each path seemed alike; but when he came to try them, he found that none led him back to the brook; in fact, he only appeared to be penetrating farther in the wood, if he could judge from its increased wildness of aspect. He listened intently, every little while, for the gurgle and flow of water, hoping to discover the brook by these means, for if he could but reach that, the rest of the way he knew perfectly. At time went on, and still his endeavors were unsuccessful, he began to feel very anxious. What if they should be waiting for him? What if he could not find them at all, and the day should fade, and the night come, and he still should be in those woods, LOST? He dashed onward, inspired by the thought to renewed exertions. A half hour passed in further fruitless search, and he sat down at last, utterly weary, utterly despairing. The tears of mortification, of hopelessness, and anger rose to his eyes as he looked about him and saw himself surrounded by giant trees, whose wide-spreading branches hid even the blue of the sky from his sight.

Suddenly he raised his head, and a bright smile appeared on his lips.

"How foolish I act!" he exclaimed; "here I am, giving myself up for lost, and I have not once tried to make myself heard by calling and shouting."

He stood up, drew in a full breath, and gave utterance to a long, loud shout that made the woods ring again.

Then he paused and listened for a reply. None came. Nothing daunted, he tried again and again. Each time that he awaited some response, he heard only the low rustling of the leaves in the breeze, or the flap of some bird's wings as it rose from its retreat and flew away.

"Father," he cried, "fa-*ther!*"

A tree-toad near him sent up its sweet, mournful notes in answer, and that was all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE RHINOCEROS' DARLING.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, in his recent work, gives an account of a little bird that forms a strange attachment to the rhinoceros. Its claws are of such a structure as to enable it to cling to any part of the great brute's body, whose callous hide does not suffer any inconvenience from their sharpness. Sometimes it may be seen perched on his back, and at other times clinging like graceful pendants to his flapping ears. This little creature performs many kind offices for its huge *protegé*. It preys upon the insects and vermin that infest his skin, and which his stiff clumsiness does not permit him to dislodge for himself. Then, being a very heavy sleeper, and a dull observer when most awake, he is watched over by this sharp-sighted and wakeful little guardian, and apprised of the approach of all dangers or foes. And so faithfully does it fulfill its trust that the huntsman can rarely come within gunshot, before the bird, by darting upward and uttering a thrilling cry, gives the signal for his charge to make tracks with all speed.

## "LITTLE DANDELION."

LITTLE Bud Dandelion
Hears from her nest—
"Merry-heart, starry-eye,
Wake from your rest!"
Wide ope the emerald lids;
Robins above—
Wise little Dandelion
Smiles at his love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clad but in green,
Where in the Mays agone
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay—
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dries the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high—
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye!

Dead little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-breeze
Call from the cloud.
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay,
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

## THE CROWN PIGEON.

(*Columba Coronata.*)

THIS is a species surpassing in size all the other pigeons. Its total length is twenty-seven inches—nearly twice that of the carrier-pigeon, which measures about fifteen inches. The crown pigeon, when well fed, weighs ten pounds, and is good for food. The head has a large, elevated, compressed crest of narrow, straight feathers. The crest and the body below are of a grayish blue. They build their nests in trees, and lay two eggs. Their food is berries, seeds, grain, etc. They are abundant in New Guinea and most of the Moluccas. They present a combination of form different from that of ground-pigeons, and can not well be placed in the same division.

It is a magnificent and beautiful bird, but how could it ever become such a favorite with one, as the gentle, peaceable, graceful little pigeon or dove that we see every day, without a crowned head and stately neck? The cooing of the crested pigeon is *hoarse*—occasionally it is even like a *howl;* how disagreeable!—yet what

simple sound is sweeter than the cooing of the ground-dove?

With all its magnificence and beauty, we feel loth to give it a place *as a pigeon*, in our MUSEUM; and far more so, upon the dinner-table.

Pigeon-pie! what delicate little *fixins* and tidbits may be ladled with the gravy from one of the genuine! But this one with the crown—what a tremendous wing to put in a pigeon-pie—what a drumstick to fork out upon a person's plate from the wall of crust—what a *wish-bone* (as big as a gobbler's)—what a side-bone! It must be a pigeon-pie for a giant, and in a bigger dish even than the one of Mother Goose, which contained "four-and-twenty blackbirds."

Now, we do admire this splendid bird, *only* we can't be reconciled to its being a pigeon, any more than the little girl who didn't like her kitten to spoil into a cat! We will make one more use of the crested one, and then give it up in all kindness and good-will. The head of the crown-pigeon brings to mind an epigram, printed by some one long ago, but which is too good to be finally lost, so we will fix it on our cabinet for preservation. Its point against all *overdressing* is very plain!

"'Wit's a feather,' Pope has said,
And ladies never doubt it;
So those who've least within the head,
Display the most without it."

## AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

QUIET ENJOYMENT.—A correspondent introduces a piece of poetry to the editor of the Lancaster *Herald* with these words: "The following lines were written more than fifty years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave *merely for his own amusement!*"

BRAVERY.—Perhaps tailors are not braver than other people, but any one of them can face a dozen regimental coats without ever flinching.

"WHERE shall I get a panel?" said the sheriff to the judge. "Why, I suppose, sir, that you can get enough panels *out of doors*."

DON'T PRY.—When you see something mysterious in your neighbor's conduct, you have no occasion to get astraddle of his fence to watch the movements in his yard, and thus solve the mystery.

A PAIR OF POWERFUL MAGNIFIERS.—Fear and Rumor.

DULL TOOLS.—Said one student to another, whom he caught swinging a scythe most lustily in a field of stout grass, "Frank, what makes you work for a living? A fellow with your talent and ability should not be caught engaged in hard labor. I mean to get *my* living by my wits." "Well, Bill, you can work with *duller* tools than I can," was the reply.

"THAT'S SO."—There are some people whose rhetoric consists of a slight habitual under-statement. I often tell Mrs. Professor that one of her "I think it's sos" is worth the Bible-oath of all the rest of the household that they "know it's so."—*Holmes.*

WE rather think that the most reluctant slave to vice that we ever saw, was the poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

DIVIDE a fortification into two equal parts, and what is the result? Two twenty-fications.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE can not commence the Chat better this month than by speaking of that which has filled our heart since we last met. One of our Sunday School lambs, little Emma, has been taken by the "Good Shepherd" to his fold on high.

She was a sweet child, and you would have thought as we did, that she felt "heaven was her home," could you have heard her sing—

"A beautiful land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free;
The home of the ransomed bright and fair,
And beautiful angels too, are there."

Several months before her death, one of Emma's little friends was angry with her, having wrongly understood that Emma had said something unpleasant about her. Emma was much troubled about the slight quarrel they had, and, without the knowledge of any one, wrote a letter, part of which is given below. We are sure it will make you love her memory.

---

GREENPOINT, *Oct.*, 1861.

DEAR EMILY:— * * * * I have prayed to our God to send his Holy Spirit into our hearts and make us good children for the future. It says, "love thy neighbor as thyself," in the Bible, and love your enemy as yourself. Now I have been an enemy to yourself and myself, but I suppose you will forgive and forget it, at least I will try to. I love you and I hope you do me, but I can not see how we came to have that quarrel; but it is over, and I am glad of it. You know I may be soon taken away from you, and on my sick bed I would be thinking about the quarrel and be thinking you never forgave me, but I hope we shall be good friends for the future time.

I want to be one of God's children and not quarrel any more with anybody. Oh, I hope when I die I shall die a Christian, and meet you and all my dear friends in that better world where sickness can not enter, nor death with its icy fetters. What short time I may have I want to go to Sabbath School and see my friends there. * * * *

Yours truly, EMMA.

---

DEAR MERRYS:—Is there still a place for me in the circle? After a year's experience of the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, I am once more at home, an invalid, come to be nursed back to health and strength by loving and sympathizing friends. May the day soon come when we shall all be again united in our happy Merry circle.

I see that amid a host of new faces, some of the *old* Chatterers are yet to be found. (No offense meant by the use of that adjective.)

I heartily return your salutation, Fleta, and hope to see your familiar "phiz" often in the Chat.

But is it possible that you have got mixed up in the quarrel about W. H. C.'s "specs?" I "spec," if you twain were to appear together, you would make quite a re"*spect*"able pair of "spectacles," don't you?

H. A. D., consider that shake of the hand warmly reciprocated. Now that we are both on the invalid list, let us take a seat together in the corner and watch the "scintillations" of the "stars." By-the-by, are they not appropriately named as a *pun*ishment for their punning, for verily, like the stars, they "sin till late."

There, I'll say the rest next time; for the present, adieu. ADELBERT OLDER.

---

MY NEWLY OBTAINED UNCLE:—What should I see in the May number but a small amount of essence, reported to have been extracted from a letter of J. Jingles, and I write with the hopes of finding out where its mutilated remains are buried, and to come and mourn over its ashes.

Annie Drummond, are you not rendered happy for life, to have unexpectedly a good-for-nothing individual like myself thrust upon you, upon whom you must exercise maternal justice?

Fleta, my terror was by no means alleviated to see your last letter so full of French and all manner of quotations from, no one knows where; and I am greatly in doubt whether or not to parse you as a genuine French native. Nevertheless, I challenge you (as the boys say) to a polka, and the one who is last reduced to using a chair, to be allowed by Uncle Merry the pleasure of writing once a month to the MUSEUM.

Wilforley, I here do solemnly protest against your letters being continued; and if you do not, "instanter," turn from your wickedness, I shall be forced to send you my lectures against length, in four octavo volumes.

Nellie Van, do you ever romp? Please tell me, as I have got a picture of you and want to know if such a sober damsel ever indulges in the overflow of her spirits? Guess how I got the picture?

And now, dear Uncle, I have a great favor to ask of you, that you will whisper in my ear the names of some Chatterers who come from, or near, Concord, N. H. JOLLY JINGLE.

Your ears are not long enough to hear the whisper so far off. Come to the *sanctum* and listen.

---

DEAR MERRYS:—Uncle Merry, how is Aunt Merry? never saw her. Danker has just left the army, and is still recruiting strength. I hope you will have a good time at N. B., although by the time you see this you will probably have had your good time.

Wilforley has got to be such a regular contributor, he takes the place of our *old* bright star; we seldom hear from him.

Annie E. Drummond, I hope you are in your usual health.

Will the best-looking cousin in the Chat favor me with his or her *carte?*

DAN H. BURNHAM.

Did Dan never hear of Aunt Sue? If he can find a merrier one, let us know.

---

*June* 9, 1862.

Glad to hear from you again, H. A. D., though sorry for the cause which brought you home. Certainly I consider you a fixed star, as they always shine by their own light, sometimes "shooting off" some of their brilliancy for the benefit of the duller ones.

Auntie Sue, if "little" has no reference to "size," pray tell me to *what* it does refer. I'se curus! N(uisance) and I have been off on some *walks*, which went ahead of the ride "considerable," didn't they, A. N.?

How the *c. de v/s!* do fly around. Won't somebody send me one, or more? Aunt Sue has my address.

Do not fear, *Jim*, of being "totally eclipsed," for while we honor those who have gone to the *war so very much*, yet we believe there are *as many* noble patriotic hearts still in reserve; and we have especially a strong sympathy for all *loyal Baltimoreans.* L. W. C.

---

## Extracted Essences.

ALICE CLAYTON would not touch Wilforley's hand with either the tongs or her fingers, but would give her whole hand and help him shake it. She likes Cousin Agnes and the circle as a whole.

MADCAP inquires if Agnes hails from the same place as Jennie B. D.? if so, she has something of importance to communicate. She will write to Jasper, if others set the example. We know that some have already done so.

ETHEL sends us a well-written composition, but it would hardly interest the majority of our readers.

M. P. A., of Sing Sing, tells a good story of a young beginner in Latin. He was asked by his teacher where *hoc* was made, meaning in what case. After being threatened with a whipping for not replying, he answered: "In the barroom, sir."

JIM writes a *full* letter, *i. e.*, it contains a dollar, with the name of a new subscriber—another Bess, from whom we should be pleased to hear. We like the bes(s)t girls.

C. F. WARREN.—Please be consoled; your anagram was not in mind. The P. G. question awaits solution in the manner already indicated.

MILTON G. thinks he has discovered Uncle Hi's *blue* chamber. When H. H. gets blue he will no doubt have a special room for the occasion, but not yet. Try again, Milton.

JOHN A. QUINAN sends some well-written thoughts on "Composition," which we have not room to publish.

B. E. Z. writes from "Happy Land," asking admission to the Chat, and particular friendship with some one having large laughing eyes and winning voice. Don't all speak at once.

FANNY LEWIS brings her welcome to the parlor. It was yellow, and a little larger than a three-cent piece.

A WONDER FROM WILFORLEY!—"To be continued" was written in connection with the June installment of his letter, but upon examination we find there is no end to it—fact. We were sure we saw it all ready for the printer, but it can't be found; so Wilforley will have the credit of writing a wonderful production—a letter without end.

NELL of B. takes her place in the Merry album. She desires the *c. de v.* of Hawthorne, "be it wan, scarred, or otherwise."

ELLIAN claims a letter from Daisy Wildwood.

UNCLE WILLIAM thanks his *stars* for the rich contributions to his album during the last month. The galaxy is not yet complete; will the lights please consider themselves invited in with their shadows?

---

IF you wish to see yourself as others see you, go to MEADE'S, 233 Broadway; stand or sit a few seconds before his magic-glass, and im-*mead*-iately you are set—fixed just as the world sees you—and so that your children, and your children's children, can have the same look at you that you have of yourself.

Or if you would like to see how any of the celebrated men or women of the world look, send for Meade's circular, giving the names of over 500 distinguished individuals, whose portraits they can furnish for a small sum.

MUSIC FOR THE TIMES.—We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., the well-known publishers of Boston, a fine collection of music, entitled "Pictures of War," among which are "Capture of Fort Pulaski," "Battle of Pittsburg Landing," "Battle of Roanoke Island," etc.; also "Cupid's Eyes," a ballad, and the duet, "Thou art gone—these tears are for thee."

## Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

HARRIE BOWLES and D. P. & W. W. W. have each answered correctly 21 puzzles. Instead of drawing for the prize, they shall each have one.

### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

**183.** I am composed of 14 letters:
My 13, 11, 7, 3, 1, 12 is a dream;
My 8, 14, 10, 9 is a net.
My 1, 6, 8, 4, 13, 14, 2, 5 is a balance.
My whole is a celebrated man.

*Venus.*

**184.** Take a (1) life preserver; (2) decapitate it and show a mode of using it; (3) again transpose and show how it has been used; (4) transpose and show what is used with it; (5) transpose and give a Greek letter; (6) transpose the original word and make a famous rock; (7) transpose and make a locomotive power; (8) transpose and make it dull; (9) transpose and it will utter a war-cry to dogs; (10) transpose it now into a girl's name; (11) curtail it and express a concurrence; (12) again curtail, and see what you may call yourself.

*Sam T. K. and Red Dick.*

**185.** Entire, I am a noun; behead and transpose, and I am lean; replace my head, curtail me, and I am necessary to the accomplishment of any great object; curtail me again, transpose, and I am sometimes used as a seat.
*Fred W. C. C.*

**186.** Why are most of the heroes and heroines in novels like the letter O? *Odoacer.*

**187.** What poet is like a sly piece of bacon? *Jim.*

**188.** What kind of a diary is productive of mischief?
*Carrie T. Warner.*

**189.** Curtail a ruler; transpose and leave a fastening. *Harlan.*

**190.** Curtail a coin, and transpose it into a country. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

**191.** Curtail an animal, then double it, and make a bird. *Clementina.*

ANAGRAMS.

**192.** Priest tied guitar. *Ellian.*

**193.** Accord I try not. *K. C.*

**194.** Mend it in a tree. *H. A. Danker.*

**195.** O! if I can sit so. *Busy Bee.*

**196.** Sou in bed. *J. A. R.*

**197.** Is it anger? no. *R. C. N.*

**198.** My first is a preposition; my second an animal; my third, in Saxon, means a meadow; my whole we all should be. *Jasper.*

**199.** Three men—A, B, and C—traveling with their wives, come to a river which they must cross. The only boat they can have will carry but two persons at once. How can they all get to the opposite side, no lady being left without her husband in company with the other gentlemen? *Aunt Lizzie.*

**200.** I am composed of 16 letters:
My 16, 11, 12, 13, 7 is a fruit.
My 10, 15, 13, 7 is an article of dress.
My 9, 10, 1, 11, 7 is to terrify,
My 4, 2, 14 is a household article.
My 6, 5 is a pronoun.
My 3, 7, 8, 4 is a kind of dwelling.
My whole may be found in MERRY'S MUSEUM. *Spriggins.*

**201.** My whole is *one of* my first, and *is* my second. *Carrie T. Warner.*

**202.** The—to Fingal's cave would—a stranger.

**203.** Men sometimes—travelers fainting in a—.

**204.** To select—often—a writer to annoyance.

**205.** As an excuse for illiberality, persons sometimes—to the—.
(Fill the blanks in each with the same word, differently accented.)
*Minx.*

**206.** I am composed of 11 letters:
My 10, 4, 1, 8 is a starting-point.
My 2, 3, 9, 6 is a cavern.
My 5, 7, 11 is a sauce for fish.
My whole is a science. *Charlie Little.*

**207.** D L is A CITY.
*Oliver Onley.*

## Answers to Questions in May N.

**130.** Independence. (Inn, deep, pendants.)

**131.** Edwin M. Stanton.

**132.** Grand army of the Potomac.

**133.** Outbrave.

**134.** Crisis.

**135.** Mankind.

**136.** The excellent effects of a mild and (hand less h) tender civility are unquestionable.

**137.** Henry A. Danker.

**138.** When we are told to go and do like Wise.

**139.** Stiver, rivets.

**140.** Kite, tike.

**141.** Wolf, fowl.

**142.** Stripes, sprites.

**143.** Scow, cows.

**144.** Trice, rice, ice.

**145.** Pink, ink, in, pin.

**146.** Carroll.

**147.** He had no need of a Hierarch (higher ark).

**148.** "Written."

**149.** Princeton, Prince, tin, ton, 'cent, Nip, tire, nice, not, in, to.

**150.** Araby.

**151.** Wise in one's own conceit.

**152.** Award, ward, war, raw.

**153.** Brogue, rogue.

**154.** Elapse, lapse. (Stumble and plunge have been added.)

**155.** Commonwealth.

**156.** William Cowper.

# THE GRATEFUL INDIAN.

BY MARTHA G.

WITH what confidence this naturally timid animal approaches its young mistress! Should a stranger come near, away it would fly like the wind; but it knows that it may trust both itself and its loved fawn with Emily Martin: she is as gentle as the deer that loves to receive her caress. It was by an act of kindness that she became the owner of so beautiful a pet.

Mr. Martin had left his native town in Massachusetts with his wife and one child, to make a new home in the wild woods of Northern Michigan. He settled in the heart of the forest,

far from any village, and miles from the nearest white neighbor, and with a strong arm and resolute will began the conquest of the mighty trees that seemed to forbid the progress of civilization.

Ere long the ringing blows of his ax brought him visitors from a neighboring small tribe of Indians, who showed plainly that he was no welcome intruder upon their favorite hunting-grounds. But he felt no fear, for the Indians had learned to respect the white man's power, and they knew that any harm done to one of the settlers, would speedily bring punishment upon their tribe from the strong arm of the government. Besides this, Mr. Martin soon managed to secure their good-will by various trifling presents, and by always treating them justly and kindly.

Little Emily, who at first was terrified by the sight of their dusky faces, strange costume, and fierce demeanor, soon learned to confide in them, and by her artless simplicity won their hearts.

Several years passed along without any noteworthy incident, except that new settlers arrived, and the woods were rapidly being cleared before the tide of emigration.

All might have remained peaceful, but for the bad character of some of the settlers. Traders had come, bringing whisky, the bane of the white man, and the terrible foe of the Indian.

Very soon the peace of the settlement was disturbed by drunken brawls, in which the Indians were frequent participants.

On one occasion, the chief of the neighboring tribe visited the settlement, and a party of unfeeling wretches contrived to entice him into one of the groggeries, and after getting him beastly drunk, turned him out to make his way home as best he might. He wandered away into the forest, and stupefied with liquor, fell beside a stump, and was soon fast asleep.

It happened that Emily had gone out berrying that afternoon, and as she was returning she passed near the sleeping Indian. She was startled upon seeing him, but thinking some accident might have befallen him, she stopped to see if he were hurt. She was unable to awake him, and was about to turn away, when to her horror she saw, at but a little distance from her, a large, black bear. Her first impulse was to scream, but checking it, she started to run with all her might for her father's cottage, which was about quarter of a mile distant. She had run but a little way when she thought of the poor Indian left behind without power to escape from the bear, if it should attack him. What could she do? She saw that the animal had not followed her, but she dared not return for fear of being devoured. After a moment's thought, she determined to seek her father, who was at work in the field, and call him to rescue the Indian.

She flew to the field where her father had been plowing, but he had gone to the house, leaving his faithful dog beside the team. He had also left his rifle, which he always carried with him to the field, and in an instant the brave girl resolved to return to the defense of the sleeping man. Seizing the rifle and calling the dog, she started at once, and in a few moments came in sight of the place where she had left him. Horrible! there was the bear standing directly over the man, who was now completely in its power. But the dog had seen him, and in an instant he bounded forward

to attack him. The bear gave a sharp growl, and advanced to meet him, but Emily had not stood idle. Her father had taught her to use the rifle, and though she knew the danger should she only wound the animal, she laid the barrel across a stump, took as deliberate aim as her trembling hands would allow, and fired, just as the dog was about to grapple with the bear. The ball sped truly, the animal rolled over dead, and the danger was passed; but the excitement had proved too much for Emily, and she fainted.

The report of the rifle aroused the Indian, who sprang to his feet, and seeing the bear, started to run from it. In doing so he caught sight of Emily, and seeing the rifle lying by her, at once the truth flashed upon him.

He caught her in his strong arms, to bear her to the house; but was soon met by her father who had heard the noise. While the Indian was telling what he knew of the occurrence, Emily revived, and on her way home related the whole. The Indian could say little, but his looks showed his gratitude. "Me never forget," said he, as he turned away, and was soon out of sight.

Nothing more was seen of the chief for many months. Mr. Martin learned that he had been so ashamed of his drunkenness, that he had removed far away, and he expected never to see him again. But early one morning, there was a knock at the door, and the Indian entered. "Me no forget," said he, and beckoned Emily to follow him. What was her delight to see, standing near the door, a beautiful deer with its fawn, which the Indian had brought as a present to the brave girl who had saved his life at the risk of her own. He had tamed it so that it would follow him like a dog, and though at first it was shy of Emily, it soon learned to love her better than any one else. The Indian pointed to the beautiful animal, saying, "Me no forget, me no get drunk more," darted away into the forest, and was never seen again in the settlement.

## JOHNNY BEST.

As Johnny Best one day
  Was walking to the town,
He saw before him lay
  A bright new silver crown.

"Good luck! good luck!" said he,
  And quick he seized the prize.
It was a sight to see
  The sparkle of his eyes.

"I'll have a ball and top,
  And hoop and kite so fine,
And pretty pictures, too; but stop—
  This money is not mine!

"I'll give it back again,
  If the owner I can find."
Then off he quickly ran,
  For fear he'd change his mind.

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

HE began to wander on, still shouting, singing, and calling at the top of his voice.

To his great joy, he thought at last that there was a reply. It was so faint, he scarcely dared to believe that he had heard it. In a little while it came again, still faint, but sounding more distinct than before. Nathan now exerted himself, and with all his might threw forth his voice, glad enough that it had been heard at last. He followed the sound of the other voice, for he soon discovered that but one answered him, and as he slowly made his way toward it, it became by degrees clearer and stronger. In order to get to it, he had to force a path through all sorts of difficulties in the shape of thickets, and more than once, sharp thorns penetrated his jacket and wounded his shoulders and arms, to say nothing of his poor, weary legs that by this time were scratched hither and yon, till they looked like huge rolls of parchment inscribed with mysterious hieroglyphics. Although the sting of his hurts was keen, Nathan did not mind them in the least, now that good fortune was befriending him. Just then a beautiful butterfly, with large, golden wings, flew across his path, and he turned aside to catch it in his hat to take it to Majory, who, he thought, would be delighted with such a prize. He expected soon to reach the voice. Singularly enough, it seemed to him as though he were advancing toward this voice, while no progress apparently was made by it to him. It came always from the same spot; as far as he could tell, it was stationary. What could this mean? So long as he reached it, he did not much care, but he thought it strange. The empty pail, he found it very much in his way, and really his arm ached with dragging it after him through the bushes. He held fast of it, however, determined not to give up the possession of so valuable an article. He had now come quite near to the voice, so near, that he was struck with its remarkable resemblance to that of Gilbert. As soon as he was close enough to believe that words could be distinguished, he called to know who was there. There was no answer, at first, but a series of impatient exclamations at some unpleasant position in which the speaker seemed to be placed, and then he heard these words:

"It's Gilbert. I'm in the greatest mess that ever was seen. I am stuck fast in an awful marsh—the wettest, muddiest, *deepest*, horridest place in the world!"

"Well, get out of it, then," said Nathan, bluntly. "If you had looked what you were about, you would not have got there."

"I *can't* get out," whined Gilbert; "I'm up to my thighs, and sinking more and more, I do believe, every minute."

All Nathan's detestation of his traveling companion's selfishness rose up in him anew. The very sound of his

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. N. Stearns, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

voice recalled it. He did not battle against the evil impulse to despise him, to treat him as he himself had been treated, but secretly rejoiced in the misfortune that had overtaken him. He pushed on, determined to enjoy a personal view of Gilbert struggling unsuccessfully to get out of the marsh, and speedily reached the scene of the accident. It was a sorry sight. There was Gilbert plunged above his knees in black mire, looking jaded, forlorn, and dirty enough. There were no bushes near him by which he could grasp to swing himself clear, and all he could do was to flounder helplessly in his prison.

"I have been here almost ever since I left you," he said, on seeing Nathan emerging from the thicket, "and I am clear beat out, trying to get to the path that leads to where the folks are. That's it yonder—I came by it. I've shrieked and yelled to 'em till I am as hoarse as a frog, and nobody has come. I'm water soaked through and through. I never saw such a set of unfeeling people as you are."

"Didn't you?" asked Nathan, coolly. "That's queer, too."

Gilbert's last words had effectually quenched the pity Nathan was beginning to feel for him. He sat quietly down on a log and eyed Gilbert from head to foot; that is, he glanced as far toward his feet as he could under the circumstances, for they were engaged some distance below the surface of the ground, in absorbing a portion of its moisture and getting generally painful and muddy.

"You can't tell how funny you appear," continued Nathan, tantalizingly. "I didn't know before that a boy could look so well without his legs! It's quite becoming, I assure you."

Gilbert turned pale with resentment, and made another desperate but vain effort to extricate himself. He saw that he was in Nathan's power; he dared not aggravate him by giving vent to a displeasure; that would only keep him the longer in the marsh; therefore he maintained a wise silence. At last he said,

"Nathan, you *must* help me out."

"Must I?" asked Nathan, without stirring hand or foot.

"Yes," said Gilbert. "I could scramble out easily enough if you would only get a long pole and hand one end of it to me to hold on by and steady myself."

"A staff, for instance," said Nathan, with meaning; "a staff such as you had not time to make for Majory, would do very well, wouldn't it, eh?"

Gilbert did not answer. He tried once more, by a great effort, to leap out of the mud. But his feet were buried so deeply, that the attempt was just as useless as had been all its predecessors.

"You are cruel—you are wicked," he cried, loudly. "You see me suffer, and don't raise a finger to help me."

"Who was cruel, when I was tired out with driving the mule and clearing the path? Who refused to lead Dove-Eyes while I rested? You had better brush up your memory, I think."

Overcome with fatigue, his uncomfortable position, and his fear of not getting out speedily, Gilbert burst into tears.

"You shall pay for this," he said; "if your father doesn't hear of it, and give you a sound whipping, it shall not be my fault."

Nathan now rose, and with a beating heart, for he knew how wrong he was doing, turned to go. But he had

progressed so far in his scheme of retaliation, that excitement gave him strength to proceed. He stilled his conscience as best he could; it was the more difficult to do under Gilbert's final threat. He dreaded, with all his heart, that his father's confidence in him should be destroyed by the revelation of what was now taking place. He had always prided himself on striving to deserve that father's esteem —was he to lose it all now, lose it for a paltry revenge on one who had offended him? For one moment he hesitated, but only for one. The thought of giving in to Gilbert, of letting him triumph over him, as he had done many times before, caused his decision to be made. No, he would NOT yield. Help him out of that mire! Never! "*I will do to him*," he said, "*as he has done to me!*"

He turned toward the path Gilbert had pointed out as the one by which he had come, and said, quietly:

"So that's the path, is it? I think you said so. I am right glad to hear it, because I have lost my way; good-bye—I think you had best get out as soon as you can."

He started off, carelessly swinging the pail in his hand. On seeing this, Gilbert set up a howl of rage, disappointment, and suffering. He knew that without help he could not extricate himself from his dilemma, and he saw that if he were deserted by Nathan, a long while would elapse before his father could find him out and come to the rescue. Meanwhile, Nathan forced his quivering lips to a whistle, and disappeared among the trees, feeling more unhappy than he ever recollected to have been in all his life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

GILBERT was right. The path led straight back to where the others were resting and cooling themselves in the shadows of the trees. As Nathan neared the spot sufficiently to hear the voices of his father and mother engaged in conversation, he paused, dreading to go any farther.

Suppose he should be questioned. Suppose they should ask him if he had seen Gilbert, they would, doubtless, wonder at his long absence—if not at once, certainly they must soon do so, for the party ought to resume the march before very long. What was he to say? He stood still, and tried to collect his thoughts. He did not wish to utter a falsehood, for he was a boy of high principles; but what *could* he say? If he confessed that he had seen Gilbert, and repeated the whole story, would not his retaliation be incomplete? Would not Gilbert be pitied, aided, consoled, and he himself blamed and despised? Could he endure that? Could he endure to have his father henceforth regard him with suspicion—his mother cease to love him as she had done, and even dear little Marjory shun him and look at him with reproachful, doubting eyes?

Truly, Gilbert himself was less miserable than he. He heard his father's voice speaking, and he listened to catch his words from his concealment—

"I wonder what keeps the boys! They have been gone a long, long time. We ought to be starting." Then he called aloud, "Gilbert, Gilbert! Nathan!"

Nathan cowered among the bushes, and dared not answer. He hated to humble himself by returning to help Gilbert; he was afraid to advance to meet his father! He decided, after much irresolution, to creep quietly back to the marsh, and see if by this

time Gilbert had not extricated himself. He hoped so most fervently, for this was the only way by which he thought things could be straightened without a sacrifice of his own pride, for he must sacrifice it if he helped Gilbert himself, or if, on the other hand, he at once confessed all to his father, and thus sent him to the rescue. He was aware that one of these two measures must be taken if Gilbert was still fast in the mud, and if he did not wish to occasion his death by causing him to remain there. He knew that Gilbert, as far removed from the others as he was, could not make his condition known by his cries; this had been proved to him by Gilbert's own assertion that he had vainly screamed for aid for a long time before Nathan made his appearance. Nathan ran along the path with an energy that told of the abstraction of his thoughts. He minded no obstacles in the way; indeed, he scarcely seemed to notice rocks or brambles, but leaped wildly over the one, and let the other tear and scratch him as he hastily pushed through it. He scarcely dared to expect that Gilbert had freed himself after so many useless efforts, but he fed himself with the hope that he had.

At length he reached the spot. He advanced cautiously, for he did not now wish to arouse Gilbert's anger by discovering himself. With a trembling hand he parted the bushes that skirted the swamp, and which now were all that lay between him and it. But before he took this look, he paused, averted his eyes, and asked himself this question, "Shall I help him out or not?" He hesitated; a picture of all Gilbert's unkindness and selfish idleness rose to his memory, and he closed his lips firmly, and said, "No! I will *not*." Then he parted the bushes again and glanced over the swamp.

Not a sound was to be heard from Gilbert. Had he grown weary of calling? What was it that sent such an utter whiteness over Nathan's face? What made him leap from among the rushes, and stare with wide, open, appalled eyes at some object in the marsh?

It was because he saw that Gilbert had either fainted or was dying. It was because he saw that the poor lad had fallen on his face in the black, slimy mud, in which the lower part of his body was still a prisoner, and that he lay there as silent, as motionless as if he were already dead.

It would be difficult to describe Nathan's terror and remorse, and to state how much he suffered in the first moment of this discovery. He stood bewildered, shocked, and shrieked with all his might to Gilbert to speak to him, but no reply came. A dreadful sensation rushed over him as he thought that perhaps he might *never* answer him. Then he tried to calm himself, in order to decide what ought to be done. All remembrance of the silver rule or of retaliation and revenge passed away. He felt that he could not be happy again if Gilbert should die of the fright and exhaustion which his useless struggles must have brought upon him.

He was conscious that by rashly exposing himself he also might get sunk in the mud, and thus make matters worse than they were already, so he went carefully and sorrowfully, but rapidly to work. He tried the marsh in several places, in hopes that he could find some spot capable of bearing his weight, which would allow him to approach his companion, but

repeated efforts only proved to him that he could not do so. What *should* he do? Glancing hurriedly around, his eye fell on the decaying trunk of a small tree that lay near. It had probably been blown down years before in some gale. The idea struck him that this might be made of use. He rolled it into the marsh and settled it in a direction pointing toward where Gilbert lay. It took all his strength to do this, for the trunk was heavy from being water-soaked; but at last he accomplished the undertaking. He began to feel lighter-hearted now, for he was in hopes to reach Gilbert by walking on this log, and then he expected to be able to lift him from the mire and carry him in his arms to the solid ground. He trusted if he could only get him out safe, that water poured over his face would speedily recall him from unconsciousness, and thus, perhaps, they could join his father and mother before they grew really alarmed about them.

But, alas! after all his trouble, the first step on the log gave it an impetus which sent it down in the mud. He had scarcely time enough to leap off to escape sinking with it.

Meanwhile, there lay Gilbert, insensible. Nathan shuddered, as he looked at him after the failure of his attempt. To run as fast as he could and bring his father to the spot immediately was his next idea, and to entertain it and to execute it seemed almost a simultaneous action, for he started off at a speed of which, tired as he now felt, he had scarcely believed himself capable. He saw that nothing he could do by himself would be of avail, and that every moment wasted in delay was a chance lost for Gilbert's life. Thus, once more, Gilbert was left alone in the marsh.

Nathan took care not to lose his way this time. He scrambled through the briers a great deal faster than he had come, and panting, flushed, breathless, soon rushed into his father's presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TWILIGHT.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

In the west, the sunset flushes,
Fading slow, like beauty's blushes,
Die away in twilight hushes.

Slowly, as the crimson dyes
Fade along the darkening skies,
Star-lamps from the azure rise.

Floating, like some fairy isle,
Drifted clouds lie pile on pile,
Growing darker all the while.

And the fire-fly's sudden glimmer
Only makes the shadows dimmer,
Only makes the darkness grimmer.

Zephyrs, sweet with fragrant balm,
Whisper through the solemn calm
Like the echo of a psalm.

Whispers through the darkness steal,
And a presence they reveal
Which we can not *see*, but *feel*.

Like the harp's rich notes it lingers,
Swept by unseen angel fingers,
Or the voice of sweetest singers.

LE ROY, ILL., *June* 8, 1862.

LIFE has been called a warfare. Blessed, then, is the periodical armistice of the Sabbath. It is only in the pauses of the fight that we can see how the battle is going.

A NEW PRECEPT FOR LENT.—Return all borrowed cash, books, and umbrellas.

## BIRDS OF NEW YORK—THE OWLS.

AMONG the *raptores*, or birds of prey, we have two classes—the open daylight robbers, and the secret thieves or plunderers by night. The former class comprises the eagles, hawks, and vultures, while the latter comprises the *stridigæ*, or owls. The following are the characteristics of the owls: Head large, with large eyes, neck short, body robust, tail short, claws long, arched, and sharp. The body is covered by an abundance of feathers, so that they may glide through the air on a noiseless wing and come upon their prey unheard and unsuspected.

The gentleman whose portrait we present at the head of this article is both a day and night robber, and is known as the Great Snow Owl (*Surnia noctea.*) You will notice the merciful expression of his eyes as he bears off the unlucky hare that he has captured. How his great sharp claws are fastened in the tender flesh of poor lepus!

This species is the most beautiful and one of the largest of the owl family. His home is in the Arctic regions, and he is only seen in the United States during the coldest weather. In the desolate icy regions of the north he makes his home. And how well suited for such a climate! It possesses close, thick plumage; even the bill is hidden in a mass of feathers that cover its face, and the legs are feathered to the toes. Its plumage is of a glossy white, with more or less hazy bars of brown across the wings and back. The bill and feet are blue; the eyes yellow. It is a noticeable fact that nearly all Arctic species, whether of mammals or birds, resemble the color of the snow. Take, for example, the Arctic wolf, Polar hare, Arctic fox, ermine, and white bear among the mammals, and the snow owl, white snow-bird, northern phalarope, Canada jay, butcher-bird, snow goose, and trumpeter swan among the feathered tribes. Cases have been recorded of crows, those sable-hued individuals, turning white in the polar regions!

The genus *bubo* comprises those owls having tufts of feathers on their heads called horns. The great horned or cat owl and the little screech owl are too well known to need description. They are both common in New York State. I captured a specimen of the little screech owl one winter and kept him alive for some time, feeding him on sparrows, squirrels, beef, liver, etc. He was very voracious; he would plant one foot on a bird to keep it firmly down, and then tear it with his curved beak and devour flesh, intestines, feathers and all. After a meal he would sit stupid and straight as an Indian, on his perch, and appearing like a person with dyspepsia, too full to do anything. After an hour or so had elapsed, Nature rebelled against the indigestible stuff in his epigastric region, and up would come a ball of feathers and bones, which our hero would spit out and feel relieved. He had a curious habit of swaying to and fro when approached, rolling his great yellow eyes as if trying to scare me, and making a hissing noise, with his bill slightly expanded. On putting a finger in the cage he would make a "nip" at it, and wo to him who had not sufficient manual dexterity to withdraw the inquisitive dactyl in time! My "owlship" was as glum as a deacon during the day, but as night approached he began to be lively and enchant us with his melodious warble. (N. B. This, as Artemas Ward says, is intended to be ironical.)

The genus *ulula* comprises the hooting owls. The ulula Acadica, or Acadian owl, is the first of the genus claiming our attention. This is a beautiful species, and quite diminutive, being only six inches in length, while the great horned owl is two feet or more! It is light reddish brown above, with spots and blotches of white. Beneath, grayish white, with streaks and spots of chocolate brown. Bill and claws bluish. Eyes bright yellow. Its plumage is soft and glossy.

The Acadian owl is an inhabitant of the North. It is quite difficult to procure, as it is not common in any locality. It resorts to evergreen woods on the sides of mountains and hills, preying upon small birds as the chicadee, and upon the smaller quadrupeds. Its note is sharp and sounds like the filing of a saw, from which circumstance the bird is sometimes called the Saw-whet Owl.

While collecting in the mountains of northern New York in winter, I have often listened, on moonlight nights, to the peculiar notes of this little owl. Occasionally his great horned cousin would thunder forth from a neighboring ravine, and the combination of these two voices in the still night air was curious enough. Once I found one of these Acadian owls in the dead of winter lying frozen stiff on the snow in a ravine. On dissection, I found all three of his stomachs empty, so I concluded he must have starved to death. The snow was very deep at the time, and food must have been scarce.

HENRY A. D.

## THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

MOST creatures which prey upon others are content to capture their food and feast upon it at once; but here is a bird that adds a peculiar refinement to his destructive propensities. The butcher-bird, as he is appropriately named, not only violently pounces upon smaller feathered creatures and insects, but having secured a subject, he proceeds at once to some thorn-bush, where he impales his victim as skillfully as a butcher would hang the carcass of a sheep or ox upon the hook for dissection.

Sometimes the prey is left thus secured for several days until the appetite of the butcher-bird is sharpened for its disposal; at others, it would seem that the unhappy victim was put to death for the mere pleasure of killing him, as the bird, perhaps, never returns to feast upon him.

This bird is very common on the continent of Europe, and is also found in the southern parts of the United States. A very large variety is met with in Southern Africa. It is frequently observed to catch locusts which abound there, and immediately upon seizing one, it flies to the nearest thorn-bush and kills the insect by piercing its head with a thorn.

# BESSIE'S FISHING.

## CHAPTER II.

NED'S ill temper made him feel very cross and ugly. He walked on and on, until he began to be sorry that he had been so angry at Isaac—and then came the thought of Bessie, and it was this thought of his little sister that caused Ned to turn suddenly about and go toward his grandmother's house.

Ned and Bessie had arrived at this house two days before the fishing excursion, on a visit to their grandmother. They were to be followed by the remainder of the family, and as Ned hastened on he thought also of his father's and mother's arrival.

Isaac reached home before his cousin Ned. He went into the house whistling a merry tune, and with his trout on a forked branch hung over his shoulder.

"Look here, grandmother! What do you say to this?" asked Isaac, going up to the table that his grandmother was preparing for her expected guests. "Oh, cook it, do, for uncle Ned's supper—I don't believe he ever caught a finer fellow when he was a boy."

Ned's trout received its share of admiration from Mrs. Smith, who had been so much occupied that she had forgotten Bessie, until the moment when Isaac entered.

"That dear child will take her death of cold!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith; "the dew is falling this very moment—how *could* I forget her? She went to sleep on the walk, and I covered her up, and then forgot all about it. Run this minute, Ike, and bring her in."

In half a minute Isaac returned. "She isn't there," he said.

"What can have become of her?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, hastening out of doors and looking over the yard and garden.

"Bessie! Bessie! come to grandmother," she called.

"Bessie, come and see my trout!" shouted Isaac.

Bessie heard neither the call nor the shout. Bessie saw the dread fall. Bessie's ears were filled with the roar of the waters.

"Halloa! Ned, what have you got there?" cried Isaac, as Ned stopped at the gate, holding a horse by the bridle, and on the horse's saddle, very much at home, seemingly, sat a dog.

"Got! what have I got, sure enough," replied Ned. "This is father's horse, that I found eating grass by the roadside, and it was as much as ever I could do to make Jack know me, and let me catch the horse."

During this explanation Isaac's eyes wandered toward the river.

"What's become of the boat?" he cried, as, for the first time, he perceived its absence.

"Why, I left it there just before we went a-fishing," replied Ned; and he added, "where's Bess?"

Grandmother Smith had gone over the house and garden in search of the missing child, and at the instant Ned asked "Where's Bess," she arrived at the gate.

"Grandmother! the boat's gone! Would Bessie get into it?"

"Oh! the dear child, how could I forget her; run Ike, run Ned, this minute down stream, maybe the boat has run against a rock or something."

Ned and Isaac made fast the horse, and calling Jack to follow them, the two boys hurried away down the river as fast as they could—and poor grandmother Smith followed on, forgetting night-dews and rheumatism, in anxiety for her lost darling.

Mr. Smith's traveling carriage rolled slowly over the river-road, for the evening was lovely, and the spring blossoms clouded the green young leaves, and hung like spray over the dark pine-trees on the hillsides. By the side of the carriage rode a young man, who was the elder brother of the poor little girl that the current was drifting on, on to the waterfall.

"How pretty this sheet of water is!" said Mrs. Smith, looking out of the carriage at it. In an instant she saw the boat and the child, and knew the danger, and Bessie saw the carriage, and shouted with all her power.

The young man sprang from his horse and rushed into the mill.

"Hurry!" he cried, "run for your life, there's a boat going over the dam with a child in it."

The men started and ran outside. When they saw the boat they stood still. There seemed no rescue—it had come to the very edge! As they stood, the boat whirled in the current, whirled half way around. Mrs. Smith closed her eyes, afraid to see the fatal fall. There is a shout. How loud it rings among the hills! The boat is fast; caught on the very edge, it hangs with its precious burden.

"Oh, mother! father!" cried Ned, catching sight of the carriage in his run.

"What, my boy? how frightened you look!" said his father.

"It's Bessie in the boat," said Ned; and he began sobbing and crying as if his heart would break.

Isaac did not wait an instant. Isaac knew the rocks below the fall, and he called to his uncle, "Come with me! come quick;" and he ran his life past the dam, and leaped down the bank.

"You can't get her that way," called Mr. Smith—"we must get a boat."

"She'll go over before you can get near her," said Isaac; and he snatched off his shoes and stockings as if they burned him, and ran through the water, over the stones; Mr. Smith followed with all speed.

"Don't fear, Bessie! I'm coming to you," called Isaac; but Bessie heard nothing but the roar of the waters, and she held on to the boat with all her strength.

How the rock cut Isaac's feet as he

climbed it, up and up, right in the center of the fall, where the waters parted over its great sides. In the mean time the mill-men had gone for a boat, but long before they found one, Isaac was on the top of the rock, clinging to it, and trying to reach the boat.

"Come, Bessie, don't fear, I'll get you," said Isaac, as his head began to show itself above the rock.

"I'm afraid, Ike—I can't let go."

"Your father's just down here waiting to catch you, so come!"

Bessie let go her hold and moved as Isaac told her. He caught her, just in time. The boat was tossed like a shell over the rushing sheet of water—Bessie's change of position threw the tiny boat from its hold. With joy Mr. Smith received his child, and carried her to the waiting carriage. Isaac climbed the rock again. Bessie's boat had been caught on a strange hook, and he went to look at it the second time.

"Look a' here, Ned!" he called, as he went toward home, trailing after him on the ground a long rod. "See what saved Bessie—your fishing-rod. It got caught in the rocks and just balanced the boat."

"Hurrah! didn't I catch a fish?" asked Ned; but his eyes were full of tears and his heart was full of joy.

"We won't hide in the wood-shed again," said Isaac.

"No; and we won't be mean to Bessie any more," said Ned.

Bessie came down to the gate to meet the two boys. She went between them and put her little hands, the one into Ned's and the other into Isaac's, and walked with them into the little brown house. Bessie's safety and Bessie's forgiveness were tender themes to Ned and Isaac, and they would have ran away but she held them fast and led them in, when the whole story was duly told, and Isaac's trout received its share of admiration. Ned has determined to keep his "fine new rod" where he can see it, to remind him of his selfishness—that he may be better and truer in the future to his sister.

## APRIL SHOWERS.

THEY'VE come again—the April showers—
Refreshing all the trees and flowers;
The buds have burst their downy sheaths,
Revealing tiny folded leaves,
Which soon will wear a perfect form,
Enlivened in the sunshine warm.

Then come in gushing torrents down;
I love to hear your magic sound;
As on the roof you patter, patter,
Making such a noisy clatter.
Now the sun shines bright and gay
As if the clouds had passed away.
One moment more—and lo! the rain
Descends in torrents down again.

Like April weather, many minds
Are as unstable as the winds;
Trifles, people magnify,
Until they seem like mountains high;
Wreathed in smiles one moment, next
Drowned in tears without pretext.

LUCY.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, *April* 18, 1862.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

## ALPINE PEASANTS.

THE peasants who inhabit the slopes and valleys of the Swiss Alps are a most interesting people. Their industry, intelligence, and indomitable love of freedom have been proverbial for centuries. Shut in from the rest of the world by almost impassable mountain barriers, they are forced to depend mostly upon their own resources to supply the comforts of life. They know little of its luxuries, save those which money can not buy—health, contentment, and keen enjoyment of their scanty possessions. Thus industry is a national necessity, and its certain accompaniments, thrift and virtue, are everywhere seen.

Much of the country is a vast waste of barren rocks, accessible only to the hardy chamois and the more hardy hunter, who pursues him over the perilous heights of his mountain-home. But wherever grass will grow, or a vine can be made to draw nourishment from the scanty soil, there the hand of industry taxes its fullest capacity, and the humble cottages are surrounded with flowers and fruits, which crown them with beauty.

Patches of herbage are scattered here and there among the slopes of the mountains—some of them at great heights. During the short summer, the Alpine herdmen lead their little flocks up to these spots, and remain with them until the early winter forces them to return to the sheltered valleys. They may often be seen at such seasons bending under the weight of their rude household furniture which they carry upon their backs. They go cheerily along, enlivening their toilsome journey with cheering songs, which seem filled with the very spirit of the mountains that echo back their notes.

# DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

LET me tell all you Merry cousins who have your several senses unimpaired, what I saw the other evening in Henry Ward Beecher's lecture-room.

Dr. M—— introduced to the congregation a Dr. Skinner, who wished to say a few words to the audience. He informed us, being blind, he couldn't see us, but he would like to tell us something about his school, which was composed of deaf mutes and blind *colored* children. Dr. S. and his wife (who was a deaf mute!) had made inquiries upon the subject, and had learned that there was not an institution of the kind for colored people in the United States, and they therefore instituted one themselves. He had brought three colored girls with him, aged, respectively, ten, twelve, and fifteen years; the eldest and youngest were deaf mutes; the other was stone blind. After a few preliminary remarks, Dr. Skinner raised his hand, and made some extraordinary gestures; I thought the poor man was surely going to lose his senses as well as his sight! but there was intelligence in his movements, which were responded to by the oldest girl, who left her seat and joined Dr. S. on the platform. By signs he asked her to write something for us, and a piece of chalk being given to her, she commenced to write upon a blackboard. Meanwhile, the youngest child had led up the blind one, who read a verse out of the Gospel of St. John—printed in raised letters for blind people; she passed her first finger over them, and read about as fast as the Bible is often read in the pulpit. Dr. Skinner said, "If any of the congregation would like to name any particular verse, she will find it." Mr. Beecher, who had taken his seat among the audience, immediately replied, "15th chapter of St. John, 3d verse." While the little blind girl sought chapter and verse, Dr. M. read what the deaf mute had written on the blackboard, which, as nearly as I recollect, was this:

"We are very happy to come to Mr. Beech church. We hope the people will be kind enough to give us money to buy a cow. We love our kind and affectionate teachers, Dr. Skinner and Mrs. J. Skinner, very much." Dr. M. explained to Dr. S. that she had spelled Mr. Beecher's name wrong; he made a few signs, and in an instant she added "er" to the "Beech."

Dr. Skinner then said to the blind girl, "Have you found the verse?"

"Not yet, sir;" in a few minutes she had found the place, and read: "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." Then did I mentally shake hands with Mr. Beecher for selecting such a pretty verse for the poor little *darkies*.

Can you imagine *how the dumb girl spoke to the blind man?* Think of it a minute! She took his hand, and made letters with his fingers.

Then Dr. S. said he should like the youngest to pray for us, if there was no objection (as if there *could* be!), and the dumb girl prayed, and the blind man interpreted. But how? He stood behind her, and by *placing his fingers upon her shoulders* read her signs and gestures.

I don't know whether my description of the scene can give you any idea of its intense interest. It was

the most affecting exhibition I have witnessed for years: a blind man seeing with his fingers; deaf and dumb children talking with their hands, and praying by signs. I felt ashamed when I thought of the little use I had made all my life of my eyes, ears, and tongue.

Dr. and Mrs. Skinner had met with much persecution in their undertaking, often finding it difficult to procure a place for their school, being called amalgamationists, etc. They had been obliged to sell their cow (which had become a favorite with the children), to pay their rent. We took up a collection; I don't know how much was contributed, I only know I *wish* it had been enough to purchase all "the cattle on a thousand hills."

May God prosper them in their good work! AUNT SUE.

## A WESTERN SKETCH.

BY STUMBLER.

SOME eleven years ago, some of my nearest relatives crossed this State (Illinois), going from the southwest of Indiana to Galena, in the extreme northwestern part of this State. They traveled in a carriage; all the vast prairie lay stretched out before them; it requires but little imagination to liken it to the sea, as the long grass waves back and forth in one vast uninterrupted plain for miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach. Occasionally one is reminded of *land* again as a grove is approached, and you feel that after all you are better off than you would be out on the deep, deep sea.

The prairie is covered with patches of flowers of various colors and kinds—not mixed, as in flower-gardens, but a bed of an acre perhaps of one kind; descend a gentle slope, and a bed of an entirely different kind presents itself. Perhaps some of my readers do not know of the continual change that presents itself in the succession of flowers through the summer. If you travel the same road a few weeks later, you will not recognize a single flower you first found; but an entirely different set, no less beautiful than the first, fill their places.

I begun with our travelers. When they reached this section of country they found but one house for more than twenty miles, and they were often more than half that distance apart; but at this said house the party thought it best to try their fortune in the shape of dinner.

The gentleman of the house was very polite, but said there was no "woman" at home, and the ladies would have to get their own dinner. So they went to work right gayly, and when all was prepared, went to the *parlor* (the log-hut boasted of *two rooms*), and merely mentioned that dinner was ready. When the travelers were collected round the table, they wondered why the old gentleman was not there. It soon appeared evident his sense of propriety was such he would not come to the table unasked, as the meal had been entirely prepared by the strangers.

Time passed on. Eight years later, one of our party finds herself *settled*, and calls it *home*—on the very ground that seemed so dreary and wild so few years before. And now a town of some

four hundred (or more) inhabitants presents itself, and ten minutes' ride with the great iron horse for *team* will take you to another scarcely less enterprising than this. When you go out on the prairie, instead of fields of flowers you find herds of cattle of from fifty to two hundred, herded by some diminutive specimen of humanity scarcely larger than "the Commodore."

The cars, as I write, go whistling by, heavily freighted with cattle and hogs, to swell the numbers already congregated in our great Western emporium; and a little behind comes a full passenger-train, which will soon overtake Mr. Freight and tell him to stand aside and let his betters (?) pass.

We have still some new country, and some things done up in new country style too. Let me give my young friends an account of a house I saw being built a few days since.

The land belongs to a young secessionist (who went to see John Brown hung, and has not got back yet). So the house-owner thought he would grant himself a lease of the land (he didn't need any stamp for that) till the war is over, at any rate; and I think he foresees a speedy termination, for he has built his house on *sled runners*, with the ends hewed off and turned up, and a hole bored in each, ready to hitch on his oxen and move. The house contains two rooms and a pantry; so the poor oxen will have some work to do.

## THE STORMY NIGHT.

The sun has sunk into the sea,
The wind sighs through the old elm-tree;
No stars shed forth their gentle light,
But dark and stormy is the night.

The trees are rocking in the blast,
Their tall tops wave as it rushes past;
The stream that rolled so calmly by,
Is now a torrent foaming high.

The streets are lonely and deserted,
But a few wanderers, weary-hearted,
Seeking a gleam of friendly light,
Haste through the dark and stormy night.

As rain-drops patter o'er my head,
My heart keeps time to the music sad;
Thoughts of the loved, in this drear hour,
Enchain my soul with magic power.

Memories are thronging thick and fast,
Stirred by the roar of the bitter blast;
Feelings I cherished long ago—
Thoughts of a deep though silent woe.

Dreams of my youth! ah! false and vain,
Why do ye come to me again?
I would not have the rest of life
Stained with this feverish fruitless strife.

* * * * * *

The storm has past; and sweetly now
The moon gleams on the mountain's brow;
The sky above is fair and blue,
And one star shines its clear depths through.

The wind has died to a whisper low;
The vine is waving to and fro
Upon the wall, and sounds of mirth
Are heard from every happy hearth.

The cloud has passed from my soul away;
I feel the zephyr lightly play
On my heated brow, and thoughts of peace cease.
Come o'er my heart—its wild throbs

I shall learn the lesson sternly taught,
To bear in fortitude my lot;
And though too oft I still repine,
A quiet trust may still be mine.

MADGE.

# THE HOME SOCIETY.

## FIRST MEETING.

TWO o'clock was the hour for meeting, but all the members of the Society had assembled in the sitting-room long before the time, except Uncle Fred. The children were quite impatient for him to come, but Mrs. Malcolm assured them he would be punctual, for he always insisted that punctuality was one of the virtues of life. Sure enough, just as the hand of the clock pointed to the hour, the library door opened and he entered.

As usual, he was immediately surrounded by the children, and after greeting them all, and praising them for being punctual, he took the large arm-chair and requested them to be seated in a half circle before him.

"Now, my children," said he, first of all, "I hope none of you had starch for dinner!" They all laughed at the remark, wondering what he could mean, but they could scarcely contain themselves when little Susie exclaimed, "Yes, we did; we had cornstarch pudding."

Uncle Fred then laughed as heartily as the rest. "I will explain," said he. "When people come to any meeting, they often act as though they had been dipped in starch or something to make them stiff. They do not act naturally. I want you all to speak and laugh and act precisely as if it were merely a little party, and not a formal meeting. Only it will be pleasant as well as polite for all to listen when one is speaking. Now, Master John," continued he, "what have you to instruct or amuse the company with?"

The Jerboa.

John drew a paper from his pocket, saying, "I found something which interested *me* very much, and I thought the others might like it."

"A very good rule to judge by," said Uncle Fred.

"Several months ago," continued John, "I went to see a collection of animals. There were elephants, and lions, and tigers, and lots of funny monkeys, but I had seen them before. Presently, however, I came to a small cage containing what I thought was a queer-looking rat; but when he raised himself up, I perceived that its hind legs were very long, while its fore legs were very short. I could not make out what it was, and no one near me knew; so I took a good look at it, and thought I would find a description of it in some book on natural history. I looked through many volumes without finding it, until last week I came upon it in part of an old volume which I found among some rubbish in the garret. I took out the leaves containing it, and here they are."

John then passed around the picture of the curious animal which was named the jerboa.

When all had examined it, he read the following description:

"This animal looks as if he might be related to the rabbit, the rat, and the kangaroo. It is found in the north of Africa, and in some parts of Asia. It is about the size of a rat, lives in the fields and bushes, and eats vegetables like a rabbit, and leaps with wonderful agility, like the kangaroo. You might be sure that this would be its way of traveling from the peculiar shape of its legs. The hind ones are very long, compared with the size of its body, while the fore legs are very short, being little more than an inch in length. When undisturbed, the jerboa walks or hops about on its hind legs, but when frightened it makes great leaps of six or seven feet. In this way it moves along so swiftly that a man on horseback can scarcely overtake it.

"The hind legs of this animal are naked, and very much resemble those of a bird, having only three toes on each, the middle one being the longest. Its tail is much longer than its body, and is terminated with a black tuft of hair tipped with white. The hair of the body is long and soft, of a reddish color on the back, and white on the under parts. Its eyes are large and full, like those of a rabbit. It is a lively and harmless animal, living entirely on vegetables, and making its nest under ground in a burrow. It is fond of warmth, and makes its bed of plenty of fine soft grasses, where it lies snugly rolled up, fast asleep, during the continuance of cold weather."

The company were much interested with the account, and Uncle Fred complimented John upon his first successful effort, and said: "Now, Frank, it's your turn."

"I've only brought a spice-box," said Frank, "to season the entertainment with. I'll give a conundrum. Why is our society like a spoon?"

"Because it's bright," guessed George.

"No," said Frank.

"Because it makes a stir," said Henrietta.

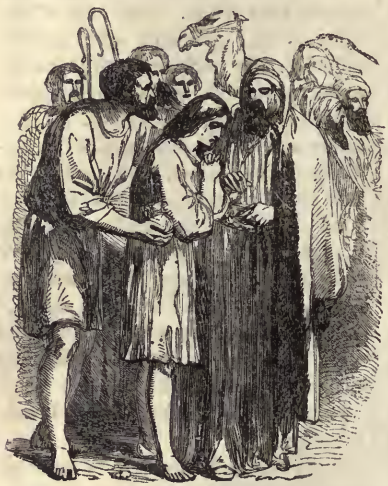
"Try again," said Frank.

"Because it's got honey in it," said Susie, who remembered what Uncle Fred had said about the bee-hive.

"That's something like," replied Frank, laughing, "so I'll tell you the answer. Our society is like a spoon, because it will be *in-tea-resting* (interesting)."

"You are quite a *pun*-gent fellow," said Uncle Fred, at which the company clapped their hands, declaring that his spice was the best flavored.

Henrietta was next called upon. She unrolled a large sheet of Bristol board on which was drawn a picture, and said, "My time out of school has been almost wholly taken up with my drawing lessons, so that I have tried to kill two birds with one stone, by finishing this picture to exhibit."



HENRIETTA'S PICTURE.

It was very nicely executed, and many compliments were paid her.

"What is it the picture of?" inquired Frank.

Some of the others smiled, and Kate was just exclaiming, "Why, Frank!" when Uncle Fred stopped her and said:

"Frank, you are good at guessing riddles; I'll give you one, and the answer to it will tell you what the picture represents. 'From a dream to the pit, from the pit to the cellar, from the cellar to the dungeon, through a dream to a palace.'"

Frank looked more puzzled than ever, while Kate fairly danced in her seat, crying, "Capital, capital!" but in a moment he saw through it all, and exclaimed, "Why, what a dunce I was! it's a picture of Joseph; but, uncle, why does the riddle say from the pit to the cellar?"

"S-e-l-l-e-r," said his uncle, spelling the word; "now do you see it?"

"Well, that upsets my spice-box completely," said Frank; "but there's no use in trying to outdo Uncle Fred."

After considerable conversation about Joseph and his brethren, the story of which they all agreed was one of the most interesting ever written, Uncle Fred looked at his watch and said, "The hour for meeting is almost gone, and some of us will have to leave what we have prepared until the next meeting. I can defer mine if you wish."

"Oh, no, Uncle Fred," cried they all together, for they felt sure that his part would be the best of all.

"Very well," said he, "I am at the service of the meeting; Kate will please bring me a package, which lies on the table, from my room."

She soon returned, bringing a large parcel, which was quickly untied, and found to contain about twenty smaller packets. Each little packet had a long string attached to it. There was also a long stout cord in the large package. Uncle Fred took the cords and fastened the ends to hooks in the ceiling on opposite sides of the room. The middle of the cord was allowed to hang down so as to be about as high as the heads of the youngest of the party. He next tied the small packets by their strings to the long cord, leaving them hanging about a foot below it, and about a foot apart.

"Now," said he, "we will play the

*scissors game*, which I learned in England. One of the party is to be blindfolded at a time. He is to have a pair of scissors in his hand, and to be placed with his back to the line. He must then walk six steps forward, turn around three times, and then try to walk back to the line, taking six steps. When he thinks himself in the right position, he may raise the scissors and try once to cut the strings which hold a packet. If he succeeds, he may have whatever the packet contains. He is to be allowed three trials."

The children were delighted with the sport in prospect, and by unanimous consent their cousin George was invited to make the first trial.

He was carefully blindfolded, stationed with his back to the line, and off he started, counting his steps. When he had taken six steps, he turned around three times, as he supposed, and the fun began. Instead of turning completely around, he had fallen short a little each time, and when he marched forward to use the scissors, he walked straight toward Uncle Fred's chair in another corner of the room.

The children had taken different positions after he was blindfolded, so that when they laughed, which they did heartily, he could not be guided by the sound. George stopped when within a few feet of his uncle, raised the scissors and gave a snip, as if he were threatening Uncle Fred's nose, while all shouted with merriment. Back he walked six steps, turned around again, and this time, fortunately, he turned squarely toward the cord. Six steps brought him to the right place, and all watched the scissors with much interest, as he slowly raised them He was just about to clip when only a few inches below one of the packets, when Susie in her anxiety cried out, "Higher, Georgie!" This was not quite in order, but as she was the youngest they excused her, and were all glad when George clipped the string, and brought down a fine orange in his packet.

His third effort was fruitless, as he only threatened to cut off the head of the cat, who was asleep on the sofa.

The others then tried their luck, with various success, and all agreed that it was one of the best games ever invented, especially as when it came Uncle Fred's turn, he happened to cut the large cord, and when all the packages came tumbling down, he declared them forfeited for the benefit of the company.

This concluded the first meeting, and you may be sure that all were ready to appoint another for the following week.

## "PRESS ON."

"Press on! You're rusting while you stand;
Inaction will not do.
Take life's small bundle in your hand,
And bridge it briskly through.

"Jump over all the 'ifs' and 'buts;'
There's always some kind hand
To lift life's wagon o'er the ruts,
And poke away the sand."

A Dialogue.—*Facetious Newsboy*—"See here, auntie, what bird is it that rides on the tempest, and bids defiance to the storm?"

*Patriotic Apple Woman*—"Why, the 'Merican eagle, of course!"

*Newsboy*—"Not as you know on. It's the weather-cock. Now, give me an apple on that."

## AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

DIET.—Even the experienced trainers of the prize-ring can not decide what is the best food. They have a prejudice in favor of mutton-chops and undone beefsteaks, but it is by no means sure that these are best. The Roman soldiers—who were all trained athletes, marching under a weight of armor and luggage that few men in our day could carry—lived on coarse, brown wheat or barley bread, which they dipped in sour wine. In our own day, the Spanish peasant is among the strongest and most agile men in the world. He will work all day in a copper-mine, or at the olive-press, or the wine-press, and then dance half the night to the music of a guitar. He lives on a piece of black bread, an onion, and perhaps half a water-melon. You may see him dipping his bread into a horn of olive-oil, and then into some vinegar, made hot with pepper and garlic, and he is happy. Sometimes he gets a draught of harsh, sour wine, but not strong. All the strong wine is sent to England. The Smyrna porter walks off with a load of 800 weight. His only food, day after day, is a handful of dates, a few figs, a bunch of grapes, some olives. He eats no flesh. His whole food does not cost him a penny a day. The Coolie, living on his rice, can outwork the negro fed on bacon. The Arab, living on rice and dates, conquered half the world. We eat too much. Many people eat breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper—five meals a day, and three of them hearty ones. Our sanitary reformers have not looked much to the diet question. The stomach is the center and citadel of organic life. It is worth a little consideration, as well as the lungs and skin, which depend upon it.

THIS list of the nicknames of various States will interest many of the Merry cousins. Virginia is called the Old Dominion; Massachusetts, the Bay State; Maine, the Border State; Rhode Island, Little Rhody; New York, the Empire State; New Hampshire, the Granite State; Vermont, the Green Mountain State; Connecticut, the Land of Steady Habits; Pennsylvania, the Keystone State; North Carolina, the Old North State; Ohio, the Buckeye State; South Carolina, the Palmetto State; Michigan, the Wolverine State; Kentucky, the Corn Cracker; Delaware, the Blue Hen's Chicken; Indiana, the Hoosier State; Illinois, the Sucker State; Iowa, the Hawkeye State; Wisconsin, the Badger State; Florida, the Peninsular State; Texas, the Lone Star State.

CONUNDRUM.—A medical friend administers the following: Why does a statue, out of doors in bad weather, apparently diminish in size?

Because it becomes a *statue wet* (statuette).

Hydropathic treatment has saved our friend from any ill results in producing the above.

"DID you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady; "he has made a fiddle out of his own head, and has wood enough for another."

WHEN does a farmer act with rudeness toward his corn? When pulling its ears.

WHAT kind of gaiters should a professor wear? Investi-*gators!*

WHAT is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady? One faces the powder, the other powders the face.

WHAT is the best way of having a cold? Contracting it.

IS there any fixed proportion between the number of "hands" a vessel carries and the number of feet she draws?

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—The following interest and discount question originally appeared in the *American Agriculturist.*

Mr. B. has a mortgage of four years on the farm of Mr. H., for $4,000, at 7 per cent. interest, the interest payable semi-annually. Mr. B. offers to sell the mortgage to Mr. M. at such a reduction that his investment shall give him 10 per cent. interest annually. How much must Mr. M. pay for the mortgage?

IF you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it, and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a tie.

THE piles under London Bridge have been driven 500 years, and on examining them in 1845, they were found to be a little decayed. They are principally elm. Old Savoy Palace, in the city of Westminster, was built 650 years ago, and the wooden piles, consisting of oak, elm, beech, and chestnut, were found upon recent examination to be perfectly sound.

IT is thought a dangerous thing to board a man-of-war, but we have known fifty soldiers, each a man of war, boarded by a single landlord—but he was a host.

MODEL wives formerly took a "stitch in time;" now, with the aid of sewing-machines, they take one in no time.

MOTHERS, FATHERS—send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My father—my mother loved me!" Fate can not take away that blessed heart-balm. Lips parched with the word's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep!

PERHAPS tailors are not braver than other people, but any one of them can face a dozen regimental coats without ever flinching!

WHEN a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent and—lets him want it.

A GENTLEMAN who did not trust to his memory, wrote in his memorandum-book, "Must be married when I get to town."

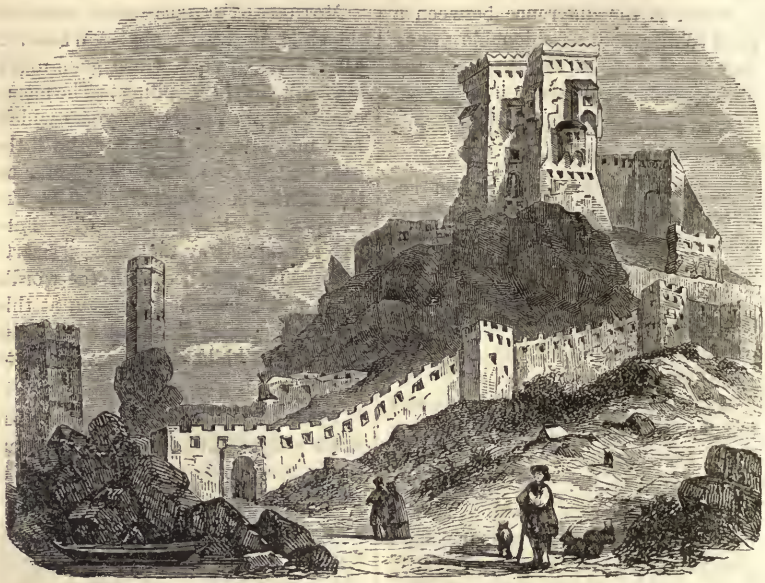
"I SAY, Pat, what are you about, sweeping out that room?" "No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping the dirt, and leaving the room."

THERE are in the English language 20,500 nouns, 40 pronouns, 9,200 adjectives, 8,000 verbs, 69 interjections, etc. In all, there are about 46,000 words.

HE knows little of himself or the world, who does not think it sufficient happiness to be free from sorrow.

PEOPLE frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence, as for want of inclination to search for it.

"I'M getting fat," as the thief said when he stole lard



## THE VIRGIN'S TOWER.

THE tower represented above is said to have been erected as a temple in honor of the goddess Dervina, though it was afterward used as a stronghold in the wars which raged through the valley of the Danube, on whose banks it is built. It is situated on a lofty peak of one of the mountain ranges that shut in the river just as it enters Hungary. It was originally called Thebes, but afterward received the name of the "Virgin's Tower," from the following occurrence:

A convent was situated at no great distance from Thebes, and among its inmates was a beautiful nun, who was loved by a gay young cavalier. Of course there could be no hope of marriage while she was a member of the convent; and she at last yielded to the persuasions of her lover, and fled with him. He carried her for safety to the tower of Thebes.

The ecclesiastics were greatly outraged by the occurrence, and pursued the pair with a large force. But the strong walls of Thebes were proof against all their assaults, and they therefore determined to cut off all supplies, knowing that hunger will break through stone walls, and thus to bring the devoted couple to submission. They accordingly surrounded the castle, and in a few weeks all the stores were exhausted. But the lovers determined never to be taken by their infuriated pursuers. They therefore mounted upon the battlements of the tower, and, locked in a last embrace, sprang together into the dark waters of the Danube, and were forever beyond the reach of mortal hatred.

This tower was destroyed by the French, in 1809, and its ruins only remain to commemorate the scenes of violence its walls had witnessed.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

OH! how warm it is! Will somebody raise a breeze? *Won't* somebody say or do something cool? The ink is nearly dried away into !!!'s We think of taking an apartment at the Astor—in the refrigerator. How uncomfortable—next to unbearable—is the idea of a *warm* greeting! please send us a(n)ice greeting instead. All Fannys will now be welcome to the parlor. We don't know that we could refuse any one admittance now, for we are in a truly melting mood! though if any old flame, or new one either, should attempt it, we should be put out and they would be extinguished! sparks, even, are inadmissible now. But here come our laughing troup,

"Some with fans,
And some with pens,
And some with waving feathers."

Fire away! no, stop! we'll change the figure, and say, play away!

---

BOSTON, *July* 3, 1862.

H. A. D., if Ol. can't find any P. G.'s, I'll show you some when you return. Jenny B. D., very welcome. Do you live in a town on the Merrimac? Don't forget me if you ever come to Boston. Uncle Willie, aren't you ashamed? Boston girls to the rescue! Fannie E. W., please consider yourself introduced. "W" is a wonderful letter, and bears away the palm for numbers, decidedly. There are twelve in the June number alone whose last name commences with a W. Certainly, A. O. That's so, Dan! Where is W. H. C.? Uncle Merry, thank you, but can't see how, as "it" was quoted. O. O., didn't No. 207 fatigue you? Ellian and Wilforley, where are you? Who's in the Labyrinth?

Yours in B., C. F. WARREN.

---

U. S. GUNBOAT WINONA,
NATCHEZ, *May* 15, 1862.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—It is with great pleasure that I am able to inform you that since my last letter we have been very successful, having made Forts St. Philip and Jackson surrender, and then New Orleans, next Baton Rouge, and last of all the above-named place. To-morrow we start for Vicksburg; after taking possession of that place, we will then start for Memphis, where we are in hopes of having the chance of giving three hearty cheers to Commodore Foote. The rebels feel very bad at losing New Orleans, as they thought the forts would be able to cope with any fleet that could be brought against it; and so it could, had it been held by Northern men; but ere this you have read the "Yankee trick" we played on them by running past the forts; our gallant little vessel suffered the most, but I am glad to say that Fort St. Philip has now the "Winona's stars and stripes" flying over it. I received some slight wounds, but I am happy to say that they are all well, and I am ready once more to meet the "traitors," should they make another stand on the Mississippi River. I can not say I love to be fighting, as the sights are too horrible to look at, but I think this rebellion should be put down, and I think it is my duty to help sustain our navy in doing it. I can never forget the sight of our vessel after the engagements; the decks were one mass of blood and brains, while here and there lay the dead and wounded, with any quantity of splinters strewn around the decks; may I never witness such a scene again! Uncle Hi, my time is very much taken up at present, and so I'll be compelled to come to a close; first allow me to send my best love to all the "Merryites," and tell them I miss the "Chat" very much. When we arrive at Memphis, I intend, if possible, to go and see "our darling pet," Busy Bee; I know she will be very glad to hear from the Merry circle, and to receive some magazines. If I can not go, I will send them to her. My best love to Aunt Sue, Ellian, O. O., H. A. D., and C. F. W. No more at present, but hoping my magazines will come promptly, I remain

Yours truly, TOMMY.

Thanks to Tommy for a piece of the secession flag that once waved over Fort St. Philip, and on behalf of the Merry circle, three times three for our hero of the Winona and his brave comrades.

How do you do, dear cousins all? H. A. Danker, I am delighted to see you; I hope you and I will be great friends. Please send me your "*carte*," and receive mine in return. Jim of Baltimore, don't be afraid that the girls will desert you civilians; we will have so many military beaux, that a civilian will be a change. Wilforley, please send me your photo, and I will send you a *carte de visite*, exhibiting that "harum-scarum girl Christabelle" (as I am designated) at full length. Black-Eyes, come to Batavia and I will teach you to ride my brown pony "Ivanhoe," "Rob Roy" being rather too fast for a beginner in the art. Ellian, Saucy Nell, Winifred, and Pertine, when are you going to send your photographs? I have got mine all ready to return favors. Let us five girls take H. A. Danker, and a few other congenial spirits, Wilforley included, and form a corner which shall rival Sybil Grey's clique. What do you say *mes chères amies?* But I hear "Rob Roy" neighing at the door, where he has been patiently waiting for me, and so I must leave off scribbling to take a gallop. Love to all.

*Toujours votre amie*, BROWN-EYES.

No! no! There is no corner in the parlor that would hold such madcaps. Besides, what kind of a pudding would that be, with the plums all in two or three places? We shall take the stick to you, until you are well mixed.

---

POINT GREEN, *July* 1, 1862.

KIND UNCLES:—Before I commence to talk with the cousins, I wish to ask a question, and would like an answer from Uncle Merry. Didn't the uncle who wrote that pretty little pun upon my last letter have his wits or his quill sharpened by a certain little instrument kept always on (or in) hand somewhere in the sanctum? I thank him, however, for his kind warning, and shall attempt to profit by the advice which I presume *he* is enabled to give after having had years of experience.

Fleta, I thank you; your proffered hand and kind, cousinly welcome are acceptable to me.

Harrie, do you think of daring Uncle Hi to another pun, or are you entirely squelched? I tell you what, when *he* sharpens up, you must look out for your P's and Q's.

Lizzie H., if Winifred does not accept, may not I take his place? for *I* can love *any* one who loves the Banner of the Stars.

Clite C., if you are using your needles in making stockings for our brave soldiers, and want to do something *uncommon*, *keep on knitting*.

Adelbert Older, God bless you and grant to the noble Merry soldier a return of that sweet boon, *perfect health*.

Zephyr, forget me not.

Pertine, remember me.

Wilforley, I don't live a hundred miles away from you. Look upon the side of one of the lines of your city cars, and see if you can not find a name *somewhat* resembling Point Green.

I am sure that a thousand hearts vibrated, and a gentle thrill (at least) ran through the veins of all the Merry cousins when they read the letter of little Emma. While she was with us here on earth, I had the honor of being her friend. She had a noble, true heart, and although very young, was a true *Christian*. I join with Uncle Merry in asking you all to cherish her memory.

LESLIE.

In answer to your question, Uncle William says he had his *punch* in hand at the time referred to; so no more of your *cutting* insinuations.

---

BATAVIA, *July* 9, 1862

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I had about decided, my dear cousins, to remain quiet and see whether you would all forget me—forget me you did, and I was just on the eve of leaving the West, when it occurred I should like a few of your photographs. Our box is now No. 174. Letters addressed to my sister, Brown-Eyes, or me, will reach us; so, cousins all, please let me have the pleasure of receiving your *cartes*. I will return the favor, you may be sure.

Saucy Nell, how are you, darling? I long to see your sweet face; don't delay sending me your *carte*. Here's a kiss. When are you coming to Batavia?

Wilforley, how is it your letter does not appear in the July Chat? I thought it was to be continued.

Harrie, if Charlie does not appear to take my bet, I will accept you as a substitute with great pleasure.

Pertine, I believe you inquired for my address some time ago; you now have it. I shall be happy to hear from you.

Before I go I must say to you all that I am not responsible for any of Brown-Eyes' capers. She probably will be throwing the responsibility on my shoulders. Love to all. BLUE-EYES.

---

What *did* you think, Fleta, of my remark to you? I had no idea, I assure you, of your being engaged in any such thing as "an affair of honor;" but there was some mistake, and the word "Erato" should have been added. It was either *my* "doings" or the Merry printers, I don't know which. Alice Clayton, we must mutually like each, so let us seal the contract with a kiss; I send mine—won't you return it? Madcap! there are plenty of "long meadows" about here, but I don't think "Jennie B. D." lives in any of them; I don't know her, if she does; but I am exceedingly curious to know what that "important communication" *would* have been; can't you tell us, *anyhow?* Girls, *I* think Wilforley comes *near* making a "wonderful production" every time he writes—don't you? Oh! Uncle Hi, *this* isn't much. AGNES.

Could any one have heart to refuse such a lamb? Not if they were fond of pease.

---

PORKOPOLIS, *July* 9.

DEAR MERRYS:—I am in love with you all, having lately scraped acquaintance, and after this decidedly frank avowal of my sentiments I know you will kindly listen to the voice from Porkopolis.

Nuisance, shake hands, but please don't kiss Sissy (C. C.) in company again; you'll make us jealous. Jim, don't be frightened; we poor civilians are welcomed by the girls at any time, especially if our names have been immortalized on the Home Guard roll, and if we can flourish a pair of shoulder-straps.

Nellie Van, you incorrigible creature, to say that Uncle Hi "*smiles grimly;*" the idea! I don't believe it.

Jennie B. D., I entirely agree with you that our MUSEUM chases away the blues.

Brown-Eyes, my love to you Pertine—but there is Hatchet—his handsome face strongly indicating a coming storm, so I'll escape before I am hurt.

In haste (to get out of the way),
"JOHNNY JUMPUP."

Will the Merryites please remember and divide that last word thus: Jump-up? Johnny is an aspiring genius, and would not like to appear as Jum-pup.

---

*Bon jour, mes chère amis;* have you any room for a stranger? Since my earliest childhood (not *very* long ago) I have been called a chatterbox, and so I hope you will admit me to your Chat. I have only lately been introduced to your MUSEUM, having had five volumes given me by a friend, and I am in love with them already; but the part I like best is Uncle Merry's Chat.

Wilforley, I admire your style. Witty things are always pleasant, and I should like very much to see your face to judge for myself about the *specs.*

Madge, "'pears to me" "like as if" you should add *Wildfire* to your name.

Ellian, have you any objections to telling what gender you belong to? Your name (Ellie Ann) would seem to imply you were a female, but your writing—*vice versa.* MAY-BLOSSOM.

A May-Blossom in August! That is refreshing; you shall sit by Daisy Wildwood. Busy Bee will surely be attracted now.

---

### Extracted Essences.

Must do it, Chatterers. Lay it to the weather, which will not allow bulky articles to keep, unless they are first dessicated.

LIBBIE resigns the name of "Blue-Eyes" to its original owner. She sends love to Daisy Wildwood and Fleta. She thinks she can get along with the puzzles now without the aid of Charlie F. Warren.

LIBERTY is welcome. She shall be remembered in the *exchange* of photographs. She asks for a seat by Aunt Sue, who knows perfectly how to take liberty of the right kind.

MYRTLE inquires for Annie Drummond, Sybil Grey, C. M. Gibbs, Busy Bee, Lillie, Harrison, and hosts of others. Let them answer the call. She likes Wilforley a little, but, being a little girl, thinks he need not flatter himself, as she may change her mind as she grows older. That's frank and sensible.

C. F. WARREN would like to become acquainted with any of the Merrys who may be at North Conway, N. H., during August, where he expects to sojourn.

LESLIE would like to exchange *c. de v.'s* with the cousins. His address is, Care of A. K. Meserole, Green Point, L. I., N. Y.

Thanks to our Merry friends, the Merry Album No. 1 is now filled with their photographs. Album No. 2 is ready for those who have not yet responded. We should be pleased to have the *cartes* of *all* our contributors, and will exchange with those who wish.

We are indebted to Blue-Eyes and C. F. W. for their countenance.

KITTY of Harpersville will please send her full address, that we may properly credit her dollar.

HAS YOUR SUNDAY SCHOOL A MELODEON? It should have, and may have, by a little painstaking. We have just sent a beautiful instrument to a Sunday School in Joliet, Ill., under the care of Mr. W. C. Wood. The scholars went to work with a will, and procured 100 subscribers to the MUSEUM, for which, you know, we promised a melodeon as a premium. We congratulate them upon their success, and are glad to know that they are pleased with the instrument. Our offer still holds good. What school will take the next one?

## Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

D. P. & W. W. W. win a second prize, having correctly answered 24 out of the 26 puzzles in the June number.

*C. F. Warren* answers the same number, but he has already won the "three prizes."

### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

**208.** 'Twas night—a stormy, tempestuous night,
All wakeful and anxious the crew,
As they watched my first in its wild, mad flight,
While over the waves it flew.

And now, in the midst of these wild alarms,
My second is dashed on the shore,
Till Ocean opens her treacherous arms,
And gathers it home once more.

Let us turn from these dreary scenes away,
So solemn and filled with gloom,
And in meadows or pleasant gardens stray,
Where in beauty my whole doth bloom. *Juvenis.*

**209.** What word is that of three letters, which, read backward, indicates the quality of many who participate in it? *"Somebody."*

**210.** In my first, relations most generally find
An interest of a peculiar kind;
My second; an adverb of humble degree,
Combined with my first names a beautiful tree.
*H. A. Danker.*

**211.** Transpose a wrong way of treating another's regard, into the most foolish manner of doing it. *Minx.*

**212.** Transpose an animal into a vegetable. *H. O. & J. W. Dusenberry.*

**213.** Transpose the inhabitants of a country into a covered vehicle. *Harry Bowles.*

**214.** Transpose a part of day into a stick. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

AMERICAN CITIES TRANSPOSED.

**215.** Samindo.
**216.** Lemonpiter.
**217.** Lowsternhac.
**218.** Panosilan.
**219.** Robgan.
**220.** Prowten. *Aunt Lizzie.*

**221.** Entire, I am sometimes of the most unaccountable nature; cut off my first two letters and read backward, I am a flower. *Jim.*

**222.** My second, which, by the way,
I hope you have, took my
first after using my whole
at dinner. *Oliver Onley.*

**223.** Behead an animal, transpose
and find a flower. *Josie.*

**224.** Find a word of six letters,
something that many people
laugh at; subtract one let-
ter, and leave what many
worship. *Mary A. E.*

**225.** My whole, I lightly swim
The smooth lake's sparkling
brim,
Or down the river skim.

Transpose me, all around
The wide world's endless bound,
In every clime I'm found.
*Adelbert Older.*

Make sense out of the following by paraphrasing it.

**226.** Not theory glides not towards rule of action twice too a Roman coin indefinite article original sinner revolves ideas use of the needle pronoun boy's nickname theatrical performance. *Clite Clinton.*

**227.** I am composed of 13 letters:
My 1, 2, 6, 9 is a noise.
My 8, 3, 4 is excavated.
My 5, 10, 7 is a bird.
My 12, 11, 13 is not dark.
My whole is the title of a well-known soldier. *Beauclerc.*

**228.** (DEDICATED TO CHARLIE LITTLE.)
I am composed of 10 letters:
My 5, 2, 4, 9 is the nickname of a celebrated general.
My 3, 8, 7, 10 is a strongly fortified place.
My 1, 6 (with the addition of a C.) are the initials of one of our generals.
My whole *is* a celebrated pacer.
*Lucy W. C.*

**229.** My first, second, and whole are females. *C. M. E.*

**230.** When is roast beef most valuable?

**231.** Why should "suicide" be parsed as masculine? *Wilforley.*

ANAGRAMS.

**232.** Go try a pen G. has. *C. F. W.*

**233.** E'er a dear bug. *Eddie.*

**234.** Shine France. *Myrtle P.*

**235.** Aunt Eli's net. *Nellie A. Mather.*

**236.** Trial is mine. *Sam.*

**237.** A rat bit iron.
*D. P. & W. W. W.*

**238.** HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

## Answers to Questions in June No.

**157.** Direction. (Die-wreck-shun.)
**158.** The MUSEUM AND CABINET.
**159.** Ichthyology.
**160.** Red-riding-hood.
**161.** Y R U X. (Why are you cross?)
**162.** Bal-morals.
**163.** Because they are destitute of-fenders. (*Ellian* and *Adelbert Older* say "because they are in-grates")
**164.** Malady.
**165.** Regimentals.
**166.** Zebra, bear.
**167.** Regurgitation.
**168.** Disaccommodation.
**169.** Porcelain.
**170.** Insular.
**171.** Recapitulation.
**172.** Burnside.
**173.** Mary Magdalen Proche de la Vergne
**174.** Old Eclipse. [Fayette.
**175.** Bugbear.
**176.** Door.
**177.** Buffalo.
**178.** Bad ax.
**179.** Dodge.
**180.** Calumet.
**181.** Grant.
**182.** Inaction (In a C tion.)

*D. P. & W. W. W.* answer all but 157, 163.
*Charlie F. Warren* answers ditto.
*Mary A. E.* answers all but 157, 163, 173.
*Fred W. C. C.* answers all but 157, 163, 173.
*Adelbert Older* answers all but 157, 159, 173.
*Fleta Forrester* answers all but 159, 163, 164, 173.
*M. T.* answers all but 157, 161, 162, 173

*E. W. W.* answers all but 159, 161, 163, 173.

*Clementina* answers all but 157, 159, 164, 173.

*Carrie T. Warner* answers all but 157, 159, 172, 173, 180.

*Ellian* answers all but 157, 159, 161, 173, 174.

*Lucy W. C.* answers all but 157, 163, 164, 173, 177.

*Myrtle P.* answers all but 157, 159, 161, 163, 164, 173.

*C. M. E.* answers all but 157, 159, 161, 163, 173, 174.

*Kittie* answers all but 157, 159, 162, 163, 164, 173, 174.

*Blanche* answers all but 157, 162, 164, 167, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 182.

*C. W. J.* answers all but 157, 159, 160, 163, 164, 165, 167, 173, 174, 178, 179.

*Geo. T. McKinney* answers all but 157, 159, 162, 163, 164, 165, 167, 168, 169, 173, 174.

*Heber* answers 158, 163, 171, 174, 175, 176, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182.

*Em.* answers 166, 170, 171, 172, 175, 176, 178, 179, 181, 182.

*Josie* answers 158, 162, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182.

*W. A. B.* answers 172, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181.

*Libbie* answers 158, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182.

*Agnes* answers 158, 162, 165, 176, 178, 179, 181, 182.

*Mamie* answers 172, 176, 177, 178, 179, 179, 180, 181.

*G. H. Stever* answers 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181.

*Katie Darling* answers 158, 160, 175, 182.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Katie Darling.*—Can it be possible that the MUSEUM has visited your family for ten years, yet you did not feel certain of a welcome?

*Blanche.*—"Ghyll," etc. *was* rather outlandish, but I found all the items in the dictionary before I published the enigma. Rebus very good. Our anagrams are always made out of *one* word, unless otherwise specified.

*Fred W. C. C.*—You did not send the solution of the chicken problem.

*Gipsy* would like a seat near *Saucy Nell.* "Room for you," Gipsy? *Plenty*, else would I take you on my lap.

*Josie* sends love to *Homely Face*, and wonders who will have "the face" to send their likeness to Dan. H. Burnham. You wish me, *Josie*, to explain Minx's puzzle; well—*minute* particles of dust may be seen every *minute*. Now, do you understand the different accent, etc.?

*Adelbert Older.*—If we miss you, then, we may know you have answered your country's call. We will send blessings after you!

*D. P. & W. W. W.*—Thanks for the *c. de v.* D. P. & W. W. W. send a puzzle: "Transpose one noun into another." Send on your answers, cousins, and in October I will tell you how many different words I have received.

*M. T.*—Your initials are a misnomer. Your letter comes from no *empty* brain. You are abundantly welcome.

*Lucy W. C.*—Thank you for the *c. de v.*, the letter, the scraps, the everything. Yes, I do attend that church.

*Charlie F. Warren.*—Glad you have not deserted us because you have graduated—won all the prizes. You and *D. P. & W. W. W.* must have been laying your heads together, as your answers are *facsimile*. *Kruna* wrote the piece on anagrams, but forgot to sign her name to it.

*Effie Dryad.*—I can not imagine what the secret was about, or I should certainly whisper it to you.

*Jasper* and *Tommy* are far away, but not forgotten.

*Busy Bee.*—We long to hear from you.

*Clementina* of Baltimore sends a patriotic greeting to all the Merry family.

*Em.* desires to be introduced to all the cousins.

*Daisy Wildwood.*—*Ellian* wonders why you do not write to her.

*Ellian.*—Thanks for the letter; I read it all with a great deal of interest. Love to "Cousin Dena." Not *quite* "right."

By the laws of retaliation, do not several Merrys owe me their *cartes de visite?*

Will not those who sign themselves my "neices," get Webster or Walker to spell them.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Adelbert Older*, *Fred W. C. C.*, *C. M. E.*, *D. P. & W. W. W.*, *Josie*, *Gipsy*, *Lucy W. C.*, *Carrie T. Warner*, *Odoacer*, *Ellian*, *C. C.*, and *Clementina*.

## MARIE AND HER DOVE.

THERE were never two greater friends than Marie and her pet dove. The bird would come at her call, perch on her shoulder, and pick its food from her lips; and Marie never seemed more happy than when fondling it.

And well might these two love each other; for they were both as gentle and as loving as they well could be. But more than this, each owed the preservation of life to the other, as we will tell you.

As Marie was passing along the village street one day, she saw a company of boys very eager at some sport. She stopped to watch them, and to her horror saw that they were shooting with bows and arrows at a poor young dove which they had tied to the top of a post. It was struggling to get loose as the arrows flew around it, but the boys only laughed, and each was eager to make the lucky shot that would bring it down.

Marie ran among them, and with tears in her eyes begged them to let the poor creature go. They would not listen to her until she promised them all a feast of cherries if they would give her the bird.

She then released the poor captive,

and carried it home. After she had fulfilled her promise by taking the boys home and giving them a fine basket of cherries to divide among themselves, she began at once to pet the bird, and try to make it gentle.

The dove was very wild at first, having been so frightened by the boys, and it was some time before it would eat any of the crumbs and grain which Marie brought it. She was obliged to keep it shut up in a large cage, but in a few weeks it would allow Marie to handle it, and at last became so tame that she let it fly about the house and yard, wherever it liked.

One day, as Marie came home from school tired and hot, she spied on the mantel a wine-glass half full of what she supposed was currant wine. Her mother had made several bottles of it, and occasionally she gave Marie a taste of it. Being very thirsty she thought she would drink what was in the glass, as she was sure her mother would give it to her if she were there.

She took the glass, and was just raising it to her lips, when her pet dove, who had spied her from the yard, flew in through the open window, and in passing close to Marie's face to alight upon her shoulder, struck the glass with her wing, knocked it from her hand, and spilled all the contents upon the floor, before she could taste it.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Marie, quite vexed at the accident, picking up the glass, which had not been broken.

Just then her mother entered, and seeing her with the empty glass in her hand, cried out, "My child! my child! have you drank what was in the glass?"

"I was going to, mother," replied Marie, "but birdie spilled it."

"God be praised!" exclaimed her mother, "it was deadly poison, which I had prepared to kill vermin."

Do you wonder that from that time Marie and her dove were, if possible, better friends than ever, or that Marie's father had two little gold rings made, one for her finger, and the other for a collar for the bird?

## LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS.

Life has its moments
Of beauty and bloom;
But they hang like sweet roses
On the edge of the tomb.
Blessings they bring us
As lovely as brief,
They meet us when happy,
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,
Tinging the sky,
Come on the sunbeams,
And off with them fly.
Shadows of evening
Hang soft on the shore,
Darkness enwraps them—
We see them no more.

So life's better moments
In brilliance appear,
Dawning in beauty,
Our journey to cheer.
Round us they linger,
Like shadows of even;
Would that we, like them,
Might melt into heaven.

Two little boys sat listening to the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind, with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted with—

"Oh, Sammy, wouldn't you have been afraid?"

Sammy hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"No, not if I had the *Lord to drive*."

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

ITH a very few words, Nathan told the story, at least that part of it which was absolutely necessary; the tale of his own culpability he reserved, only stating the one great fact, that Gilbert was either dying or had fainted in a swamp, from which it would be difficult to rescue him. Great was Mr. Morgan's astonishment at the news thus brought him. In a moment everything was confusion. The party of pleasure was a party of pleasure no more. Mr. Morgan seized in one hand a rope which had bound the baggage to one of the mules, and in the other the hatchet, and then bade Nathan lead the way to the scene of the accident. Marjory and her mother followed them as rapidly as was possible, and all four were very soon standing around the little patch of wet, spongy ground in which Gilbert was fastened.

Calm reflection and presence of mind enabled Mr. Morgan to decide at once what was the best course to pursue. It was a hard case and difficult to manage, from the reason that all who attempted to aid Gilbert put themselves in peril of a like situation.

Mr. Morgan asked Nathan if he could show him the exact spot where the log he had used had sunk, and on its being pointed out, he set to work and piled over it a large number of the branches of trees which he lopped off with the hatchet for the purpose. In this way he expected to create some sort of footing; at all events, it was the only plan which just then presented itself. Why this particular spot should be so much more dangerously marshy than other swamps they had encountered during the journey, he could not imagine. Mr. Morgan worked fast and eagerly, but so silently, that only those who knew him well would have realized with what anxious solicitude he was filled. He told Nathan to find another log and roll it as exactly over the first as he could. Majory and her mother contributed their mite by relieving him of the task of placing the branches of the trees, and the work was thus all the sooner accomplished. Mr. Morgan then tied the rope about his waist and arms, and giving them directions what to do with it in case he could not extricate himself, he fastened the other end loosely around a tree. A very sad group surrounded him as he stepped slowly and cautiously on the heap of boughs. They crackled, gave way with his weight, and seemed to be on the point of disappearing like Nathan's log. Majory called in affright to her father to come back; but he felt, better than they could see, that the experiment was likely to prove successful, for the branches, after sinking somewhat, appeared to meet a slight resistance to

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. N. Stearns, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

their progress. He hurried on, fearful that this was only a temporary impediment, and the next instant had grasped Gilbert firmly by the shoulders. He endeavored to draw him into his arms; the poor lad, however, was so thoroughly engulfed, that the effort had to be renewed several times before it met with a happy termination. The whole thing was done in much less time than words can describe it. Mr. Morgan leaped back upon the solid ground, carrying Gilbert with him, before Majory's tears at parting with him had fairly rolled down her cheeks.

Gilbert was laid on the grass tenderly and softly. As his father and mother busied themselves in endeavoring to restore him to animation, Nathan stood beside him, weeping tears of sorrow and contrition. From the accumulation of water stagnating here and there in little pools around the marsh, they dipped up sufficient with Nathan's cap to dash in the face of Gilbert. His features were discolored by the mud, and as the water washed it gradually from them, their unearthly whiteness was displayed. Nathan was greatly startled. At last Mr. Morgan's persevering efforts in rubbing the hands and feet had its effect; a long-drawn sigh issued from Gilbert's pale lips. The rubbing was still continued, and after an interval of anxious suspense, no one can measure Nathan's intense relief as he heard his mother say—

"I see now that he has only fainted. He will soon revive, I think. He will not, probably, be seriously ill, as a consequence."

And indeed it was not very many moments before Gilbert opened his eyes and looked about him with a weary, languid air.

## CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Morgan was not a good judge when she said that Gilbert would not be ill.

As soon as he recovered his consciousness, they found that he was so feeble and so stiffened that he could hardly move. His clothing was taken off, for it was completely saturated with the soft mud, and the few garments which Mrs. Morgan had thoughtfully brought along in case of accident were substituted. It was a matter of some doubt if Gilbert could be carried to his destination without serious injury to his health. Nathan said that he thought one mule would be able to bear the whole of the baggage for the short distance that remained, and if so, the other could be given up to Gilbert. This was decided upon as the best plan, and preparations were made accordingly.

Almost the first words that Gilbert spoke on coming to his senses, were those in which he denounced Nathan as the cause of his sickness, in having refused to help him out of the swamp. Nathan had not previously explained anything about the affair, or the ill-feeling that had led to it, and now, as on the sudden disclosure he felt the eyes of his father, and mother, and Majory fastened inquiringly upon him, his cheek burned with shame. He tried to defend himself from whatever part of the accusation he felt to be untrue, but his voice was hoarse, and died away upon his lips. He looked a pitiable object of confusion and self-condemnation. When his father sternly questioned him, he could not deny the fact that he had indeed refused to help Gilbert, and that, as Gilbert now stated, he had even taunted him with his own inability to help himself. In his suffering and indignation Gilbert put

the worst light on Nathan's behavior that was possible, omitting, however, all account of the way in which he had gradually wrought Nathan's temper up to its highest pitch by his selfishness. When Nathan, at last, was able to tell his story, and related how, feeling himself provoked beyond endurance by Gilbert's laziness and unkindness, he had taken refuge in retaliation as his only means of defense, he had the mortification of seeing that his parents were more pained and astonished than before, those parents who had always so loved and trusted him! "Nathan," said his father, gravely, "I am indeed disappointed in you. I have always thought you a boy incapable of deliberately harboring feelings of revenge. From this moment my confidence in you is shaken."

His mother did not speak, but in the still sorrow of her face Nathan read a whole history of grief and rebuke. This silence was more difficult to bear than the harshest reprimand. Nathan loved his mother so much that the thought that she would thenceforth cease to respect and trust him was a bitter trial. Yet, repentant as he felt, a sense of injustice rankled in his mind. He was angry that all the blame should descend upon him and no word of reproach be spoken to Gilbert, whom he thought to be the chief offender. As the march was resumed, his temper cooled, however, and he felt that he would gladly bear thrice all Gilbert's selfishness if his own conscience were only clear. He found the way of retribution hard.

When the travelers reached the foot of the mountain, they found themselves once more in an open, well-settled part of the country. Fine farms were in view, and voices of workmen and the lowing of cattle came indistinctly through the air. Leaving the forest path, the party entered a public road, on which, about two miles distant, was situated the old homestead of Nathan and Majory's grandfather. They journeyed slowly, however, on account of Gilbert and the double load the other mule carried, and also because of the utter fatigue which the late exciting work had brought upon every one.

When they arrived at their destination, and a halt was made in front of the house door, and out came Mr. Morgan's aged father and mother to welcome them in mingled joy and surprise, Nathan scarcely dared raise his eyes for fear that the tale of the swamp should be recited on the spot.

And, indeed, it was necessary to tell it very soon, for Gilbert nearly fainted again as he was being lifted from the mule; the attention of every one being at once attracted to him as he was borne in the house and placed immediately in a comfortable bed.

Gilbert was very ill all that night. He suffered acutely from rheumatism in his back and lower limbs; all his strength seemed to have left him; he was as helpless as an infant. Nathan's mother and grandmother were up with him till morning. Nathan crept several times to the door of the room in which he lay, and listened anxiously in the darkness and silence to hear how he was progressing. Gilbert's groans of anguish were distinctly to be heard. When he returned to his own bed he could not sleep, he was so haunted by these sounds. Once, when he was listening thus at the door, he heard Gilbert complaining in a broken, feeble manner about having been compelled the night before, by Nathan himself, to sleep with the wet tent flapping against his back.

"Nathan *would* make me," he said, half crying with pain and nervousness, "and that is what brings this rheumatism in my shoulders. The swamp brought it to my feet and legs, but the wet canvass did the mischief to my back."

Nathan heard his mother utter an exclamation of sorrow and astonishment at this fresh development of a revengeful spirit in her only son. He turned away, sadder at heart than he had ever been in all his life. To lose the esteem of his mother was more than he could bear.

He went back to bed, and lay there, tossing sleeplessly about till morning. He formed many resolutions for the future, and tried to comfort himself with the thought that in time everything would come right. "I have done with the silver rule," said he, suddenly, "I don't find that it works well. It raises evil feelings in me, and has brought me into a disgrace that two or three years of faithful striving will hardly efface from the minds of father and mother. Oh, I am so discouraged by mother's hearing evil of me that I feel as if I did not wish to try to be good. But I will, I will! From this time, I will! If Gilbert gets over this attack, I'll do my best to make him forget my cruelty, and forgive me as freely as I forgive him. But if he dies—!"

Nathan stopped there abruptly, and scarcely dared dwell on the subject.

## CHAPTER X.

Gilbert was ill for nearly a week, so dangerously ill for part of the time that many fears were entertained for his recovery. He was delirious for several days, and his shrieks and ravings could be heard distinctly throughout the farm-house.

Poor Nathan wasted away and became white and thin under his great trial. It was sad to see him stealing around the house, or waiting and watching at the sick boy's door for some opportunity to be of use. He looked as though he himself were about to have a fit of sickness. His mother became seriously alarmed about him, and persuaded his father to write to Mr. Reynolds and obtain a little longer leave of absence, in order that he might have an opportunity to recruit. Thus Nathan was enabled to remain at his grandfather's farm as long as the rest of the party. When Gilbert really began to recover, he did so so rapidly as to astonish every one. His constitution was naturally a good one, and the kind friends by whom he was surrounded were so careful and tender, that circumstances seemed all in his favor.

When first he was able to walk feebly around the place, Nathan's joy was almost too great for expression. He bore all the sick boy's fretfulness and impatience with forbearance, and, suppressing his own feelings, stood ready to gratify his whims and sacrifice his own comfort. If Gilbert wanted his chair brought on the grass, so that he might sit in the warm sunshine and see whatever was going on out-doors, Nathan was always at hand to move it; and if the sick boy tried it in a dozen different places and found each one not to his taste, Nathan changed it cheerfully, and was not displeased when no thanks came for his services. He rose at daylight every morning to catch fresh fish for Gilbert's breakfast from a pond near the house, and any novelty in the way of fruit or flower which could be found were sure also to be forthcoming at Nathan's hands. Majory, too, stood

always at Gilbert's beck and call, and, indeed, there were few attentions which he lacked at the hands of the brother and sister. But Nathan's remorse was not deadened in this way. It was ever present with him. He would sometimes wake in the night, with its dull, sorrowful weight pressing upon him. He despised himself thoroughly, and longed to retrieve the past, and bring back not only his own self-respect, but the respect of those friends whom he felt must now look upon him with doubt and dissatisfaction.

At the end of ten days Gilbert was so far recovered as to be pronounced able to return to his home. This news was very welcome to Mr. Morgan and his wife, who having extended the visit to a much greater length than they had at first intended, were now anxious to get back to the farm, where they were sure their presence was required greatly by this time.

Gilbert's little matter of business was satisfactorily settled by Nathan himself, and the money carefully disposed of so that it could be carried safely. All things were put in readiness for a return.

There had fallen a great deal of rain during the visit, and now, as the fair weather seemed to have established itself again, no fears were entertained of a recurrence of such a storm as had been encountered before on the mountain.

One night, the great basket was packed full of tempting provisions by Nathan's grandmother, for the next morning they were to start. The good old lady was sorry to part with her son and his family, and I am afraid a few tears became some way strangely mixed up with the sandwiches and cake.

At dawn on the following day the mules were led to the door, but only Flash-Fire was loaded, and that with a scanty supply of baggage that had been brought with the party, on account of Dove-Eyes being reserved for Gilbert's use, as he was still too weak to walk so great a distance.

Farewells were said, and parting good wishes were called after the little caravan as it wound slowly from the farm-house door and disappeared down the road.

Thus, the homeward journey was commenced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TREASURES OF THOUGHT.

If thou hast thrown a glorious thought
  Upon life's common ways,
Should other men the gain have caught,
  Fret not to lose the praise.

If thou art true, yet in thee lurks
  For fame a human sigh;
To nature go, and see how works
  That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets
  Is full of germs and seeds,
Nor glorifies herself, nor sets
  Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides, the modest leaves between,
  She loves untrodden roads;
Her richest treasures are not seen
  By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for
  Reward; from out thee chase
All selfish ends, and ask no more
  Than to fulfill thy place.

---

A YOUNG lady studying French, and finding that "belle" meant "fine," told somebody in a letter that we had had a great deal of belle-weather lately.

# THE CABBAGE-TREE.

The Cabbage-Tree.

DO cabbages grow on trees? Would you believe that there are, in this city, many boys and girls who do not know? Hundreds of them have never seen a garden, and they would not know whether onions are picked from bushes like currants, or whether they grow on a vine. But even you, who have hoed around cabbages many a day as they were growing in your father's garden, will be somewhat puzzled with this picture of a cabbage-*tree*.

A year or two since we read accounts of a cabbage-tree said to be growing in California. It was stated that an ordinary cabbage stump became ambitious and continued to grow from year to year, until it spread out into a tree with woody trunk and waving branches—from which the owner gathered a noble crop of cabbages every year. If we had seen it we could readily believe the story. However that may have been, the cabbage-tree here shown is of a very different nature. It grows in the West Indies, and is really a kind of palm-tree. It is sometimes called the *palma maxima* (greatest palm), also the Palmetto Royal. It is, indeed, a royal-looking tree, running up from seventy to one hundred and fifty feet high. The bark of the trunk resembles that of the ash-tree. It is marked with faint lines five or six inches apart. These show where the branches have formerly grown and fallen off.

Something quite similar to this may be observed on young ailanthus-trees. About twenty feet from the top of the tree the bark is of a beautiful green color. The branches commence about five feet above where the difference in color begins. They spread out horizontally and incline downward in graceful curves, making a most beautiful appearance. At the top is a conical green spire, composed of young branches which unfold and spread out as the tree grows. Each month a branch drops off from the lower part, and a new one is thrown out from the spire at the top.

But why do they call it the cabbage-tree? We will tell you. The upper or green part of the trunk is formed of several layers of tough bark, each about a quarter of an inch thick, which are arranged closely over each other. The first three layers are each green on the outside, with a lining of pure white. The remainder of the layers have an outer coat of a bright lemon color, with the white lining. This white part lies in scales or flakes, and they are considered a great delicacy for the table. They have a sweetish taste, with something of the flavor of an almond, and contain considerable oil. They are eaten raw, fried, or boiled, and when cooked in the latter manner, are somewhat like cabbage; hence the name. It is a pretty costly delicacy, for cutting the "cabbage" destroys the tree, which may have been growing fifty years or more. It is therefore seldom seen on the table, except at great entertainments, and then is usually procured from trees growing wild in the woods.

## OLD JOWLER.

Old Jowler's name, the country round,
Was heard as such a hated sound,
That none for him a voice would raise,
To utter aught of love or praise.
At every hearth, by young and old,
What tales were to his damage told!
Some said that he would often come
And lure their faithful dogs from home;
Some said he prowled about at night
To snatch a meal, without the right;
Some, that he cropped the ears of swine,
And docked the tails of quiet kine;
Some, that from vale to woody steep
He oft pursued their trembling sheep;
While all agreed that such as he,
So cross, so fierce, should not be free.
No child, they said, could pass the gate
Where he should chance to be in wait,
Without assault and sore affright,
Or hazard of a horrid bite.
Hence all with deep displeasure burned,
And on the brute their vengeance turned.
When out he sprang in ruffled mood,
And passing foot or wheel pursued,
One would his cane display in air,
Another swing his hat and swear;
One would a stone against him dash,
Another strike with stinging lash.
Far more than dog he must have been,
Or less than man inclined to sin,
Had not such treatment soured him more,
And made more savage than before.

The vale at length received a youth,
Well taught in manners, morals, truth.
Old Jowler's name ere long he knew,
With all the charges, false or true,

Which light or evil tongues had framed,
And wide around the place proclaimed.
The youth one morning took the road
To where the dog his service owed.
His bosom, as his steps drew near,
Now swelled with hope, and now with fear;
Hope, that he might escape his glance,
Or, seen, might undisturbed advance;
Fear, lest, should such as he assail,
All arts to win his grace should fail.
As thus his feelings rose and fell,
Like waters in their varying swell,
A horrid roar delayed his pace,
And Jowler leaped before his face.
A sudden terror shook his soul,
Ere reason could assert control;
Then, scarce a moment in suspense,
What means to try for his defense,
He hurried forth a roll of bread
That morning as a luncheon spread,
And cast it down, with soothing speech,
Within the furious creature's reach.
The dog, surprised at ways so strange,
Seemed puzzled how to meet the change;
He leaped aside, advanced, retired,
As if by various thoughts inspired;
He growled, he grinned, approached the food
With cautious nose, and found it good;
Then seized at once the welcome fare,
And took at once a milder air;
He dropped his tail, he smoothed his coat,
And hushed the terrors of his throat.
Those hopeful signs the youth received,
And deemed the conquest half achieved;
He outward stretched his friendly hand,
And forward moved with phrases bland.
The dog at first retained his place,
And closely eyed the stranger's face;
Then slowly met his kind advance,
With wonder at so odd a chance;
Then on his head received his palm,
With passions undisturbed and calm.
The two awhile in converse stood,
To gain acquaintance as they could:
The one had pleasant words to say,
The other answered in his way;
Each thus upon the other wrought,
And made a friend where least he thought.
The youth no more reluctance felt,
Thenceforth, to pass where Jowler dwelt.
If ever, as he moved along,
The dog by chance decided wrong,
And forward dashed in angry mode,
As when a stranger walked the road,
A nearer view, a gentle word,
Or aught that his remembrance stirred,
Would quickly o'er his rage prevail,
And make him fawn and wag his tail.
Thus, those reputed false and mean,
Are often found, when nearer seen,
Or when their deeds are better known,
Not worthy of reproach alone.
Some friendly words, some kindly ways,
May touch their hearts like sunny rays,
May tend some goodly traits to show,
And cause their grateful tears to flow.

THE OLD MAJOR.

---

ABUSE is often of service. There is nothing so dangerous to an author as silence. His name, like a shuttlecock, must be beat backward and forward, or it falls to the ground.

---

JEALOUSY is said to be the offspring of love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

# THE HOME SOCIETY.

SECOND MEETING.

ALL had been so pleased with the first meeting, that the second was looked forward to with even greater interest. The children could talk of little else for the whole week. It was somewhat of a puzzle for them to know what to offer for each one's share of the entertainment.

One afternoon Frank and Henrietta were sitting by the open window, where she loved to take her sewing. They had been speaking of the Society, when suddenly Frank exclaimed—

"I've got it! I've got it!"

"What have you got?" asked his sister.

"Something for the Society; don't you see the hen and chickens there? That's a capital subject."

Henrietta smiled, for she did not quite see how so common a subject could be made entertaining, but she prudently resolved to say nothing, and wait and see what Frank would make of it.

Frank started off to study his subject, and Henrietta went to the library, to look for an interesting story.

At the appointed time, all were in their places, and Uncle Fred called on Frank for his contribution.

Henrietta glanced at him with curiosity, wondering what he had found among the poultry.

"Is rhyme in order?" asked Frank, as he unrolled a paper.

"Yes, yes," said all.

"Then here's some verses the old hen sang the other day," said Frank, and he read the following:

"Cluck, cluck;
Good-luck, good-luck;
But first you must hatch it,
And then you must scratch it.

"Cluck, cluck;
Good-luck, good-luck;
Idle wishes are vain
As wind-clouds without rain.

"Cluck, cluck;
Good-luck, good-luck;
He who would be thriving
Must be thinking and striving.

"Cluck, cluck;
Good-luck, good-luck;
We in industry find
Contentment of mind.

"Cluck, cluck;
Good-luck, good-luck;
Great wealth you have got,
If content with your lot."

"Excellent, Master Frank," said his uncle, approvingly. "I am glad that

I was not disappointed in believing that you could be thoughtful as well as merry. Your verses contain a capital lesson, curiously illustrated."

All were pleased with this commendation of Frank, for he was a general favorite, and they were also encouraged to try to deserve for themselves the praise of one they valued so highly as Uncle Fred.

George was next requested to entertain the company.

"I have followed John's rule," said he, and have chosen a subject which has interested *me*.

"A few weeks since a friend who had just returned from Africa, presented me with a parrot, which he had caught while there. I have had great sport in learning her ways, and in trying to civilize her, and teach her our language. I found that her native tongue was a most unpleasant gibberish of loud, rough, grating cries, as harsh to the ear as the filing of a saw. My first attempt was to make her give up this disagreeable utterance.

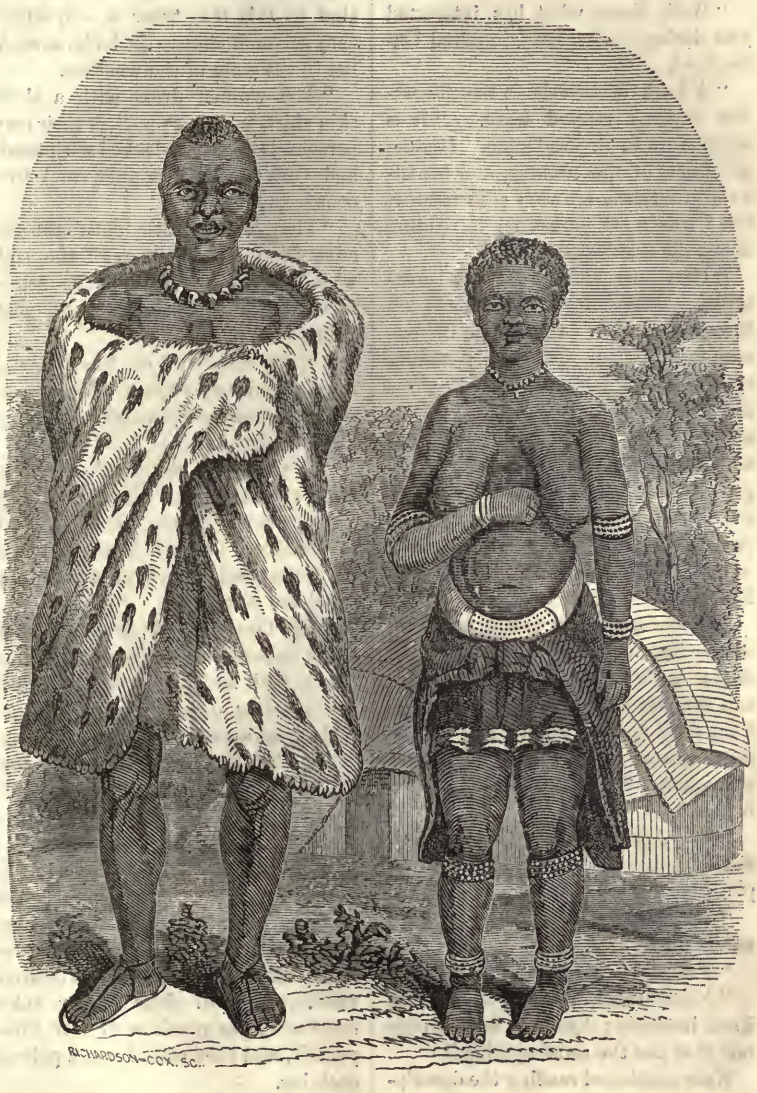
"This was a rather difficult task, until I found that Poll greatly disliked being in the dark in the daytime, which gave me a ready means of punishing her. The instant she set up a discordant scream, or made any noise I did not like, I threw a thick shawl over the cage, and left her. After treating her in this way a few times, she became quite tractable, for when I removed the covering, she would greet me with a gentle sound of delight, quite pleasant to hear.

"She learned to imitate very rapidly. The hens, the cat, and the dog were very much puzzled to hear themselves called, and she seemed to delight to tease them by mimicking their peculiar cries.

"I soon found that she was learning a jumble of odd sounds, which greatly interfered with her memory of the words I wanted to teach her. I therefore took her to a quiet upper room, and day by day repeated the phrases I wished her to learn; and now she often astonishes me with her ready tongue.

"It is curious to see how she enjoys being praised. No child ever loved a pleasant word better than she does. She will act as if greatly grieved, when I sometimes pretend not to hear her. From studying her habits, I have come to think that animals have much more intellect than we usually give them credit for."

All were interested with George's account of how he taught his parrot, and they asked that Poll might at some time be brought for exhibition




BAYEYE MAN AND WOMAN.

to the Society, to which George readily consented.

"Well, Kate, what has interested you during the week?" inquired Uncle Fred.

"A book of travels in Southwestern Africa," replied Kate. "It is written by C. J. Anderson. His descriptions of the country, and his adventures there, are very entertaining, but I was most interested in reading about the inhabitants.

"They are strange-looking creatures. Here are some pictures of them. The first represents the Bayeye man and woman. The men, generally speaking, are finely developed. It is not unusual to find them six feet high and upward. Their features are regular, and their air and carriage very graceful and expressive. Though their outward appearance denotes great strength, they can by no means compare with even moderately strong Europeans.

The women, when young, are often of the most delicate and symmetrical shape, with full and rounded forms and very small hands and feet. But from their manner of life, any beauty they possess is soon lost, and many become the most hideous of human beings."

"Why, they're black!" exclaimed Susie, who had been examining the pictures. "How can they be pretty?"

"Isn't John's black pony pretty?" asked Uncle Fred.

"Yes, but he's a pony," said Susie.

"Never mind, pussy," said Uncle Fred, laughing; "you are not the only one that has the same opinion."

Kate continued reading the description:

"The dress of the men consists simply of a piece of skin, broad in front, tied round the waist, with a tassel attached to it on each side, falling down over the hips; and in addition to this they wear a skin which they accommodate to the body, according to the state of the weather.

"The women dress with a short skin shirt, which, as well as their own persons, is profusely decked with beads and various brass, copper, and iron ornaments.

"They derive their chief subsistence from the produce of the soil, which is fertile, yielding the necessaries of life in abundance, and with little labor.

"They are fond of hunting and fishing, and very expert, which materially assists them in their living, as game is abundant.

"The Bayeye are much given to lying and thieving. They lead a very idle life, except when hunting. All the drudgery falls on the women, who till the ground, reap, and cleanse and grind the corn, etc.

"The Ovambo tribe are superior in many respects to the Bayeye. Their intellectual and moral faculties are much better developed. Their general appearance is like that of the Bayeye, though their dress is more scanty. The women are excessively fond of ornament. Their dress consists of a soft piece of skin in front, and another of stout hide behind; but in addition to this they wear a profusion of shells, cowries, and beads of every color, upon their necks, waists, and hips, so as to almost hide these parts from view. Some of their copper ankle rings weigh as much as two or three pounds, and they often have a pair on each leg.

"They bestow great pains on their hair, which they besmear and stiffen with cakes of grease and a vermilion-covered substance, which, from being

OVAMBO MAN AND WOMAN.

constantly added to, and pressed upon it, gives to the upper part of the head a broad, flat look. They also profusely besmear their persons with grease and red ochre.

"The Ovambo are a strictly honest people. They appeared to entertain a great horror of theft, and said that a man caught pilfering would be speared to death. In various parts of the country, a kind of magistrate is appointed whose duty is to report all misdemeanors. With permission, the natives would not even touch anything belonging to the travelers, and the camp could be left without any fear of its being plundered. As a proof of their honesty, it is mentioned that when the writer left the Ovambo country, the servants forgot some trifles, and such was the integrity of the people, that messengers were sent a considerable distance after them to restore the articles left behind. This trait of honesty is the more remarkable, as the neighboring tribes are among the worst of thieves. They are also kind to the sick and aged, which is very rare among savages. They are exceedingly attached to their native soil. It is said that no slaves are taken from their country, because if carried away from home they become homesick and die."

Upon concluding, Kate received the thanks of the company for her interesting account.

Henrietta said she had also been reading travels, but that she would keep them until another time, as one essay of the kind was enough for one meeting.

John then proposed that they should adjourn to the large hall for a game of "blindman's-buff," which was unanimously agreed to, and the house soon rung with their shouts of merriment.

## THE SILLY BOY.

Poor Jimmy Howard
Was a very sad coward—
Afraid of his shadow almost;
For when in the night
He saw something white,
He was sure it must be a ghost.

If only a worm
Happened near him to squirm,
He would set up a terrible cry;
If a spider should crawl
O'er his head on the wall,
Away from the room he would fly.

As he went on his way
To his school one day,
He had a terrible fright;
For toward him there run
A dog full of fun,
Wagging his tail with delight.

But Jimmy, half dead
With horrible dread,
Could only cry out with alarm;
The dog stood amazed,
As on Jimmy he gazed,
For he thought not of doing him harm.

In the winter the sun promises his coming by a long morning, but when he comes, he shines dimly and sets soon. And so with men, the longer their promises, the poorer their performances.

## ANNA HATHAWAY'S TALES—No. 9.

A LITTLE more than a week after Miss Hathaway's departure, Mrs. Eastman, who had been out shopping, came in smiling, and saying, "See here, girls, what I got at the post-office for you!" held out a very thick letter addressed to Misses Susy and Della Eastman.

"What can it be?" said Dell.

"Who can it be from?" cried Susy.

"I could guess," said their mother, smiling.

"Who? but, no—wait till we open it," said Susy.

Dell brought the scissors, and Susy commenced carefully cutting open one end of the envelop. "What a heavy letter!" said she; "double postage, too." She drew out two large sheets, written full, besides a little note. Susy opened it. "It's from Miss Anna," said she; and after reading a minute, "good! she's sent us a story, in place of telling it to us herself," she says.

"Now you musn't read it, Susy, until Johnny is here," said Dell.

"Well, I won't," said Susy; and in the evening Mrs. Eastman read to them the story, which was entitled

### GRATEFUL NELLIE.

"Oh, father! what cruel words! Oh, *dear* father! take them back—take them back!" So pleaded fair, pale Clara Berkeley.

"Never!" answered Horace Berkeley. "I would see you starve first!" and he left the room.

As the sound of his firm, decided steps died away in the hall, Clara sank trembling into a large crimson-cushioned chair, her hands clasped despairingly together; but the light in her eye and the flush on her cheek told of unshaken resolution, for Clara Berkeley was as firm and proud as her father. Her father loved his only child, was proud of her; he had high plans for her, and when the poor artist, young Brownell, presumed to ask for Clara's white hand—he already had her heart—Horace Berkeley most contemptuously denied his request, and when Clara pleaded with him, told her never to mention his name, with cruel threats of disowning her if she should act against his commands in this matter.

But Clara was determined—if not with his consent, without it; and she married Louis Brownell.

Horace Berkeley kept his word; and not by word or look of his would any one have imagined Clara to be even an acquaintance. Such stories are common enough. What need of telling of the years that followed! of genius unappreciated—discouraged—of the labor—the repeated failures—the toils—the trials which wore out the life of Louis Brownell—for he died.

And now if Clara had gone to her father in her sorrow, he would have taken her and her little Ellen to his heart and home, and never have spoken a word of the past; but there stood Clara Brownell's pride, an impassable barrier. As for his going to

her, there was Horace Berkeley's pride, quite as impassable a barrier as his daughter's. And so the years passed.

For two years Clara had not even seen her father. Sorrow and incessant toil had done their work on her. She believed herself in consumption, pale and thin, with that dreadful cough; yet with good care who knows how the case might be! She had borne up for a long time, but for a few days had been utterly unable to do the work necessary for their purely "from-hand-to-mouth" style of living. Yet she did not forget that there is One who pities the distressed. One morning, as she was wandering in a grove in the outskirts of the city, looking for a few sticks to eke out her scanty supply of fuel, the thoughts of her situation almost overwhelmed her, and she sank upon her knees, supplicating the mercy of Heaven, and praying that her darling little Nell might not be left alone in the world she had found so hard and pitiless. That prayer was answered.

Nellie Brownell was a shrewd child; she had a plan in her little head for relieving at least immediate necessities, which she hastened to execute. Among the friends the adventurous child had made in various ways was an old market-woman, who often had a rosy-cheeked apple, or, in their season, a handful of "blackhearts," or a velvet peach laid aside for her. The thought came to her one afternoon, and as soon as possible she hastened to Mother Barton's market-stall, and after telling her all the circumstances, asked her to loan her some fruit to sell. Mother Barton did so willingly, filling a basket with splendid ripe cherries for her use, also giving her a handful for her own eating.

Nellie started forth with a brave heart, and success crowned her labors. The attention of fashionable ladies and well-dressed gentlemen was attracted by the soft brown curls and beautiful face that peeped from under Nellie's hat. There was no need of crying "Cherries! ripe cherries!" Purchasers were plenty for the fresh-looking fruit. Nellie was a profitable saleswoman.

Many were the shining silver pieces, for which a very small handful of cherries and one of Nellie's smiles were sufficient "value received."

She had sold half her third basketful when the long summer afternoon commenced drawing to a close. She returned to Mother Barton, who, in consideration for the extra price for which the cherries had been sold, told her to take the rest of the fruit to her mother. Nellie hastened home with the basket on her arm and a bright half-dollar—her share of the profits—tightly clasped in her hand.

It was growing dark. Nellie had stayed out later than she intended, and when within two or three streets of home she was rather dismayed to see ahead of her, in the almost deserted street, a party of rude boys from their own vicinity. They were her especial abhorrence, and delighted in teasing and plaguing her. She hoped to escape unnoticed. Alas, no! It was too rare an opportunity for sport to let slip, and they marched directly toward her.

"Hello! Nell Brown," shouted the ringleader, "does your mother know you're out?"

"Yes, thank you," replied Nellie; and as he stood in the way—"suppose *you* get *out*, too."

"Sharp, ain't you? What do you keep in that basket? Something to make boys ask questions?"

"Come, let me go, I'm in a hurry!"

"Can't see it—you'd better show that basket."

"Never mind the basket," said she, holding it behind her. "Stand away—I must go home."

"Cherries! by hokey!" cried one of the young scalawags, catching sight of the contents—"Come, I'm going to have some!"

"No, you ain't, either!" cried Nellie, holding tightly her treasures.

One of the boys grasped the edge of the basket. Nellie resisted with all her might—a few of the cherries were spilled on the ground. In the struggle, none of them had heard a firm, decided step steadily approaching them, and the exclamation of—"What are you doing, you young rascals?" took them all by surprise. The boys fled in haste, the one in reach of the old gentleman's cane went roaring lustily. Nellie's protector would have passed on, but something made him pause and turn back.

"What is your name, little girl?" he inquired.

"Nellie, sir," replied she; "and I am very much obliged to you—won't you have some cherries?"

"I thank you—no," he answered. "Will those boys be likely to trouble you again?"

"I don't know," said she, looking around fearfully—dreading to be left alone. "If I was only at the next corner—"

"Come along—I'm going that way," said he. He extended his hand, and Nellie grasped it joyfully.

At the corner he bade her good-bye, and she went on her way rejoicing; he, with old tender feelings struggling with pride in his heart—for it was Horace Berkeley. Still he had no idea that Nellie was his granddaughter. He only knew that the little girl brought to him thoughts of Clara, his beautiful—his darling Clara.

After this Nellie often saw her old gentleman—she found out his residence—took quite an interest in him, but he never happened to recognize her in the crowd.

As the summer passed away and August faded into September, Nellie

saw less and less of him, and one day, as she was thinking of it, she remembered that it was more than three weeks since she had last seen him enter his handsome dwelling, the handsomest, she thought, on the street. She passed by several times that day, in the hope of seeing him again; but instead, she saw come out one of the well-known physicians of the city.

"He is sick," thought she, feeling very sorry. "I will at any rate find out," she said; and crossing the street, she went boldly up the broad stone steps and rang the bell. A consequential-looking domestic answered the summons.

"Is the gentleman who lives here sick?" asked Nellie.

"Yes, miss," was the reply.

"Would he let me come in and see him?"

"No, miss, I don't think he would be bothered with you;" and although Nellie lingered, the door was unceremoniously closed.

Nellie was not to be put off in that way; she watched the next day for the physician's coming, and ventured to ask him if the old gentleman was *very* sick.

"He *has* been very sick, but is better now," was the reply.

"Would fruit be bad for him?" she asked.

"Well, some kinds would not—grapes and oranges, for instance, would not harm him."

Nellie hastened off, and after a confab with Mother Barton, returned with a small basket of the most luscious grapes, clusters beautiful in their purple richness—clusters tempting in their sunny transparency—all lying among fresh dewy green leaves. Again she sprang up the broad steps, and gave the bell a resolute pull, but her heart began to fail her a little. What if James should not let her in? and would the gentleman remember the child he had never seen but once? But she had started, and as for failing without a single trial, was Nellie ever known to do such a thing?

James appeared. Could Nellie see Mr. Berkeley? No, James thought not; Mr. Berkeley was sick. But Nellie persisted. Here was some fruit which Dr. B. said he could have. Dr. B.'s name was law, and James admitted the little girl, though with some hesitation. She followed him on and on through the broad passages to a handsome chamber where lay the owner of the mansion just recovering from a fever. Nellie stepped up to him before James could make any announcement, with, "I have come to see you, sir."

"Why, it is little Nellie!" said he, surprised at himself for remembering her. Ah! that sweet childish face, those graceful silken ringlets, and earnest, dark eyes peering from under the broad-brimmed hat had often come unbidden to his mind, and always with vague thoughts of Clara. He had thought of Clara often in his illness. How he longed for her cool hand on his burning forehead! her gentle loving care, for which the cold offices of a hired nurse were but poor compensation! And Nellie was really welcome, breaking in upon the monotony of his convalescence. He talked to her kindly and with interest, as he never had to any child before. He ate the grapes with relish; never had grapes tasted so deliciously cool and sweet before. And Nellie brought him his cooling drink, and even ventured to lower the curtains to make a more subdued light. He watched her

with a curious, half-amused smile as she performed these little womanly offices. He was pleased with the child's grateful remembrance of the kindness he had done her. It was a real comfort to have her there. He sighed, and felt more lonely when she went away, and felt comforted to think she had promised she would surely come again. And she did go to see him often, until he was well again.

He learned from Nellie that they were poor; he would have known *that*, but *very* poor; that mamma was sick, and that it made her cry to have Nellie sell fruit in the street, and that she didn't do it only when there was no other way to do. So he determined to give his little favorite a handsome present. He took great pleasure in his purchases: a pretty muslin dress with a delicate blue figure—a jaunty new hat—and as there was very little of summer left, and the nights chilly even now—soft blue wool delaine—the softest, finest lamb's wool stockings—and tiny kid gaiters. Unsuitable gifts perhaps these seem, but Horace Berkeley wished to adopt Nellie as his own; or if mamma would not consent to that, at least to send her to school, and relieve the poverty of which Nellie had told him. So he bought one thing after another, and at last, with a boy to carry his bundles, he set forth for Nellie's home. Nellie met him at the door. Clara rose from her seat as he entered. The recognition was mutual; for a moment both stood silent. Her father's appearance touched Clara's heart. He leaned so heavily on his cane, and looked so feeble—such a miserable change from the proud, stately old man he had been. And Clara—the old man was deeply, inexpressibly shocked at the change—the rich waving hair and beautiful dark eyes were the same, but, oh, how pale, how wan! He held out his arms to her. With a glad cry Clara clasped her arms around her father's neck. Nellie saw it all. There were three happy hearts in the dark little basement in H—— Street.

The servants in Horace Berkeley's mansion had long agreed that it was "a shame not to have a mistress, but the master would be certain never to marry." They were delighted with the master's daughter, and "Miss Nellie was a perfect little angel." How happy they all were! And Mother Barton was not forgotten. Many a *nice present was her reward for her kindness to little Nellie Brownell.*

The story was ended. "*Isn't* Miss Anna *good?*" cried Della with emphasis—and the children all warmly assented. ELLIAN.

---

PROVERBS OF THE BILLINGS FAMILY—PRESERVED BY JOSH BILLINGS, ESQ.—If you kant git gud cloaths and eddication too, git the cloaths.

Say how are ye? to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and keap a gud stock of impidence on hand.

If yu argy, never get beat.

Bee charitable; thre sent pieces war made on purpose.

Don't take enny bodys advise but your owne.

It costs more to borry than to buy.

Ef a man flatters yu, yu ken kalkerlate that he is a roge, or yure a fule.

Kepe both ize open, but dont cee morn half you notis.

N b.—these ar proverbs hev stood fur morn a hundred years, and haint gin out yet.

## DAMASCUS.

DAMASCUS has ever been celebrated as one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Much of its beauty and wealth resulted from its peculiar situation. It stands in the midst of a vast desert, beside the river called by the Greeks Chrysorrhus, "Golden River." The stream was led through all parts of the city, and all the better dwellings were supplied with fountains from its waters. The river is now known as the Baraddy. It rises among the mountains of Lebanon, and the streams Arbana and Pharpar, mentioned in the Bible, are its branches.

Damascus is surrounded and interspersed with beautiful groves and most luxuriant gardens, and has always been the delight of travelers. It is related that Mohammed once viewed the beautiful city from a distant eminence, and was so enchanted with the prospect that he exclaimed, "There is but one Paradise for man, and I am resolved not to take mine in this world," whereupon he turned away and never visited the place again.

This city, though now of little importance, was anciently renowned for wealth and power. It is one of the oldest cities in the world. It was standing in the time of Abraham. It was formerly the capital of Syria, and for three centuries the residence of the Syrian kings. Its sovereign, Hadad, was conquered by King David. Tiglath Pileser, emperor of the Assyrians, killed their last king, Rezin, and added Damascus to his empire. Afterward it was taken and plundered by Sennacherib, then by Nebuchadnezzar, and again by the Romans, who made it their principal arsenal in the

East. About A. D. 634 it was captured by the Saracens, who held it until A. D. 1400, when it was taken and destroyed by Tamerlane. It was afterward repaired by the Mamelukes, and finally wrested from them by the Turks in 1506, in whose possession it has still remained.

After such a series of changes and disasters, it could not he expected to retain its former magnificence. There are a few fine public buildings, but most of the houses are built of mud walls and show very little of splendor. Some of these, however, are enriched by marble gateways and surrounded by fine gardens.

## "NED, THE LEARNED SEAL."

WHEN I heard, once upon a time, that the whales had celebrated, by grand entertainment and ball, the discovery of the "oil-wells," I had fancied that it must have been a clumsy affair *enfin*, and in de-tail; though I have always entertained the highest opinion of the generous and loving disposition of the said spermacetians; but after seeing the "learned seal, NED," at Barnum's, this morning, I have become convinced that there was really "grace" on that notable and happy occasion.

Ned's bow, accompanied by the bowing expression of his eyes, and the accompanying *wave* of the hand (fin), would do honor to a French dancing-master—it couldn't be beat.

Think of a fish shouldering a musket! this Ned does; think of a fish grinding a hand-organ! this Ned performs, discoursing light music. His eyes are really wonderful, they almost speak; large and brown, they seem more than half human. There is another thing that is very human-like, as Mr. Hitchcock says—what he does is for reward, and that reward, you well know, is breakfast or dinner, as the case may be.

Ned bows and quirks his eye, and keeps it well turned to the hand that will pass over the fish for his palate; and then—Ned has a bit of mischief or humor in him—if the pieces of fish *that he loves* do not come to him in quick succession, he splashes the water from his tank, over and around, on and in, everything and everybody.

Go and see him, if you have any doubts that they can shoulder arms *down below;* or that they have dancing-schools and organ music.

LAURA ELMER.

## A KNOWING DOG.

BARON TAYLOR, while traveling in Spain, arrived in the evening at a village inn, and sat down before a stove to dry his boots. Close by was a turn-spit dog, which watched him very attentively. "What can you give me to eat?" said the baron to the hostess. "Some eggs," was the reply. "No; they are too mawkish." "A rabbit." "That is too indigestible." The attention of the dog seemed to become more and more directed to the conversation. "Some ham?" "No," said the baron, "that would make me thirsty." "Some pigeons." The dog here stood up. "No, there is no nourishment in them." "A fowl," said the hostess, on which the dog started hastily out of the room. "What is the matter with the dog?" said the baron. "Oh, nothing at all," was the reply; "he only wishes to escape his work; for he knows that if you decide on a fowl, he will have to turn the spit."

## AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

A LINE OF BATTLE.—Gentle reader, you often read about "a line of battle," and, we dare say, think that the two armies stand in two lines; but it is not so. The army is divided into divisions, and there are often great gaps between the divisions. They are posted in positions or in commanding places—that is, on hills, or in woods, or on the banks of streams, in places where they will be best able to resist or attack the enemy. The divisions are usually so placed that they can support one another. You can understand a line of battle pretty well, by imagining a regiment here on a hill, another down in the valley, a third in a piece of woods, with artillery and cavalry placed in the best positions. If you want to make it more real, when you are out in the fields or pastures, with the hills all around, just imagine that the enemy is over yonder hill, with ten thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery. You are a general, and have an equal number. The enemy will come down that road, spread out into the fields, or creep up through the woods and attack you.

You can't exactly tell how many men he will send on the right, or how many on the center, or how many on the left; so you must arrange your forces to support each other. Then, to shift it, you are to attack him. You don't know how his troops are arranged, for he keeps them concealed as well he can. You don't want many of your men killed, but do want to win a victory. Now there is a chance for you to try your skill in planning a line of battle. You must place your artillery where it will do the most damage, and receive the least from the enemy. You must move your infantry so that they will not be cut off by the enemy before they get near enough to cut them up in return. You see that it is no small thing to be a general. These are great responsibilities.

GENTLEMANLY LADIES.—In a railroad car the seats were all full except one which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman—and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats; seeing none vacant, they were about to go into the back car, when Patrick arose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies with a smile, hesitating with true politeness to accept it. "Never you mind *that!*" said the gallant Hibernian, "ye'r welcome to it. I'd ride upon the *cow-catcher* to New York any time for a smile from such *jintlemanly* ladies!" and he retired hastily into the next car, amid the cheers of his fellow-passengers.

A BRIGHT little girl of five years was recently standing by a window, busily examining a hair which she had just pulled from her head. "What are you doing, my daughter?" asked her mother, whose curiosity was excited by her eager gaze. "I'm looking for the number, mamma," said the child; "the Bible says that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and I want to see what the number is on this."

WHY was the first man a mother? Because he was A-*dam*.

Wisdom Condensed.—To one of the pupils of the Abbé Sicard, the eminent teacher of the deaf-mutes, the following felicitous responses are ascribed:

What is gratitude?

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

What is hope?

Hope is the blossom of happiness.

What is the difference between hope and desire?

Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

What is eternity?

A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a day without end.

What is time?

A line that has two ends—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the grave.

What is God?

The necessary being, the sun of eternity—the machinist of nature, the eye of justice—the matchless power of the universe, the soul of the world.

Does God reason?

Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates—he desires. God is omniscient, he never doubts, he therefore never reasons.

Curious Mirror.—Among the curiosities exhibited in the last Paris Exposition, and promised for the London, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to the mirror and looking into it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportions, but reversed, the head downward. Most of the spectators, ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects and pass on. But retire still farther—standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold! you see yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV.—placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but, seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor, his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.

They mean to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says: "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high."

If you are not satisfied with the necessaries of life, see whether you can satisfy yourself by repining after luxuries.

Don't turn Tailor.—If you turn away from worthy men because they are humbly clad, they can boast that you cut their coat and pantaloons.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE Merry circle will please come to order: there's a matter of business to bring before you. It is about money.

First, we thank you who have promptly paid your subscriptions. It has been of great service to us, and we know you have enjoyed your MUSEUM all the better for it. You need not read what follows; it is intended for those who owe us.

Please allow us to speak plainly. These are hard times for publishers. They would be easy for us, if you would each pay your small debt. WE NEED EVERY DOLLAR which we have earned by supplying you with the MUSEUM. Bills were sent last month to all in arrears, and many are paying up. Will you not help us by adding your mite? It will enable us to make the MUSEUM still better; will give us better sleep and pleasanter dreams, improve our appetite and digestion, and relieve your own consciences.

If you have not the money, please lay aside a few dimes every week for the purpose, and see how pleasant it will seem to be OUT OF DEBT.

Now, having finished business matters, we turn to the legitimate and more agreeable duties of the Chat.

---

What's all the clatter? Strange voices! New faces! Methinks I am asleep, dreaming; but, no—awake! Ha! ha! I'faith I've slept a twelvemonth!

Welcome new faces to our "Merry" band! Happy greeting to all! Though strangers now, acquaintance soon will make us friends. A welcome greeting better late than never, my new Uncle? Certainly; so here's my hand, and a Yankee grip with it. I feared I should have to imitate Uncle Joe's example. N. H. almost swallowed me, but I was a lengthy subject, and there is still a little of the old self left.

Henry, what think you of the Boston P. G.'s?—a black-eyed one particularly? Give your candid opinion. Zephyr, I always try to please; will you not *please* to try, and send me something, *en revanche?*

Lucy N. C., "I've cut 'em." No more microscopic comparisons. And so I wasn't at home when you called? Alas! unhappy fate! Agnes, *ma chère cousine*, I thank you kindly for your high appreciation of me. Won't you send me your photo? I like you—several bits! Oh! but I'm so *terribly* dark and gloomy! Odoacer, my dexter reciprocates. Black-Eyes, Brown-Eyes, Blue-Eyes, *mes favorites*, wilt exchange *cartes?* Jean Du Casse, I bow and humbly acknowledge "you've got me!" When and where did we meet? who and what are you? Do not, I beg of you, think of me other than as a boy. I am, and always shall be—it *is* old-fashioned and pleasant. Uncle William shall be "head boy," and merry ones we'll forever be. Winifred, thrice welcome to our pleasant circle. Come oftener. Sybil Gray, *ma mystique cousine*, wouldst know our verdict? Secesh!

Poor Willie! I've almost been tempted to sympathize with him since my last. *C'est fait de lui*, we think, when, lo! an expiring gasp is heard, and now, at last, all has become silent. The bright particular, *facile princeps*, has subsided! Drop a parting tear, Merrys, in memory of his illustrious career.

OLIVER ONLEY.

---

*Aug.* 1, 1862.

DEAR FRIENDS ALL:—When the last mag. was announced, it was fairly *devoured* in less than an hour after I received it, with all its contents, uncles, cousins, "etsettery, etsettery," as the great showman would remark.

Ellian, my dear, your "wonder" astonishes me! When I heard that you "claimed a letter," I speedily set about to cancel the claim, and the letter should *surely* have reached you ere this, unless you have changed your direction.

Thank you, dear Libbie. Welcome, little May-Blossom; how nice it would be if we could attract Busy Bee so powerfully as to keep her by us all the time! By-the-by, I can enlighten you in regard to Ellian. She is a real, true, honest, honest, *merry*, sprightly *girl*. Nothing else.

Leslie, it would give me pleasure to

look upon a representation of your classic features. Suppose you send me one?

Zephyr, *do* come to waft a breeze over us, and we will be ever grateful.

My "harum-scarum Christabelle," do you know I like you right well. I will come to Batavia some time and ride with you. A smart little nag, with *good company*, is glorious.

Ah, Blue-Eyes, don't *you* ever "caper?"

Willie Coleman is quite extinguished, isn't he? *Poor* fellow!

Agnes, don't flatter Will. He will grow conceited.

Elfie Dryad, I think the uncles maltreated your "essence." Don't you?

DAISY WILDWOOD.

The cousins will not complain of being swallowed up by Daisy. She must be a young lady of wonderful capacity to take us all down in less than an hour. Hope we shall agree with her.

By the way, when will that vacant place in our Merry album be filled? Please do not *leave it* till the last.

---

BROOKLYN, *July* 30, 1862.

You "do me proud," Uncle William, in *crediting* me with an endless letter; but I'd rather have cash than credit any day—leastways *such* credit.

I wish some cousin who is interested in steam-engines would lend me a *condenser* that he hasn't any use for; till then, or till I get something of the sort, I have no hope of being SHORT—except of change.

Numerial messages (to as many cousins) went with that "last installment," but never mind, let them go, save this piece of one; Prue (of Chicago), come again, please, or send me your *carte*, or do both. Sybil Grey, if you're within ear-shot, will you be kind enough to favor me with your *c. de v.?* And will you, Alice Clayton? that I may, in a figure, shake hands with you, as you desire. Willie H. Coleman, I wish *you* would, too. And *Wil* H. C. and Madge, and Bella B. and Agnes, and Clite Clinton (Clite for Clytemnestra, or what?], and Nina Gordon, and Adelbert Older, and Madcap, and Elfie Dryad (as you were going to do), and Nellie A. Mather, and Jennie Black, and Mollie Myrtle, and May-Blossom, and Leslie, and—well, all ye Chatterers who are—or are considered by your friends—pretty witty or wise. Of course, I will reciprocate if you send your address with your *carte*. (Address, as before, Box 339, Brooklyn, N. Y.) I have now twenty-six of the cousins; but the more I have, the more I want.

Tommy, you are seeing warm work. A *real* cousin of mine lives—or did live—in Natchez; if you see her, remember me to her.

Danker and Older—*par nobile fratrum*—may your impaired health be speedily made whole, and your strength re*cruited*, as Dan Burnham says. You returned veterans are just the boys to open a recruiting-office.

Be easy, B. E. Z.; you are like Rasselas trying to get out from his valley into the world, writing from "Happy Land" for admission to the Chat. I hope you'll find a particular friend.

Uncle Shortener, isn't this doing pretty well for WILFORLEY?

Well, now, this is more wonderful than the endless letter—a letter with both ends on one page.

---

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I humbly beg you will let me in, and introduce me to all the cousins. Black-Eyes, is there a seat near you vacant? for if there is I will take it, if you do not object. I spy—Wilforley! I should like to exchange *c. de v.'s* with him, but there is no decent place to have them taken here, it is such a one-horse town. Please shield me from the dreaded hatchet, Aunt Sue, as I am a stranger and don't know how to behave. CAP DAVIS.

Whoever this cap fits, put it on.

---

LE ROY, *July* 17, 1862.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—You may even subject me to the *squeezing* process, and place my mutilated remains on the shelf with the other extracted essences, but I *won't stay* chopped, buried, or extracted. My *extraction* is respectable enough without. So, there.

Wilforley, H. A. D., Sybil, and the rest, let us throw open the doors of the temple of Janus and pitch in. If, happily, we could bring back the good old times, when everybody pitched into everybody else, regardless of "the dignity of the Chat;" when the Chatterers did not speak with bated breath when they entered the circle, but, like gallant knights, bravely couched their lances

and "pitched in," perhaps we could lure some of our hidden lights—our lost pleiads—back into the circle. Willie, Black-Eyes, Nip, John Weldon, Jr., H. A. B. C., come and help us. Yours, for the good old time, ADELBERT OLDER.

Won't somebody be *stuck up*, if there's a general *pitching* in—especially the tardy ones?

---

*Aug.* 4, 1862.

DEAR MERRYS:—Ascertaining, *per* August number, that Aunt Sue, owing to the temperature of the weather, was in a melting mood, I eagerly seize the opportunity to make an impression, with the anticipation that if I fail in my principal object, I may at least furnish some extracted essence. What a strategic movement? Wonder if I can't gain a generalship? Burnham, my boy, what an ingenious method you take to secure a "pile" of "photos," to wit: "Will the *handsomest* one of the Merrys send her *carte?*" Just as though each and all of us didn't consider ourselves the handsomest. Ah! you're a sly fox, B. We will get our promotions on the same staff. But, for fear of Aunt Sue getting cool before this reaches the *sanctum*, and Hi's cutting off my retreat, I bid you (French seems to be the method) *bon jour*. S. D. H.

---

BLOCKADING SQUADRON,
*July* 26, 1862.

DEAR UNCLE:—Permit a "new unknown"—one who has for the past ten months been *enjoying* the safety and danger, the pleasures and discomforts of blockading life—to knock at the door of your literary sanctum.

Uncle Hi, please belay your instrument of torture, and permit me to scrape acquaintance through the key-hole while waiting for admittance.

Wilforley, I feel as if I knew you already—our dispositions must be similar!

If I, by chance, in brevity,
Should fall below Sir Wilforley,
Don't view me with a cricket's eye,
But let my first attempt pass by.

Here's to our better acquaintance!

Oliver O., I have seen your likeness and writings, and like both very much. Hope we will be good friends.

Baltimore Jim, I live *less than fifty* miles southward of you! *Deo volente*, I will try and see you some day. Here's a good, hearty "Union grip."

Fleta, receive my sincere homage and a low bow, due your literary excellence! I am a little afraid of you; not that I consider you at all formidable-*looking—nullement!* but isn't your pen something like the *long spear* of the ancients? It seems to be too formidable for Sir Knight Hi with his battle-ax!

Winifred, though late, I am not too late! Receive my earnest sympathy and very much love.

Saucy Nell, guess you're "*up to* snuff," though you don't *take it* yet, I suppose! But you say, "Nuff ced! *vous êtes un insolent!*" (*c'est à dire*—sauce-box). *Bien, j'ai fait! Pardonnez, si j'ai offensé!*

Agnes, ditto.

Pertine, Sybil, L. W. C., Daisy W., and all—love to you!

Won't some of the "Dear Merrys" send me a letter or a *c. de v.* through Uncle Merry? Jasper has not half told how acceptable they would be.

Your *new* nephew, WANDERER.

---

SARATOGA, *Aug.* 6, 1862.

DEAR MERRYS:—During the three years that the MUSEUM has visited our home, I have looked in vain over the pages of the "Chat" in search of a "Saratogian," so I have concluded to peep into the Merry parlor and have a chat with you all myself.

Among the Chatterers I have seen two familiar names—Imogene Latham—who, by the way, never answered a certain question propounded to her a few months ago—and Saucy Nell, who, as I recollect her well, deserves the name, with her dark curls, bright eyes, and saucy little mouth. See if you can remember me among your many acquaintances of T. G. I., Nell.

If any of the Merry cousins visit this great watering-place this season, they can obtain my direction of Uncle Merry, and must certainly call upon me. The very name of the MUSEUM and Chat will be a passport.

With a kiss to Saucy Nell, I must say good-bye. MARIAN.

Uncle William would have called on Marian recently, had he known her whereabouts. Perhaps the good time will come again.

MARY wonders if Willie H. C. has procured any blood-root to cure his wounds. She sends love to Agnes, and inquires for Hawthorne.

CURLY-HEADED HOOSIER.—Your story is well written for one of your age. By practicing you may succeed in producing something we shall be glad to publish.

BEAUCLERC.—At present there is no separate prize offered for solution of rebuses. We have the matter under consideration.

UNCLE WILLIAM is getting jealous, because so many have forgotten to inclose a *carte de visite* for his album, when sending one to Uncle Robert. He threatens to retaliate by sending his "photo" to those who remember him. . . .

We have received the following pieces of music from Horace Waters: "The Commodore Nutt Polka," "President Lincoln's Grand March," "Airy Castles," "Marching Along," and "Glory Hallelujah." Also, "Merry Little Birds Are We," and "Shall We Know Each Other There?" two beautiful songs, which we commend to all our musical Merrys.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.—This interesting book is now before the public, and is a very readable work. It consists of his "Life and Times," written fearlessly, and perhaps with some bitterness; still it is a reliable account of the brutal outrages he received at the hands of traitors, and should be in the hands of every lover of the Union and the Government. It is fully illustrated, and makes a handsome volume. Published by George W. Childs, 628 and 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE UNION" is the title of a new and capital patriotic song by Mrs. Ernest, just published by Hall & Son. We will send it on receipt of price, 25 cents.

## Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

AN OLDER wins the prize for July, having correctly answered *all* the puzzles. It is high time that we had another *prize trial*, and I propose to give six gold pens for the best six sentences made from the letters contained in any one word of *six* letters. For instance, out of the word "paints" may be made "Pat's paint is in a tin pan," or "I past a saint in satin." Should there be more than six sentences equally good, the pens will be drawn by lot.

You may select your own word.

Only one word allowed to each competitor. The sentence to be complete, with but one full stop. Only our own subscribers allowed to compete.

Decision in January next.

Sentences to be sent in, on, or before the 10th of December, 1862.

Only such words to be used as can be made separately out of the original words. For instance, the word "sins" would not be admissible from "paints," as there is but one *s* in "paints." Who will enter the lists in this trial of patience?

### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

COUNTIES IN OHIO TRANSPOSED.

**239.** A body of water.

**240.** What I belong to.

**241.** What rebels deserve. *Gipsy.*

**242.** My first is to strive violently; my second is to fasten; my whole is a wizard. *Geo. T. McK.*

**243.** Why is it that miserly people have never quarreled? *Adelbert Older.*

**244.** Behead a beautiful product of nature and leave what it often falls into. *Mary A. E.*

**245.** *a.* A European sea
*b.* A seaport of Russia.
*c.* A celebrated mountain.
*d.* A town in Tipperary, Ireland.
The initials form an object of interest, and the finals its receptacle. *Ned W.*

**246.** The name of what island expresses what the war makes? *Harlan.*

**247.** My first is a fluid, my second a solid, my whole a plant.
*Sam T. K. & Red Dick.*

**248.** Curtail a man's name and leave a girl's name; behead, and transpose, and leave another man's name. *D. P. & W. W. W.*

**249.** Change my head several times and make 1, an amateur; 2, to hide; 3, to hang about; 4, a leader; 5, a pirate. *Fred W. C. C.*

**250.** My first is a boy's name, my second is a girl's nickname, my whole is a science. *C. T. Warner.*

**251.** Transpose the inhabitants of a country into an animal.
*Geo. T. McK.*

**252.** O O. (Good advice.) *C. W. J.*

**253.** My whole has two of my first, and is my second. *Lucy W. C.*

**254.** Express with five letters a sentence containing four words and twelve letters. *Clementina.*

**255.** I am composed of 15 letters:
My 13, 9, 5, 8, 12 is the oldest musical instrument known.
My 3, 1, 15, 7, 11 have lately been a bone of contention.
My 10, 14, 6 is seldom out of the range of vision.
My 2, 4 may cause smiles or tears.
My whole has been called the Vandyke of sculpture. *Clite Clinton.*

**256.** I am composed of 17 letters:
My 6, 9, 17 is an article of dress.
My 11, 12, 2, 2, 9, 15 is a girl's name.
My 13, 5, 9, 3, 15 is a verb.
My 1, 8, 2 is a vessel.
My 10, 5, 4, 16, 5 signifies great confusion.
My 14, 6, 7, 17 is a babe.
My whole is considered pretty sharp. *Emily P. Hyer.*

**257.** I am composed of 15 letters:
My 3, 12, 14, 10, 8 is an animal.
My 13, 7, 15, 4 is to shear.
My 11, 5, 1 signifies modern.
My 9, 2, 6 is languid.
My whole is a maxim which it would be well to follow. *Tommy.*

**258.** I am composed of seven letters:
My 2, 3, 5 is seen every day.
My 6, 1, 4, 7 is not hidden.
My whole is a vehicle. *J. A. R.*

**259.** I am composed of 19 letters:
My 16, 17, 12 is the track of a wheel.
My 2, 10, 18, 13, 9 is a machine.
My 11, 4, 5, 2, 14 is a game.
My 1, 7, 6 is an animal.
My 15, 19, 1, 3 we always have in spring.
My 8, 4, 15 is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a piece of good advice.
*Jasper.*

**260.** Why is an uninclosed spot of ground like a pure conscience?
*C. C.*

ANAGRAMS.

**261.** A pattern ruler. *Ellian.*

**262.** *Primary line.* *Carrie T. Warner.*

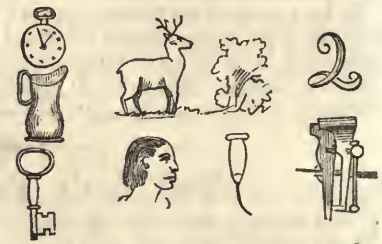
**263.** Your hash is cut. *Johnnie.*

**264.** *O doomed rant.* *C. F. W.*

ANAGRAM ON A CITY AND STATE.

**265.** *All crouch, as in hot treason.*
*Yarm & Braddie.*

**266.** HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



(*Answers to the above must be in, on, or before the 10th of October.*)

## Answers to Questions in July No.

**183.** "A celebrated man."

**184.** Meat, eat, ate, tea, Eta, Etam, team, tame, at'em, meta, met, me.

**185.** Plane, lean, plan, lap.

**186.** They are always in love.

**187.** Cunningham.

**188.** Incendiary.

**189.** Pasha, hasp.

**190.** Rupee, Peru.

**191.** Bull, bulbul. (Several have answered "dog, dodo.")

**192.** Prestidigitateur.

**193.** Contradictory.

**194.** Indeterminate.

**195.** Ossification.

**196.** Bedouins.

**197.** Resignation.

**198.** Forbearing.

**199.** 1. Mr. and Mrs. A. cross the river together, Mr. A. brings the boat back.
2. Mrs. B. and Mrs. C. cross, Mrs. A. returns.
3. Mr. B. and Mr. C. cross, Mr. and Mrs. B. return.
4. Mr. A. and Mr. B. cross, Mrs. C. returns.
5. Mrs. C. and Mr. B. go over and Mr. A. returns for his wife.

**200.** Aunt Sue's scrap-bag.

**201.** Clergyman. (*Alice Clayton* says "Churchman, Guardsman, Frenchman, *or any other man.*")

**202.** Entrance.

**203.** Desert.

**204.** Subjects.

**205.** Object.

**206.** Agrostology.

**207.** London is a great city.

ADELBERT OLDER answers all.

*Alpha* answers all but 189.
*Mary A. E.* answers all but 199.
*Arthur* answers all but 183, 189.
*Clementina* answers all but 183, 199.
*E. W. W.* answers all but 183, 199.
*Jeannie M.* answers all but 189, 206.
*D. P. & W. W. W.* answer all but 195, 199.
*Lucy W. C.* answers all but 183 199.
*Ellian* answers all but 183, 190, 199.
*C. M. E.* answers all but 183, 189, 199.
*J. A. R.* answers all but 189, 195, 199.
*H. O. & J. W. D.* answer all but 189, 195, 199.
*C. T. Warner* answers all but 189, 199, 205.
*A. S. W.* answers all but 183, 185, 188, 198, 199, 206.
*C. C.* answers all but 183, 184, 185, 198, 199, 207.
*Digby* answers all but 183, 188, 189, 190, 199, 200.
*Fred W. C. C.* answers all but 183, 186, 187, 189, 201, 205.
*C. W. J.* answers all but 183, 184, 185, 198, 199, 201.
*Wanderer* answers all but 183, 185, 189, 192, 198, 199, 201.
*Kittie* answers all but 183, 185, 187, 189, 190, 199, 201, 207.
*Alice Clayton* answers all but 183, 184, 189, 190, 193, 194, 196, 197, 198.
*Blanche* answers all but 183, 185, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199.
*S. D. H.* answers all but 183, 184, 189, 190, 193, 194, 196, 197, 198, 199.
*E. E. L.* answers all but 184, 185, 186, 187, 189, 190, 198, 199, 201, 205, 207.
*Birdie* answers 188, 191, 192, 196, 200, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207.
*Beauclerc* answers 183, 184, 186, 187, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 205, 207.
*Jim* answers 183, 186, 187, 190, 191, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207.
*Geo. T. McK.* answers 190, 191, 198, 200, 204, 205, 207.
*Mamie* answers 202, 203, 204, 205.
*Saucy Nell*, answers 202, 203, 204.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Beauclerc.*—There is no extra prize offered for the solution of hieroglyphic rebuses, unless so specified at the time *Beauclerc* would like to hear from "some of the old B. & G. O. correspondents," to whom he sends his love.

*Fred W. C. C.*—Here is *my* ☞ in return.

*Clementina.*—Your extra answer came just too late.

*C. M. E.*—It is because I can not *always* tell whether or no a puzzle is ancient, that I request the cousins to send me only original riddles. I was not aware that 199 was of the ancient order, but I do know that the one you send me, "believing it has never been in print," was published in "Aunt Sue's budget of puzzles," in 1858. In the boat puzzle you have B.'s wife with Mr. A. in the "second load!"

*Nell of B.*—"Opposite John E—l"? Yes. Your sentiments on the army question are mine, *to a dot.* You *must* "call." I'll think about the "reading."

*Blue-Eyes No.* 2.—The "sick shooter" was given to the public long ago.

*Nina Gordon.*—I will send your message to *Wilforley.* Concerning the "poetry," and the cousins H——, you must ask *Uncle William.*

*Digby.*—Let me put you in a corner with your old friends *E. E. L.* and *Beauclerc;* they will be delighted to see you.

*E. E. L.*—Your answers reached me just one "day after the fair."

*Alpha.*—Certainly "once a year is better than never."

*Pertine.*—I hope Lieut. Charlie is at his post again. Three cheers for the man that goes to camp on "his hands and knees" when his feet are "blistered"!!! Thanks for your pretty letter.

*Flea* dear, where are you?

*Busy Bee.*—There are plenty of flowers waiting for your kisses.

*H. A. D.*—*Pertine* says if you live on hope for a little while longer, you may hear from her.

*Alice Clayton* returns *Agnes'* kiss, and intends appropriating her share of the love that *Tommy* sends.

*Harry Bowles.*—Tell your mother that I despise practical jokes which subject any one to trouble or annoyance, and plead "not guilty." By "local postage stamps" I meant those stamps used upon letters carried by private (not government) express.

*Tommy* sends his love to all the *Merrys*. He has come home to recruit, but intends returning soon. His motto is "Don't give up the ship," evidently.

*D. P. & W. W. W.*—You will find the number of the box upon page 96 (March number). I have more enigmas (figured) now than I could publish in two years, at the present rate; so that I can scarcely answer your question about the bird enigma.

*Ned W.*—Keep cool; or if you *can't* keep cool, keep as cool as you can.

*Kittie.*—Your answer to 185—"Operas," is singularly right for a wrong one. If we may take "Opera" in its Latin sense ("work, labor"), it would make the answer perfect.

*Wabunoqua.*—I have not the pleasure of knowing "*A. B. H.*"

*Echo.*—I am almost afraid that your fondness for the last word may make some confusion in our Merry circle with the rest of the ladies. However, if you will promise to be dumb sometimes when (somebody's sentence has terminated with "July," for instance), we will admit you.

*Blanche and Jim.*—The anagrams are good to exercise the patience, and to familiarize one with the dictionary. The anagrams in italics, this month, are *suggestive*.

*Jim.*—The puzzle you speak of was published in "The Boys' and Girls' Own" some months ago. *Many* thanks for the stamp, but now I only want *local, city* stamps. Those you sent me from Baltimore, and some that *A. E. D.* kindly sent me from Chicago, are all I have been able to procure from the Merry cousins.

*Ellian.*—I sympathize in all you tell me. "*Charlie*" is a splendid fellow! But, *Ellian*, you can't manage to keep husband and wife on good terms (see puzzle 199). "A. goes and brings B.'s wife over," indeed!

*Dena.*—She did not say anything very dreadful about you.

*Jasper.*—The fact that you are "well and hearty" is the best news I have had this month.

*Wanderer.*—Glad to welcome you *home*. We once had a subscriber of your name, with the prefix "O. L."—any relation?

*C. F. W.*—You will see the error *you* made in 185, when you pronounced it "incorrect."

*Liberty.*—*Tommy* was on board the *Winona*.

*Geo. T. McKinney.*—Short and sweet. You will find Brown-Eyes' address on page 192 (June number). *Lucy W. C.'s* address is "Franklin, Merrimac Co., N. H."

*A. S. W.*—Glad the warm weather wasn't *too* much for you.

*Harry Hays.*—Haven't you a word to say to us?

*Lizzie B.* (144 C Street.)—Is it not time that your name should be written in our puzzle department?

*Saucy Nell.*—Thanks for your letter. That "accident" cast a gloom over my own personal circle of friends; it was indeed "sad!" I do not correspond with *W.*, but am glad that you and she are "fast friends." I won't be "offended," but I must remain *incredulous*.

*R. I. Hewett.*—You are very welcome to our Merry circle, but your answers came too late for notice.

Several of the cousins have pronounced the boat puzzle (199) to be an old riddle, but very few have answered it correctly; some have taken Mr. and Mrs. A. over on the first trip, and sent A. back again to send over Mr. and Mrs. B.; when of course Mrs. A. "without her husband" would be in Mr. B.'s company until he thought proper to row back again. Others have left Mr. A. on the opposite shore while Mrs. A. rejoined Messrs. B. and C. with their wives.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Beauclerc, Fred W. C. C., Somebody, Clementina, C. M. E., Adelbert Older, Mary of J., Blue-Eyes No. 2, C. T. Warner. Alpha, S. D. H., Alice Clayton, J. A. R., Kittie, D. P. & W. W. W., Jim, Geo. T. McKinney, C. C., Ellian*, and *Lucy W. C.*

# THE HOME SOCIETY.

THIRD MEETING.

BEFORE the next meeting, an invitation was received from Cousin George for the Society to meet at his father's house. The children were delighted with the idea, for they all loved George; and his home, which was situated at a little distance out of the city, was a most beautiful place. The house was built on an eminence, overlooking quite an extent of country. Handsome lawns and walks, shaded by shrubbery, were laid out around it, as you see in the picture above, and the children always expected to enjoy a fine time, roaming and romping through the grounds, when they were permitted to pay George a visit.

All were in high glee when Mr. Malcolm's consent was obtained, and particularly when Uncle Fred proposed that the next meeting be held out of doors under the shade of the trees, provided the day should be pleasant.

To crown the high expectations of the young folks, the day turned out to be very fine. Frank said a better one could not have been made to order; and the company started off in fine spirits.

When they had nearly reached the place, John started, and, listening, said, "Is that thunder?"

All stopped and looked toward the quarter from which the sound came. Susie looked quite alarmed, and the other children hoped it was not thunder, for they all had a dread of it.

While they were listening, Frank ran to a hill a little way ahead, and immediately exclaimed, laughingly—

"It's only home-made thunder; come quick, and look."

They all hastened up the hill, and

saw, through an opening in the woods, a long train of cars swiftly passing over a high bridge built on arches. It was a grand sight to see the train,

weighing hundreds of tons, sweeping so easily and gracefully along; and they watched it with admiration until it sped out of sight.

A short walk further brought them to the grounds belonging to George's father, and very soon George and his father and mother met them and welcomed them with great pleasure. They were invited into the house to partake of refreshments, which were very acceptable after their long walk.

They were particularly pleased with some beautiful clusters of grapes which

George had raised upon vines planted in pots and kept in the house. By careful attention to pruning and watering them, he had ripened them more than a month before the usual season for this fruit.

As soon as lunch was finished, the party proceeded to a grove not far from the house, where rustic seats were arranged near a pleasant brook.

"Isn't this splendid?" cried Kate, clapping her hands with delight.

Just then a bird started from a branch overhead with a scream of alarm, and darted swiftly away up the course of the stream.

"Don't run, pretty birdie; nobody will hurt you," said Susie, holding out her little hands toward it. But the bird was already far in the distance.

"What a beautiful creature!" said Henrietta. "He was dressed in buff, blue, and gold, and looked as though he might belong to the royal family."

"It was a kingfisher," said George. "They are handsome birds, but I don't like them much, they are so greedy. They live on fish, and seem never to be tired of darting upon them and gobbling them down. They live along the banks of streams, and build their nests in some sly corner on the ground. I often see them. One day I found one snugly stowed away in an old musk-rat's hole. They are not good for eating; their flesh has a very unpleasant fishy taste."

The whole party were now seated, and Cousin George being called upon to entertain the company, read the following essay upon

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

"The flight of a bird is a mechanical wonder, which the most skillful artist has never yet been able successfully to imitate. For hundreds of years men have been trying to make

THE KINGFISHER.

a flying-machine. It would seem comparatively easy when there is a model already furnished in every bird that makes its way through the air; but thus far the only approach to flying is in the balloon, which drifts helplessly about in every current of wind.

"It is very interesting to notice the different manner of flight peculiar to the different species of birds. The falcons, including the vulture, eagle, hawk, and their relatives, sail majestically through the air, and at times seem absolutely to rest in mid-heaven, without the movement of a feather. The eagle has been observed to soar a great height, and then, folding his wings, to drop with the speed of a bullet for thousands of feet, when, spreading his pinions, away he darts upward again.

"The swallow skims along with only now and then a swift flutter of the wing, which carries it hundreds of yards without further exertion; while the pigeon is sustained by a continued beating of the air. The goldfinch gives a few short rapid strokes, and

then closes his wings, which sends him rising and falling through the air in beautiful curves.

"The domestic fowl labors clumsily along, like an inexperienced swimmer, as if doubtful whether the air would sustain it. This, however, results from being unused to flight, as the wild hen of the prairie makes a swift and certain, though somewhat labored flight.

"Among the most remarkable flights is that of ducks and other waterfowl, which traverse immense distances in their semi-annual migrations. They arrange themselves as regularly as an army, spreading out into the form of a wedge, with the strongest and most experienced leaders at the head. It is thought that this arrangement makes it easier for the younger and weaker birds, which follow in the rear. However this may be, there is no doubt some good reason for it, as the instincts of birds lead them to adopt the best methods.

"It will be found on examination that the wing of each kind of birds fits it for its peculiar flight, and that this conforms to its general habits and wants."

When the essay was finished, Uncle Fred proposed that the remainder of the afternoon should be spent in examining the different plants which grew in the neighborhood, and they were soon engaged very pleasantly in comparing the different modes of growth, and listening to the instructive remarks of Uncle Fred.

A CERTAIN witness in an assault and battery case we once heard, mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded: "So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again." "Hit the dog?" "No, yer honor, hit Dennis. And then I up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and rolled him over and over." "Threw a stone at Dennis?" "At the dog, yer honor." "And he got up and hit me again." "The dog?" "No, Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail twixt his legs and ran off." "Dennis?" "No, the dog. And when he came back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer honor." "The dog came back at you?" "No, Dennis, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all." "Who isn't hurt?" "The dog, yer honor." "That will do," said the court. "We have had enough of you and the dog. Step down."

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER XI.

AGAIN the travelers were in the forest; again they enjoyed the deep shade made by the over-arching trees, and again began the work of scrambling up and down the rough rocks that impeded the way.

Nathan's thoughts, as he walked along, were both glad and sorrowful. He was glad that Gilbert was better, and able to return home, and he was sorrowful, because his remorse had not yet ceased troubling him. It could not be stifled. The sight of Gilbert's pale face, as he rode on Dove-Eyes, kept his late misdeed always in his mind. Still, he was comparatively cheerful, for the incidents of the journey gave him constant opportunities of befriending the sick boy by performing for him many kind offices; these relieved his mind somewhat of its burden.

"This," said Nathan to himself, "is following the golden rule a little. I've left the silver one forever, I hope. Oh, it makes me feel so *good*, so contented again to do to others as I would that they should do to me! I only wish that I could prove to Gilbert without a doubt that I am changed. If I could be called upon to make a great sacrifice for him, or to humble myself in some way for his sake, how gladly, how thankfully would I do it!"

Gilbert was moody and restless the greater part of the time. Perhaps his conscience did not feel altogether clear; perhaps, who knows, he dreaded to meet his father on his return home, and have his severe scrutiny detect how much he had been to blame in his misfortune.

In the course of the first day, Nathan was walking soberly at the side of the mule on which Gilbert rode, when the sick boy asked him if he had ever read Robinson Crusoe. Nathan said he had.

"Well," said Gilbert, "this tramp of ours through the woods keeps reminding me of that book. It makes me feel as if I were out seeking my fortune."

"Once," said Mrs. Morgan, who happened to be near, "I met with an adventure that was quite like some of Robinson Crusoe's. It was when I was a little girl."

"Oh, mother," cried Majory, "do tell us."

"Yes," said Gilbert, "do, please, Mrs. Morgan; we have reached such a nice, smooth part of the road now, that it will not tire you much."

"Well," answered Mrs. Morgan, "I will. A great many years ago I was a little child, living on a farm out West, with my father and mother, and brothers and sisters. I was the youngest of the family, and in consequence of being something of a pet, was allowed to have my own way. In fact, I ran almost wild, never attending school, excepting when I wanted to do so, and never helping in the least the other hardworking members of the family, for we were poor.

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. N. Stearns, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

I remember often going off for a whole day together, and hunting birds' nests or wild fruits in the woods. When I came back at night, nobody thought of asking me where I had been, or calling me to any account; so, in process of time, I grew as wild as a little untamed savage. Indeed, I looked like one, with my brown, tanned skin, and my long, uncombed, tangled hair. I believe I was not afraid of anything in those days. I never dreamed of danger from accidents in my solitary journeys, but rambled along, enjoying myself heartily every inch of the way. Sometimes I would take my lunch with me, but oftener I dined on the berries and fruits which from long experience I knew where to find in the woods.

"One day I formed the resolve to go on a long exploring expedition farther into the heart of the forest than I had been before, for my sister's home was near the edge of one. I had often desired to penetrate into it, but had always grown too tired to go as great a distance as I wished. This time I rose early, at daylight, I think, and helping myself to a slice or two of bread for my breakfast, tossed my sun-bonnet on my head and started. The grass was wet with the dew, and the air was cool—too cool for my thin calico dress; but I didn't mind that, but trudged along as independently as possible, eating my bread-and-butter as I went. I pursued the usual beaten track for some time, till I was aware by the increased heat that the day was advancing toward noon, and then I left it to follow a small, rugged path that led I knew not where, but which I had often wished to follow. I struck into it boldly, little caring in my rugged hardihood whether I should lose my way or not. I went along, singing at the top of my voice, only stopping now and then to gather a handful of wild flowers. Presently I grew very hungry, but I had pocketed a part of my breakfast, and now drew forth the bit of bread, and sat down to eat it.

"I have told you what a rough, wayward creature I was. It appeared to me, as I sat there, that I should have been born a wild Indian, so that I need never be compelled to quit the shade of the woods. I gazed around me in delight, and the thought of returning home filled me with dismay. I did not love my home as I ought, nor had I ever appreciated the kindness of my many friends. I was soon to find out, however, that 'there is no place like home' after all. Having devoured my lunch, on I went, breaking my way as I best could through the path which, like this mountain one, was pretty well overgrown with brushwood. I had been so determined on taking a long ramble this time that I paid no attention to the decline of the day. I climbed trees for birds' nests. I leaned over the little brook, and gazed at the fish as they darted to and fro beneath the

water. I watched the squirrels run in and out of their holes, and set many a cunning trap for them and the wild rabbits that now and then showed themselves in my journey. I fondly expected to come home laden with my booty, and perhaps, cruel girl that I was, I should have done so, but for one circumstance. This circumstance was, that the day came to an end just as I was beginning to succeed with my operations. Never was I more astonished in my life than when I saw the darkness settling over everything. By that time I stood alone, and somewhat frightened, on the edge of a little lake which I had just discovered, but of whose existence I had often heard from the settlers around my home. It was a smooth, beautiful sheet of water, but now it looked black and glassy with shadows. In my joy at finding it—for it had been one of my dreams to do so—I forgot my fears for a moment. I sent a loud shout over its surface, and listened with delight to the echoes from the opposite shore. I was so tired that I sat down to rest before retracing my steps, but the delicate pale shells that strewed the beach soon drew my attention, and I could not resist getting up and gathering some of them to take home. I became so engaged that I forgot everything else, and was only aroused from my occupation by the fall of some heavy drops of rain and the sudden, dull sound of thunder. Then, you may be sure, I was alarmed in earnest. To be exposed to a violent storm, so far from home, had not been set down in my programme. I left my shells and looked about for some place of shelter. The thunder grew deeper, and louder, and nearer, and lightning streaked the sky in sharp, awful flashes. I was not a timid child, but now I felt very far from comfortable, I can assure you. It had not yet began to rain, and I hurried hither and thither, seeking for the protection of some thick bushes, or a projecting ledge of rocks, under which I might creep. Heartily I wished myself safe home—safe in that home which I had so often despised. It was a long while before I discovered a shelter, and in seeking for it I became so weary as scarcely to be able to drag one foot after the other. Finding at last what I saw to be a little opening in the rocks, I crept in, and, hungry and dispirited, waited for the full fury of the storm to break. It was not long in doing so. I turned the bottom of my dress over my head, and crouching into as small space as possible, watched the progress of the tempest through the gathering darkness. The place I had found was really a very good one for the purpose. The rain poured down in torrents, but I remained comparatively dry, the projecting rocks shielding me quite effectually. It was so dark that I had not been able to examine my new abode closely, but it seemed to me quite a good apology for a little cave. As I found myself getting along so well, my fears passed away, and I felt even a sort of enjoyment in my position. I was too selfish to allow the thought of the anxiety of those at home to trouble me. I only cared for myself in those days.

"Presently the rain abated, the thunder died away, and after awhile nothing but the drops falling from the leaves of the trees to the ground broke the stillness. Stiffened by the damp, I came out now from my nook to decide what was to be done. Could I go home? I asked myself, as I looked around. No; I saw that was out of

the question. It was too dark; I might miss the path a dozen times, and stray farther off than ever; besides, the forest was full of water, dashing and splashing along newly made brooks, and it was impossible to wade them. I knew enough to keep clear of the risk of drowning. I went dejectedly back to my cave, and made ready for a good cry. I never was so hungry or so tired in all my life, and the thought of passing the night there alone, filled me with fear. Although the country was not in a very wild state, animals such as bears, deer, panthers, etc., were occasionally killed by hunters. I had no fancy for encountering either bears or panthers, and the idea of them made me feel more badly than before. I was still thinking about them, when my attention was called to a slow, stealthy sound in front of me. Everything was now so quiet that this sound was all the more easily distinguished. My heart gave a great leap, but I sat still, and tried even to hold my breath. The sound came at regular intervals, and each proved that it was approaching nearer. I can scarcely tell you how much I suffered in that suspense. All my careless, thoughtless life flashed before me; all my ingratitude, all my folly. I saw myself as I had never seen myself before, and I mentally resolved that if I lived, I would be kinder and more obedient. After awhile the noise ceased, but I was so haunted by the fear that some deadly creature was near me, that I had no peace. The whole night passed in this way—I sitting there, dreading I knew not what to attack me in my little cave. Once or twice I thought I heard a repetition of the stealthy sound, and this was sufficient to keep me wide awake till daylight. When dawn really came, anxious, cramped, and sick, I looked about me. I crept slowly out of my cave and examined the ground to see if I could discover the traces of an animal's feet."

"And what did you find, mother?" cried Nathan, who had been an attentive listener.

Mrs. Morgan laughed.

"I found," said she, "only a poor little wood turtle, which had crawled under the rocks probably for a good night's sleep! His was the cautious, slow tread I had heard, and which had so terrified me. Oh, how glad, how relieved I was when I saw him! I forgot my hunger, my fatigue, my fright, and capered about, giving utterance to joyful shouts that rang merrily through the clear morning air. That was my last ramble through the woods alone. When I reached home during the day, I found my father and mother very much alarmed about me. They were so glad to see me safe, however, that they—"

Here a shout from Mr. Morgan and Nathan interrupted the story.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Morgan.

"Oh, father! what has happened?" exclaimed Majory.

"The provision basket! the provision basket!" was all the answer they received, as Mr. Morgan rushed to the edge of a cliff they were in the act of passing, and looked over it.

"It's gone!" cried Gilbert; "I saw it slip off the mule down into that black gully. You can't get it back, I am sure."

"Oh," said Nathan, "what *shall* we do now? Must we starve? All our food for the journey was in that big basket."

"How did the strap get loose?" asked his father, turning to Flash-Fire

and examining the fastenings of the baggage. "This is a piece of ill luck that may cause us a great deal of suffering. It is impossible to descend into this rough and steep ravine to recover that basket without breaking one's neck. Our journey is not yet half over, and we haven't a crust to keep up our strength."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE SECRETARY FALCON.

THIS singular bird takes its name from the long, dark-colored feathers on the back of its head, which can be erected at pleasure. When they are raised, they look something like a quill stuck behind the ear of a clerk, ready for use. The snake-eater would be a more appropriate name, as it feeds wholly on reptiles. Snakes are its particular delight.

The Secretary Falcon belongs to the vulture family, a disgusting, though useful class of birds. They are natural scavengers, clearing away putrid substances that other animals refuse, and thus removing what would otherwise be very offensive and obnoxious to health. Although this member of the family has different tastes from its relatives, all will agree that its services are valuable, particularly in the tropical climate of Southern Africa, where it is found, and where venomous snakes abound.

The Secretary stands about three feet high, when erect. Its beak is hooked like that of the eagle, hawk, etc. Its legs are long and powerful. With these and its strong talons it dispatches serpents by treading them

to death. The color of its plumage is bluish ash, tipped with black.

Valliant gives the following description of an encounter which he witnessed between a Secretary and a snake: "The serpent, on the approach of his enemy, endeavored to regain his hole, but the Secretary, by a single leap, got between him and it, and cut off his retreat. On whichever side the reptile strove to escape, the falcon faced him. He then raised himself, and, hissing dreadfully, displayed his menacing throat, inflamed eyes, and a head swollen with rage and venom. Sometimes this produced a momentary suspension of hostilities; but the bird soon returned to the charge, and covering its body with one of its wings, as with a buckler, struck its antagonist with the bony protuberance of the other until the serpent at last dropped, and the Secretary split his head open with one stroke of the beak."

The Secretary may be easily tamed if taken young, and taught to live on very amicable terms with the poultry; but we should prefer a pet of less savage natural habits.

## OUR PET KITTEN.

BY AUNT LIZZIE.

See our household "kitty" there,
Jumping, frisking everywhere;
Playing now, with string or ball,
Making pastime of it all—
Happy as a kit can be,
All the live-long day is he,
In his mischief-loving glee.
Pleased with every kind caress,
Doubts nor fears his heart oppress
As he sits, like statue small,
Purring his songs so musical.
Now a cushion soft he spies;
Curling round, in sleep he lies;
Dreaming there, in lazy ease,
That unnumbered mice he sees.
Little "Lightfoot"—so we call him—
May no dire mishap befall him!
Though unknown to fame, in fact,
Yet has he a part to act:
In this life of toil and trial
He must practice self-denial;
And so far as kits can see,
To his duties faithful be.
"Lightfoot" is a beauty quite,
In his garb of black and white—
Shining fur, so soft and sleek—
Fairy footstep, light and quick—
Paws so tiny, smooth, and fair—
Long his whiskers, black his hair—
Golden eyes, so bright, has he—
Such a face you seldom see.
Little "Lightfoot," may no snares
Ever catch you unawares;
And no dog, in vengeful mood,
Fright or chase with manners rude.
When on "mousing sports" you're bent,
Or to corn-crib you are sent
For the purpose, as you know,
There to rout the farmer's foe,
Strive to do your duty well,
That fine stories they can tell
Of your bravery and good-will,
Hunting qualities and skill;
Then, perhaps, a piece of meat
You will get, so fresh and sweet;
Luscious milk they'll save for you,
Snow-like froth for supper, too.
When, at length, your years of ten
(If your life is spared till then),
Ended are, and gone forever,
And you've proved both "'cute" and clever,
They will say, "'Twas passing well,
'Lightfoot' came with us to dwell—
Though at times he acted badly,
Yet for all we miss him sadly."

Brookdale, N. Y.

## SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

THIS form of bridges has long been in use, although recent structures of the kind are great improvements upon the wide rope or chain bridges of the ancients. A suspension bridge was built in China, according to tradition, in A. D. 65. It was made of chains stretched across the stream, with planks laid directly upon them. It was 330 feet long. The Peruvians stretch strong ropes over the rapid torrents that flow through the mountainous regions of their country, and suspend a basket upon them, in which travelers and their baggage are safely hauled across. This primitive method of traveling would hardly answer the purposes of a fully civilized country, where there is continual occasion for the transportation of huge trains loaded with freight weighing hundreds of tons.

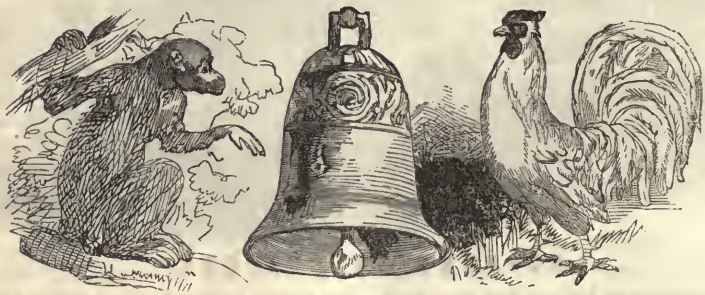
Modern improved suspension bridges are mostly made of wire twisted into immense cables, by which the platform or roadway is supported.

The cables are stretched over the top of huge towers, and firmly secured to huge masses of masonry. Iron rods of different lengths are fastened to the suspended cables, and to these are attached the supports on which the plank roadway rests.

The first iron suspension bridge was built in 1819 across the river Tweed, in England, at the town of Berwick. The great suspension bridge across the Strait of Menai was built in 1826. This connects the island of Anglesea with the northwest corner of Wales. It is 580 feet long and 102 feet above the water. The longest bridge of this description in Europe is over the river Saone, in Switzerland. Its length is 905 feet, and its height above the water 174 feet. The longest bridge in

the world was that over the Ohio at Wheeling, 1,010 feet long, and 92 feet high. This was broken away by a tornado shortly after its construction. The finest work of the kind in the United States is Roebling's Railway Bridge at Niagara. It has 821 feet span, and is 245 feet above the water. The cables are made of 14,560 wires, and the strength of the structure is estimated at 12,000 tons! The heaviest railroad trains pass over it without causing the slightest perceptible deflection. Its appearance is so slight that almost everybody except the builder thought it could not stand; but it is to all appearance as firm now as when first erected.

The bridge shown in the picture is over the Mississippi, connecting Minneapolis and St. Anthony, and is a very beautiful structure.



## THE NOISY TRIO.

The factory must have a bell
To call the hands to work,
Or sluggards on the pillow oft
Would rightful labor shirk.

The fine cast bell was in the yard,
All ready to be swung;
While on the ground 'twas very mute,
Albeit it had a tongue.

The workmen left it while they took
Their dinner in the hall—
When, by-and-by, they started out,
Amazéd one and all.

Such mingled sounds fell on each ear,
What could the matter be?
Was pell-mell bedlam broken loose?
Behold the noisy *three!*

A monkey pet, on mischief bent,
With switches in his hand,
Belabored the brass monster bell
That stood so firm and grand.

The hubbub brought out Chanticleer
The wonderment to view;
Who, as he knew not how to laugh,
Cried "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

And so they went—first one, then all—
The monkey chattered fast,
The rattling sticks, the crowing cock—
The workmen looked aghast.

They switched poor Jocko, but not deep,
He had but made some fun;
They laughed, and said, "How small a thing
Will sometimes start a run!"

L. E.

# THE LOAF AMID THE RUSHES;

## OR, ANNIE BUTLER'S BIBLE EXPERIMENT.

BY FLETA FORRESTER.

"HERE, Missy Annie! what am you be goin' to do wid dat big loaf ob bread? Fetch it back, or I'll jes' go tell yer ma!" and Rosy, the honest old black nurse, shook her head authoritatively.

"Oh, Rosy," Annie pleaded, hugging the loaf tightly, "dear Rosy, indeed I must have the loaf! And you mustn't go telling ma. You won't, will you?"

"But, Missy Annie, you ben't a goin' to eat the whole o' dat to onct! You've jes' got fru wi' yer brekfust!" Rosy looked troubled and uncertain what she had better do.

"Oh, I am not going to eat it at all! I—well, if you'll promise not to tell anybody about it for a week, I'll tell you what I am going to do with it."

"But maybe I'd orter tell. You're allers possessed in some queer notion or other 't your Uncle George is a puttin' of you up ter."

"But, Rose, I am not going to do anything Uncle George told me this time. Uncle George don't know anything about it."

Then she added, very persuasively, "I am going to do with it what the Bible tells us to do; and the Bible would tell me to do what was right, you know."

Rosy was overpowered by this argument. Visions of a poor, ragged beggar-child, half starved and poorly clad, made the recipient of this loaf, by the benevolent hands of Annie, flitted before her mind.

"Take it, Missy Annie," responded the delighted nurse, beaming with benevolent co-operation. "May you be der youfful means of 'complishin' great good wid it."

Annie was delighted. "Rose," exclaimed she, "you are the best nurse that ever lived! Now promise you won't say anything about my taking the loaf just yet, please."

Mistaking Annie's desire for concealment for a modest shrinking from making parade of a good deed, Rosy gave the exacted promise. Annie ran off, delighted at having gained her point.

But Annie had no idea of giving the loaf to any beggar-child. In fact, that plan never once entered her head. Yet she was perfectly innocent of any intent to deceive Rose, because she never once thought what Rose might suppose she intended to do with it. So she tripped along the path to "Runaway Spring," with her brain full of schemes and her hands full of bread.

When Annie had reached the spring, she seated herself on her favorite limb to rest awhile. She thought silently quite a long while, still hugging the loaf as if it were a very precious possession indeed. After a time, she said aloud, "I'll go down to the pond —that's bigger." So she followed along the bank of the little stream, till it grew larger and wider, and deeper and deeper, and finally fell over a shelf of rock down into a pretty little pond below. She stood still a moment to watch the pretty drops which played around the foot of the lively waterfall. Suddenly she heard a crackling in the bushes near, and,

with a guilty flush and nervous start, she threw the loaf over the rock into the water below, just as Uncle George emerged from the spot with his gun on his shoulder.

"Heyday!" shouted he, as he saw Annie darting away. "It's only me, Annie—don't be so frightened." But Annie ran as if the "forty bears" were after her. Uncle George thought he would run too, so he started after her full chase.

"Come, Annie," laughed he good-naturedly, as he overtook the flying child at the spring, "do let's sit down here and catch our breaths."

Annie consented, half-laughing and half-pouting, for she was afraid her uncle would question her about that loaf. Sure enough he did, first thing.

"What was it you threw into the pond as I came up? It looked like a loaf of bread—was it? Say, Annie."

Annie flushed up consciously, and almost wished she dare tell a lie about it. But she was too truthful a child to try to deceive, so she finally said a faint "Yes."

"But what were you doing down there with a loaf of bread? and what made you throw it into the pond?" Uncle George began to look displeased, as if he thought Annie had been doing wrong.

"Oh, Uncle George, I was not doing anything naughty—indeed I wasn't," eagerly declared Annie. "The fact is, Uncle George, I am making a Bible experiment," and Annie looked as if she would burst with importance.

"A Bible experiment!" shouted her uncle in great amusement. "What kind of an experiment is that?" Annie looked very wise, but said nothing.

"Come, Annie, tell me all about it —I'm dying to know, as the ladies say."

"Oh, you'll see one of these days—I am not going to tell any one just yet;" and Annie looked knowing and mysterious. Uncle George didn't say anything more for awhile, but kept hitting the water with a little stick, and kept his head down, as if thinking very hard indeed. At last Annie thoughtfully asked, "How long a time is 'many days?' Is it a week, Uncle George?" A curious little smile flitted across her uncle's face, and his eyes twinkled as he answered, soberly, "Just about a week, I should judge."

Uncle didn't ask any more questions; and Annie thought he had forgotten all about her experiment after that, because he did not allude to it again.

Every day Annie ran down to the spring, and came back looking a little dispirited, but still hopeful. But she kept her great secret locked up tight in her little heart; and no one, not even mamma, suspected what a whirl of busy thoughts and plans and hopes and fears were working and spinning away in behind her brown eyes, in her little brain.

At last, just a week after the foregoing events, Annie burst into the house in a fever of excitement and haste, and shouted—

"Uncle George! Uncle George! oh, mother, it's come true—it's come true!"

"What's come true, Annie?" and mother looked amazed and Uncle George sober.

"The loaf! I found it!" breathlessly declared Annie, exhibiting a veritable loaf.

"Where did you find it?" queried Mrs. Butler, not knowing what to think. "Where?"

"Right in among the rushes, down by the spring," gasped Annie, her eyes protruding and her voice triumphant.

"Who put it there?" asked Uncle George.

"I don't know—the angels, I guess!" and Annie looked half frightened.

"Maybe it's mamma," suggested Uncle George.

"What's that, Uncle George?" Annie's eyes dilated further yet.

"Why, it was a kind of bread that God rained down every morning and night upon the camp of the Israelites, when they were in the desert." Then ensued an examination of the loaf and a division of opinions.

"Oh, I wish everybody knew it!" exclaimed Annie, half wild.

"Suppose we *give another party*," wickedly suggested Uncle George, alluding to her former discovery of an Indian doll.

Annie colored violently. She could not bear to be joked about that yet.

"Just think," she began; "it's just exactly 'many days' since I dropped it into the pond."

"What does the child mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Butler. "Are you crazy, Annie?"

"No, mamma. I have been trying a Bible experiment, you see. The Bible says, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after 'many days'—and I tried the experiment."

Then there was a burst of laughter that fairly shook the room and entirely upset Annie.

"Poor child!" at last said Uncle George, as soon as he could stop laughing. "Come, stop crying, and give me a real good scolding—come;" and he drew the woe-begone little girl to his knee. He soon teased her into a good-humor again, and "owned up" to being the "angel" that "put that loaf among the rushes." Then they had a good long talk together; and Uncle George told her what the Bible meant by that "funny text," as Annie thought it. So Annie was comforted, and the next day told Rose all about it, because Rose had so kindly kept her promise not to tell.

"And Rosy," said Annie, with a face full of smiles and tears, "I know now what 'casting my bread upon the waters' means; and I am going to work the right way to do it, after this."

## WHAT IS A DARLING?

IT is the dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the doorstep, who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth, unsolicited, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard-of questions with such bright eyes and flushing face; and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes "God bless her!" as the fairy form departs.

## REMEMBER.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

# PATIENCE AND GOODNESS REWARDED.

"STAY, good woman! give up to us your load of refreshments, we are almost famished—our provisions are all gone, for we have been delayed on our way in an unexpected manner. Our breakfast was but a few onions and a trifle of bread for us all. You shall not lose your reward, for we are now going to obtain wealth which is our own, though we have not any now in our possession. Trust us for time—besides, I have a comrade sick, it may be unto death. Give us to partake of your fruits and fowls, and permit me to leave my friend Manco in your care. My men will place him upon your donkey, and if you will nurse him until our return, I will bestow on you a great reward."

So said Ahmed, the leader of a band of Templars in Syria, to a woman on her way to a distant market, with a load which she was to exchange for some needed supplies for her husband and half dozen children. She looked at him through his long speech to her in amazement and almost in fear, for if he chose to take her treasures away, what could she, a helpless woman, do?

"Oh," said Peregilla, "my husband is not very tender and forbearing, he will be angry with me and turn away your comrade—I can not do it, and, besides, I must not return without coins for a part of my load. I have little children also who are needy."

"But you must," said Ahmed, "I command you."

And Peregilla yielded, being altogether helpless. The load was removed from the donkey, and the sick Manco was placed on his back. Very sadly she guided him homeward—sorry for the sick man, and trembling at what would await her return. He fears were not causeless.

"A pretty day's work you have made, indeed," said the rough husband to her—"no coins, no supplies, and this lubberly fellow to be taken care of; where will you put him to sleep? we have not room for ourselves and our children now! What can the poor children do with such a careless mother?" Then she wept and blamed herself, yet she resolved to be faithful to the sick, and she spared not herself, but nursed him as well as she was able. But Manco died—yes, in spite of all her care, Manco died.

"Now," said her husband, "here is a new trouble. The Templar, probably, will not come here, and if he does, you will get no reward;" and so he fretted her and himself, just as

such selfish people always do those around them.

But Ahmed came, and truly he was angry, and charged her with neglect of the sick man. However, they bore him away; and as he departed, Ahmed flung to her a little box made of sandal-wood. She was full of grief over the whole matter, and while she was yet weeping, her greedy husband opened the box, and found nothing but a folded paper, which was covered with strange characters and figures, of no possible value to them. In his wrath he threw the box upon the ground fiercely, when an unseen spring was broken, and out rolled an immense jewel—flashing and glowing in the sun, as if to shame the meanness of the old man.

"Oh, oh," said he, "what a dear good wife you are, to be so careful of the sick and the hungry! This *is* a great reward; and I must own that it belongs rightfully to you."

Peregilla was not without a reward in her own heart, such as those who patiently continue to do good always have; but now she was full of happiness at the restoration of peace and a good provision for her children.

L. E.

## THE STERN TEACHER.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

Some are who will not learn; kind Nature's hand
May write God's name on upland and on lea,
In everything around His work they see,
And yet they can not, *will* not understand.

The bright-robed flowers of varied hues and kinds,
The birds that sing within the leafy groves,
The bright-winged bee from flower to flower that roves,
*These* teach no lesson to their darkened minds.

The brook, that evermore seems to rejoice,
That gives fresh vigor to the drooping grass,
The morning winds that whisper as they pass,
In these they can not hear great Nature's voice.

God sends a teacher, sends him not in wrath,
Though bitter are the lessons he will teach,
Yet oftentimes the promised land we reach
Through many a winding way and darkened path.

Stern are thy teachings, hard thy lesson, Death!
We feel God's power, yet feel it not in wrath,
Thy hand hath darkened, yet illumed our path,
For with thee comes thy brighter sister, Faith.

Faith wipes our flowing tears with gentle hand,
Death lifts the vail from dim futurity,
And lo! a gleam of golden light we see;
Faith gives us glimpses of the spirit-land.

## AUNT FRIENDLY AND HER LITTLE MUSICIANS.

"THE Little Musicians" is the name of a very pretty little book, published by Randolph, and which has found its way into some Sabbath-schools, and which we are pretty certain all the "Merrys" would like to read. It is written by "Aunt Friendly." I expect you all know "Aunt Friendly." At least you know her as well as I do. She was born in Sunny Castle. Her mother was a bright Ray who married a Smile. The first few years of her life were spent in this castle with her brothers, Lightheart and Hopeful, and her sisters, Love-to-please and Thoughtful. Afterward, her home was for a time in Cloudy Dell, and again in Shady Nook. Her brothers left her, here, but Thoughtful and Try-to-please still remained; and she herself was the same, and always called "Aunt Friendly." She was found alike in the halls of the happy and the homes of the friendless—now reading a pleasant volume to a poor neglected invalid; now "searching out," in dark alleys and broken-paned cottages, the "cause that she knew not," and leading the orphan and the beggar quietly to the Sabbath-school or place for the public worship of God. Such is "Aunt Friendly," and although neither you nor I may know her by any other name, yet we are sure this is part of her history.

When she gets weary from her walks to these homes of the destitute, and her fingers ache with their efforts to bring sunshine to the little hearts by the frocks and capes which shall enable them to go where the brightest sunshine lingers, then she takes her pen and shows her little friends where she has been and who are happier for her visits; and lest perchance they should forget the *story* to think of *her goodness* a little moment, she does not let them know where she lives nor any more of her name than "Aunt Friendly." In the "Little Musicians" she takes us to the home of a poor Italian widow, and her neglected and ragged children—the merry ballad-singing "Berta," and the sullen but more thoughtful "Silvio." I should tell you, if Aunt Friendly had not done it so much better, how these little musicians were spied out, and followed, and cared for, and what happened to them and their dwelling, and what became of them all—how Aunt Friendly calls *herself Mrs. Clark*, in this volume, and tells what Mrs. Clark did for Berta and Silvio. But it will be pleasanter for the "Merrys" to read the book themselves, and perhaps some of them then will be tempted to imitate Mrs. Clark and Aunt Friendly. They will find plenty of homes where, if the rooms are not just as forlorn as Silvio's mother's, and the children not quite as dirty and ragged as Berta with her old brown skirt and soiled red bodice and matted, unbonneted hair—yet where sunbeams and sweet fresh air and cleanly faces and whole neat dresses are great strangers, and where as much might be done by way of making poor people happy first, and themselves happier afterwards; and no doubt they would be more induced to *try* than ever before, after an acquaintance with the little musicians as introduced to them by Aunt Friendly. The "Merrys," too, will join me in the wish, that the next time Aunt Friendly gets tired in visiting and working, and resorts to her pen, she

will tell *them* a fresh story, through the pages of the MUSEUM. If Uncle Merry should chance to know her real name, and should give her a hint of how much pleasure she could in this way afford, we have no doubt she will furnish him with a new proof that she deserves the name she has chosen—"Aunt Friendly."

KRUNA.

LIFE.—There is a popular, poetical idea, still extant, that life is like a river. It may be possible that in the bygone time, when this notion was first conceived, the calm flow of human existence might fully warrant such a simile; but the attempt to apply it to the present day is a manifest absurdity. Life is now a mighty railroad, on which that powerful engine, Public Opinion, hurries us onward at a rate never dreamed of by our forefathers. Some there are, indeed, who insist upon throwing their cloaks around them, and grumbling moodily in a corner; others will laugh, and refuse to admit that they are moving at all; but wise men leave the grumblers and the laughers to themselves, and, looking from the carriage windows, endeavor to ascertain the direction we are taking.

As the water lifted up Noah's ark nearer to heaven, and as all the stones that were about Stephen's ears did but knock him the closer to Christ, the corner-stone, so all the strange, rugged providences that we meet with shall raise us nearer heaven, and knock us nearer to Christ, that precious corner-stone.

A SOUL conversant with virtue resembles a pure stream from a perpetual fountain: it is clear and gentle, sweet and communicative; it enriches as it runs, and is harmless and innocent.

## A SONG FOR JENNIE JENKINS.

JENNIE JENKINS wants a song
  Full of mirth and laughing joy,
Rich in sweetness, pure and strong,
  Giving all the birds employ—

Songs of bubbling brooks and flowers,
  Songs from every shady valley,
Songs from tree tops, songs from bowers;
  Every songster hears the rally.

When the mermaids learn to sing,
  Then a song from roaring Ocean;
When the air another brings,
  Then one more from noisy Motion.

Jennie wants the angels' song,
  But they will not come and bring it;
It will sweetly flow along,
  When they come and gladly sing it.

Yes, the time will surely come
  When to hear it very many
Leave this earth for heaven their home.
  Do ye hear them singing, Jennie?

Jennie Jenkins, tell me this—
  When ye hear the angels sing,
When ye reach the gates of bliss,
  Will ye let a pilgrim in?

Until then a farewell, Jennie;
  Meet me at the gates of bliss.
Tens of thousands—oh, how many!—
  Strive to enter, but will miss.

When ye touch the golden lyre,
  When ye with the angels sing,
When those pearly gates are nigher,
  Then to me thy answer bring.

When ye learn the angel song,
  Sang by thousands very many,
When its echoes flow along,
  Then remember me, sweet Jennie.

UNCLE TIM.

## MISS MYRTA'S TROUBLES.

BY LOU OF GLENBURNIE.

LITTLE Myrta Joslin was a "smart" girl. You may be sure she knew it, and, like plenty of others, thought herself a great deal smarter than she was. When visitors came to the school, her composition-book was sure to be shown first of all; though if "Uncle William" had been teacher there, I am not at all sure but it would have been just the other way, for Myrta was one of those very young folks he told you of the other day, who, instead of trying to travel into success in their own little mental shoes, put on grown folks' thought-boots, and hitch along at a sorry pace enough.

But Myrta's teacher was one of those ladies who like to have little girls' compositions tell about "transcendent mornings," "resplendent evenings," "the ravishing song of sweet Philomel," etc. Indeed, Myrta had worked this last sentence into her compositions several times before she knew what it meant, till one day Miss Andrews, the teacher, was astonished at overhearing her ask Nelly Fuller "if she had any idea who sweet Philomel was?"

Myrta was excessively fond of story-reading; she would sit straining her eyes hour after hour over fairy tales, or any kind of light narrative possible

for a little girl of her age to understand. She often felt quite injured when she found any one of the family reading a book she had counted on having just then herself.

One day, after school, she had rushed into the hall, slid her satchel, hood, tippet, and shawl partly over the rack and partly over the floor, and then entered the sitting-room, catching the new magazine off the table, and grumbling at the cold.

Huddling close to the fire, she opened the book, and beginning to read several pages of a new story, which promised to be wonderfully interesting, she felt sorry, as she read on, that there was not more of it—it would be finished in an hour, then it would be evening, and what should she do then? Oh! she knew, she would slip out and go to the sliding-place, where there were sure to be plenty of girls, and stay there till tea-time, and then come back to the book.

Was there nothing in Myrta's home for her to do save amuse her own self?

Those long unfinished pillow-cases and towels, stuffed by her out of sight under the lounge, might have answered. A dozen little things undone in parlor, and chamber, and kitchen told plainly as if spoken, "Myrta does not do her duty."

Myrta did not enjoy sliding so much as common, because of the unusual cold; and, little pleasure-lover that she was, she kept thinking of the nice time she would have over the story in the evening; that was, if mother didn't happen to think of that tiresome sewing, and set her at it.

Finally, she fell and hurt her elbow, and chilly and out of humor ran home. The disordered tea-table, which the family had just left, did not add to her comfort, and after a not very satisfactory meal, feeling herself quite abused because they had eaten all the stewed cherries and not left a single sweet bun, she went in search of the magazine.

Her cup of discontent ran over at finding her mother quietly reading it. She came up to the stand and said, peevishly,

"*I* want the magazine."

"Indeed!"

That was all Mrs. Joslin said, but Myrta understood what it meant as well as if she had said in so many words—

"You forget to whom you are speaking, Myrta."

But Myrta did not choose to see the reproof, and continued, crossly—

"I think you might let me have it."

Mrs. Joslin laid down the book a moment, and looked quietly at her selfish, saucy girl.

"Myrta, you will fetch your work from wherever you have thrown it, and sew until bedtime; you have had play enough for one day."

Myrta knew her mother too well to make any more words, but this sudden clouding of the evening she had planned for such pleasant self-gratification was too much for her, and she burst into tears, and cried and cried, the tears dripping down on her work in a way that might have excited a great deal of pity in one who did not know her.

Her mother read on quite calmly, however. She knew very well that all the crying a stout, healthy girl like Myrta would do, could not injure her in the least.

Myrta did not think so. She pitied herself very much. Like most smart people, she had a lively imagination,

which had been excited by the foolish stories she was so continually reading.

She worked herself up, by the time she went up stairs, into a very wicked and undutiful state, and she lay in bed thinking over all the stories she had read of cruel parents and other people who ill-treated and overworked little children. The tales relating that sort of thing were much more common at that time than, fortunately, they are now. And Myrta had quite a picture galling in her brain of darling, amiable little creatures (like herself), all abused in one way or another, crouching in "tattered garments" in dark, out-of-the-way corners, and always with tears running down their "pale but beautiful faces." (Myrta's face was as red as a peony when *she* cried.)

Myrta remembered, too, how things always came out right for the little dears finally. The people who had so cruelly refused to make them comfortable generally went down on their knees to them in the last of the story, or at all events made it up in some similar way. But *her* mother, instead of asking her pardon in the morning for making her so *very* wretched, would very likely reprove her, or even cuff her ears, if she did not happen to be up in time for breakfast.

Oh, dear! was there no way she could make her mother pity her, and treat her better? She was not likely to do it—she could not help seeing—while she lay there in her warm, soft bed, though she might cry a little in it.

If she could only go and shiver somewhere like those little "outcasts."

Not out-doors—she "shivered" even in bed at that idea—for a chill spring wind went past the house in a steady, surging kind of way, very dismal even to hear.

Then her thoughts roamed over the house—the great garret—there were plenty of outcasts in garrets she knew, but she was afraid of theirs even in the daytime.

There was the cold front chamber, the bed-room over the hall, and finally the hall itself; that would just do; the long, dark, dreary hall! It would be desperate indeed to go down there; and she pictured her mother's feelings at finding her poor child almost benumbed in such a situation.

On the impulse of this brilliant idea, Myrta slipped out of bed and began to feel her way with her hands and bare feet from her own chamber through her mother's—she not having come up—thence into the upper entry, and so down into the lower hall.

Myrta's despair was not without calculation. She had remembered from the first the friendly gleam from under the sitting-room door, opening as it did into the hall. She could not be much frightened while that was there, and when it disappeared, as it would when her mother went to bed, it would not be for long, since her mother always came through her room to see if she was warmly tucked in (do cruel mothers always do that, I wonder?) before going to her own bed.

What would her mother's feelings be to find no Myrta there? Of course there would be a great search instantly; she being discovered, the final scene would follow—she would forgive the family (including Tom, who ate the cherries), and go victoriously to bed.

This last act she anticipated already with impatience, for it was colder than she thought for.

She groped along, however, with no worse mishap than knocking a tea-cup off one stair down two others. She had run up there with it to eat some jelly it contained, and had forgotten to carry it down.

She gained the hall at length, and traversing it on tiptoe, reached the outer door, by which she "crouched" in the most approved outcast fashion. Drawing the shaggy door-mat over her, chiefly for warmth, though partly to represent the "tatters," she thought the tableau complete.

A little light shone distinctly under the door-sill; it kept her from being afraid, yet she was anxious for it to disappear, for she soon began to find shivering pleasanter to read of than to experience.

At last the light went.

Now for it! thought Myrta, and her heart began to beat with loud pit-a-pats.

But she waited five minutes, ten minutes, and "it" did not come; and there was not the faintest sound through all the house.

Her mother had gone up the back stairs, whence she could not enter her own room without going through Myrta's.

"Can it be," Myrta began to ask, "that she has found me gone, and don't care enough for me to find out what has become of me?"

And for the first time a pang of genuine desolation came through all this sham-suffering into which she had worked herself.

The minutes dragged on in the dark; Myrta was wretched enough at last. The dead silence was broken by a splintering, ripping sound, such as great rats make in the wainscot! It is surprising Myrta had not thought of rats before, for she feared them terribly. Now her heart seemed to stand still. Just then some prowling dog gave a long yelp close past the door!

She rose to her feet, trembling in every limb. It seemed a little age of fear before she reached her mother's room, expecting at every step to set her foot upon some sharp-toothed rat!

Could that be the heroic Myrta's voice pleading so humbly—

"Mayn't I come into bed with you, ma?"

"Certainly, dear," answered a kind and rather mischievous voice through the dark. "I'm sorry you didn't find it comfortable down in the hall—it was very romantic."

Myrta laughed a little and cried more. She did not lack sense after all, and seeing her folly clearly, was overcome with shame.

But sleep coming soon, in the safety she felt close by that mother of whom she had thought so hardly, shut out the whole dismal affair. But the first beam of light brought it back, and Mrs. Joslin was wakened by—

"Oh, mother! you won't tell Tom, will you?"

"Well, Myrta, for your sake I will not, though I can't insure you against his having heard that jelly-cup as it thumped after you."

But Tom, the mischievous, had already possessed himself of the whole romance. And Myrta, in the mortification her folly caused her, learned a better lesson and gained a greater benefit than she could possibly have done had all turned out in regular fairy-book style.

Myrta is older now, and has still many faults, but those active qualities of mind which led to this luckless adventure, bid fair, under the training of kind friends, to make her in years to come a living power for good.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

OUR Merry parlor presents a lively scene. The girls are busy with their hands as well as their tongues; they are in large majority, for many of the boys are away at the war. But the girls are ready to do their part for the country, and are now earnestly engaged on pick-*it* duty. "How?" Why, picking lint, of course.

It is greatly cheering to our noble brothers in arms to know that loved ones at home hold them in tender remembrance, and that they will do what they can for the comfort of their defenders. Now, girls, a word of suggestion. Nothing is more cheering to a soldier than letters from home. If you have a brother, a cousin, or even an acquaintance in the ranks, make them happy by frequent words of sympathy and encouragement.

---

LEDYARD, *Aug.* 10, 1862.

Brown-Eyes, don't be afraid of a "*pudding*-stick." It's only a *brutum fulmen*. Madge, I think you are "sensible" and "witty." Now don't forfeit it by having "Wildfire" added to your name. May-Blossom, get the third volume of "Waverley Novels" (Abbotsford *Ed.*), and look at the "*picters*." C. F. W., do you know me? Jean Quilp, what do you mean by saying you don't like girls? You love one, you know you do; and if she could put her arms around your neck and give you a kiss, you'd own it. Here is a verse for you from her:

"I will give my heart to you,
If you'll give yours to me;
We will lock them up together,
And throw away the key."

Here is a "*good wish*" and a "kiss" for you, Uncle Merry. I would like to have a chat with you, but (I see) Uncle Hiram has *assumed* the dignity of a "pick-ax," so good-bye. MATTIE.

Where's our dictionary? "*Brutum*," senseless; "*fulmen*," thunderbolt—a dangerous weapon; if it only had sense it wouldn't strike even where special *attractions* exist. No, no, Mattie; we don't stir our pudding with such unwieldy instruments. "Pick-ax," eh! We like that—just the thing to loosen ore from rubbish.

---

NEW HAMPSHIRE, *July*, 1862.

*Are* you so warm, my dear Uncle? Take *this* seat by the window where the cool north breeze flows in, bearing the scent of fragrant hay-fields, and agree with me that N. H. is not a bad State to visit as well as to "emigrate from."

I congratulate you, C. F. W., on being at North Conway. I *was* in the Labyrinth, but didn't see Aunt Sue there, so I left. Jolly Jingle, if you will wear a bell, next time I'm in Concord, N. H., I shall know you. The J's multiply; too merry to be blue-jays, of course. J. Jumpup, I have no objections to shaking hands—whose hand shall I shake? Your "jealous" intimations show that you think me not a girl; had I been a boy, I should have blossomed in blue and gold long since, and been among the number of the Merry volunteers. Where is W. H. C.? and where are all the little ones who used to write about their dolls and kittens? "Little pitchers," don't be all "ears," but say something. I'll be quiet, if you'll speak. A. N.

You are right; New Hampshire is a good State to visit, and though we are kept in our sanctum all through the warm weather, yet when summer is past we shall hasten away among the hills to see old friends, and have a merry time. Hope you will all be there.

---

NEW YORK, *Aug.* 8, 1862.

DEAR MERRYS:—I come before you a "candy-date" for a cousinhood in the "Chat." So, Uncle, if the "Chatterers" are willing, please say "a favor conferred," and I will take my seat.

Wilforley and Leslie, as we live so near each other, I'd like to "scrape acquaintance." What say you?

Winifred, what will I say? What *can* I say? Don't young ladies generally do

just as they please, without asking leave of anybody? But, if you will let me have a *look* at the H. est G., I will consider it all right.

Annie Drummond, "how are *you?*"

Jim, I hope the "*Union* fever" has so strong a hold on you that it will *never* leave you.

Aunt Sue, please introduce me to Fleta Forrester, Saucy Nell, that "harum-scarum girl, Christabelle," and her sister, Blue-Eyes.

Leslie, Winifred is not a *his*, but a *her*.

May I come again? Yours truly,

GEO. T. MCKINNEY.

Uncle Will says yes. Take a seat on the side farthest from Winifred. She—he is looking air-guns.

---

I should like to know Clementina personally. As we are fellow-citizens, will she inform me of her "whereabouts" through Uncle M——? Brown-Eyes, Z. W. C., and Johnny Jumpup have quite reassured me. What does "A N(uisance)" mean by "stars for horses?" I gave that "three times three" for Tommy, "*with a will;*" his heart is in his work. JIM.

---

SHIP ISLAND, *July* 26, 1862.

DEAR COUSINS:—For my request in the June number, I have been rewarded by two letters. Jim and Josie, each of whom having come first, have received answers. Four of our warriors have returned; but I am going to see if I can not "stick it out."

Yours, as ever, "JASPER."

---

CHURCH CITY, *Aug.* 13, 1862.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am not a subscriber on your books, but as I can not do without my MUSEUM, I buy it at the store. I liked that description of the jerboa very much indeed, and I think that "Inquisitive Jack" himself would have been satisfied with it. But the "Chat" is better than any of the stories, and I think that "Leslie" and "Brown-Eyes" write the best of the many good written letters contained therein. JR.

Jr. is "cute" to divide his (?) compliments between the sexes.

---

ILLINOIS, *July.*

DEAR COUSINS:—Good-afternoon to you all. Bettie Ward, *I* will sympathize with you, for I am a "younger sister." Jolly Jingle, your name is very musical. Wilforley, you haven't spoken to Fanny or I since we sat down by you. Annie E. D., I like you. Jeannie Parker, give me a kiss (for I *like* little children). Lizzie H., how B U? Jennie B. D., are you from the "Garden State?"

Now, all of you, can you admit *one* more into your circle? "Em" wants to come in and be introduced to you *all.* She "be berry good girl," and *chatters* like a magpie. Good-bye all.

MARY OF J.

---

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I am afraid I shall lose my place in the Chat, unless I write soon again, although I was only *mentioned* in "Extracted Essences." Agnes, I reckon you're a Yankee, notwithstanding you do not live in "a long meadow." Jennie B. D., if I were you I would stand up for the dignity of Long Meadow; I'm sure it's worth it.

Brown-Eyes, I dearly love horseback riding, and would like nothing better than to accompany you in one of your rides on "Rob Roy," on my "Light-foot."

Tommy! Tommy! take care that "Busy Bee" does not entrap you. I am afraid that you are not so strong a Union boy as you represent yourself to be.

MADCAP.

---

*July* 7, 1862.

DEAR UNCLES:—I am one of those "Brooklyn Girls" come to vindicate my rights.

I have not taken the MUSEUM long, but having tried my hand (or rather pencil) at some of the "Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.," I concluded to knock at the door of the MUSEUM. Will you let me in? MAMIE E. M.

Yes, gladly. Come sit by Uncle William; he knows that Brooklyn can be vindicated.

---

*Sept.* 9, 1862.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Upon receiving a new mag. I invariably experience a sort of I-don't-know-what-ness—a combination of all pleasurable emotions, I take it, so I must be indulged in writing.

Auntie, that was *James E.* to whom I referred. Thank you for the privilege of calling; would that it could have been this week with father, for he has gone to New York. I am glad the "reading" is to be considered upon.

Oliver, I don't like that "terribly dark and gloomy" referring to you. It is a base slander, isn't it, cousins? Your visits are to be made annually, I suppose. Do the P. G.'s of B. have anything to do in such remissness?

Daisy Wildwood, do you live in Providence, R. I.? Please inform me, and on what street. I may visit that, to me, beautiful city at no very distant period; and there are two persons, at least, that I should be very eager to see—Daisy W. and Gov. S. Oh! I've a great deal of "Little Rhody" in me. Two of her Revolutionary officers were my ancestors, so I'm a *half-daughter* of that State.

Wilforley, the receipt of that letter made me wish we were cousins in reality. I think you must send my "photo" back to the original, if only "pretty, witty, and wise" are received, for I'm *nary*. Tell *me* how to pitch in, A. O., and I'll do it. Good-bye.

NELL OF B——.

When you come to Providence, if you will only extend your visit to our sanctum, we will let you take a peep into the "basket" and Chat drawer, and then you will realize why we must have short letters, if they are to be published.

---

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., *Aug.*, 1862.

DEAR CHATTERERS:—Where are the Merrys? I fully expected to see some one answering to that description up here, but as yet have not succeeded. Tommy, I hope you and Ol. had a good time in Boston after I left. Don't forget Monday night.

Brown-Eyes, can I make one of those "few other congenial spirits?" I should like to, *ma chère*. Blue-Eyes, have you accepted Harrie, decidedly? as I offered myself as Charlie's substitute before H. did, but Uncle H. kindly put that letter into the basket.

Now, Miss Libbie, I can't understand what you mean, unless somebody has been making use of my name, and sending you answers "under false pretenses," as I never did such a thing. Doesn't somebody else want to accuse me of helping them? Yes! turn over two pages, and Aunt Sue thinks that D. P. and W. W. W. and I have been at it. Positively, our heads being 250 miles apart. [How well he knows the distance!—A. S.] Tommy, you were not quite so far off as supposed, were you? But I'm off on a trip to Mt. Kiarsage, of which, if desired, I'll give an account in my next, so I must close, *con amore*.

FRED. WARREN.

---

MATHERTON, *Aug.* 23, 1862.

DEAR UNCLES:—For the first time I come trembling to ask admission into the Merry circle, which I have wished for so long. I have read the CABINET AND MUSEUM for five years, but never dared to write once. As soon as I get the MUSEUM I always turn to the Chat. I think it grows better every year. Inclosed is my dollar for this year.

J. L. MORICE.

---

BROOKLYN, *Sept.* 2, 1862.

UNCLE MERRY:—I shouldn't inflict myself again so soon had not your printer made me say a thing or two that I didn't mean—mean fellow! (Not you.) To be sure I want the cartes of the Chatterers who are "pretty witty," as well as those who are *very* witty, or unqualifiedly *witty;* but what I meant was "pretty, witty, or wise." So come on, ye beaux and belles, witlings (not *whittlings*, unless you're chips of the real Merry block), and wiseacres! Come on your cart(e)s. Nor did I intend to wish Older's and Danker's strength "*cruited*," without *re*-ason: why should I? Recruit! recruit! it can't be done too fast.

Daisy, Willie H. C. isn't "extinguished" yet. Look out for an eruption!

Will some cousin, who took the "CABINET" in days of yore, and has an extra number for June, 1856, be so kind as to mail it to me? I would be exceedingly obliged for it. Cap Davis, you fit me. Isn't there a two-horse town within reach? Wanderer, welcome. But what's this? *More* French! *Parbleu!* I *dew* declare! *Assez, et de reste*—of that, and *—pour le présent*—of

WILFORLEY.

---

DEAR COUSINS ALL:—Heedless of those instruments of torture, I beg leave to speak. Poor "W. H. C." "*Quando ullum inveniemus parem.*" "Johnny Jump-up," I am enrolled in the "Home Guard," so far as this: I will protect the flag that floats over my home to the last extremity. "Adelbert," what has gone against your grain? Have you fallen out with anybody? for I believe one has to "fall out" before they can

pitch in. Yes, keep the temple of Janus open for some time yet, until—oh! lots of things are done. And now, Merrys, I have a proposal to make. Some of you may have noticed the great demand there is for *lint* for the wounded. Now, if we all set to work to make it, and at a given time forward it to Uncle Merry to dispose of it "*en masse*," think how much might be collected, and what a service we *all* might do to the "good cause." Think of it. "*Loyal je serai durant ma vie.*" JIM.

A good suggestion, and one which we think all the Merrys will promptly accept. We will gladly take charge of any articles for the relief of the sick and wounded, and see they are properly distributed, for what time we have to spare from the MUSEUM is devoted to assisting our soldiers in every way possible. Very many from our own Merry circle are in the front ranks of the great Union army, and also many personal friends, some of whom may need early attention. A little investment of this kind will abundantly pay for the time and trouble spent.

We passed all through the apartments of the Soldiers' Relief Association, 194 Broadway, in this city, a day or two ago, and wish you all could see what a little kindness and well-directed attention did toward mitigating the sufferings of our brave soldiers, and you would all respond heartily to the appeal of Jim.

---

CHICAGO, *Sept.* 7, 1862.

DEAR MERRYS:—I see our town is not well represented now, although there *are readers*, and one bright *star* silent at present, however (A. E. D.).

But what the West lacks is well filled up by the East: O. Onley, A. Older, *heavy* men; Wilforley, sentimental.

Oliver, is P. G.'s pretty girls? If so, you will not have to look outside our parlor; will he, Miss Drummond? Take care Coleman don't revive after the eulogy you pronounced over the supposed grave of his glory, Mr. Onley. He has been abused, *sir*. I hereby take up for his good cause, and challenge to mortal *combat* his persecutors. Won't some good pen step out as my herald and arrange with my opponent, whoever he may be, that will accept my challenge? Black-Eyes, I prefer you; you were once his best friend.

S. H. D., among a brilliant and literate company as the present, I scarcely think Aunt Sue will be foolish enough to promote me above a private, as I now am; and as my other plan did not succeed, this will. Black-Eyes, Blue-Eyes, Brown-Eyes, Wilforley, O. O., Daisy, Fleta, and yourself, please send me your photos to Drawer 5763, and I will be very much pleased, and will be only too happy to partly reciprocate by a return of my own homely *phiz* and one for the MUSEUM. Your cousin,

DAN. H. BURNHAM.

You are right on the "P. G." question, and must, by this time, have received several "specimens" of our "handsome" cousins. Let us know who the favored one is in your estimation.

---

SWEET HOME, *Aug.* 5, 1862.

Welcome, Jean Du Casse. Fleta, Wilforley, *je vous prier*. Oh, fiddle! Let us talk plain English in the "Chat." Thank you, Jim. What say you to a canter together? Perhaps Brown-Eyes will join us too. Send me your *carte*, Brownie, and I will reciprocate. Ditto *Blue*-Eyes. Thanks for the kiss, *honey!* Henry Danker, in all humility of spirit, I ask of you *pardonnez moi*.

Did you ever, Uncle! Dan. H. Burnham asks if the handsomest cousin will favor him with *his* or her *carte!* Now, Dan, how *could* you be so absurd as to name the *masculines first*, just as though there *were* any handsome ones in the "Chat." Why, they've all skedaddled, enlisted, or "gone into the country." Oh, I beg pardon! the present company of chatterboxes excepted. Do you see any *P. W.'s*, Winifred?

A. N., I think you are a *masculine, because* there are no nuisances among our sex! Oh, aunty, I got into the puzzle in less than two minutes.

Nina Gordon, won't you send *me* your "*bona fide* photograph?"

That's right, Gipsy; you have a sweet name, which is *doubly* dear to me, as I have a pet kitten by that name.

Here's my hand, Leslie, *not* "forever and for aye," but just a good, friendly shake.

Jolly Jingle, you have the *ring* of the true metal. I declare, Sybil Grey, if you don't come out of your "coolish corner" and show yourself, what *will* we do, cousins? Oh, Hatchet! spare me now.

SAUCY NELL.

THE ORPHEUS C. KERR PAPERS.—This work is a collection of papers published in one of our most popular weeklies, and makes a very readable book.

It contains specimens of prose and poetry of the keenest satire, and broad burlesque of a war correspondent, and will take a prominent place in the war literature of the day. Published by the well-known firm of Blakeman & Mason, New York.

"ADJUTANT STEARNS" is a work of 160 pages, published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, Boston, giving an account of the patriotic life and noble death of F. A. Stearns, son of President Stearns, of Amherst College, and adjutant of the 21st Regt. of Mass. Volunteers. He enlisted from a stern sense of duty, and was one of the true heroes which this war has brought out, uniting the Christian and the soldier. He believed "the end of life is not to live, but to do what God wants us to do," and he freely gave himself to the war, and was shot while gallantly leading the advance in the battle of Newbern.

Thus brave men die, but their memory and example will live to incite to nobler and more heroic deeds and actions.

KATE MORGAN AND HER SOLDIERS is a charming and instructive little book of about 200 pages, published by the American Sunday School Union, and one which we would wish could have a wide circulation.

It is written by the author of "Renny's Uniform" and other articles, which have appeared in the MUSEUM from time to time, and will be eagerly sought after by all our readers.

## Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

LUCY W. C. wins the prize for August, having correctly answered 27 of the puzzles.

### Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

**267.** My first, you hear its sullen roar
When wandering by the ocean's shore;
My second in the gambler's art
Hath played no mean or paltry part,
But, fired with sordid thirst to win,
It often aids him in his sin.
My whole is something that is found
Upon the face of all around,
Yet if you take from me my face,
I am a title commonplace.
*Adelbert Older.*

**268.** X A 100. *A. S. W.*

**269.** ENIGMATICAL LIST OF ANIMALS.
*a.* A weight. *b.* A whip. *c.* An ore. *d.* A machine used by housekeepers. *e.* A stamp. *f.* To intimidate. *Guilielmus.*

**270.** Change my head eight different times, and make (1) a plant, (2) a necessity, (3) a reward, (4) to nourish, (5) an exploit, (6) to notice, (7) a pipe, (8) a produce.
*Unknown.*

A RIVER ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

**271.** Father plugs an abbreviation.
*Evening Star.*

**272.** Entire, I am a sprite; curtail and reverse me, I am a vessel; now behead me, and I am lofty.
*Tommy.*

**273.** I am composed of letters five,
The part of speech is adjective,
From either way I spell the same;
Pray tell me then what is my name.
*Jasper.*

**274.** Entire, I am capital; curtail me, I am still capital; behead and transpose, I am anything but capital. *Lucy W. C.*

**275.** A liquor, a word signifying Father; another word for Father, a coin, and a liquid measure. The initial and final letters are the same, and spell a title.
*C. F. Warren.*

**276.** Curtail me, kind reader, and then you will see
A river of Europe flow out of me.
Behead and curtail me, and when I'm thus cleft,
You'll find, upon searching, that nothing is left.
But take me entire, that is, if you can,
And I'm a distinguished poetical man. *Pinck.*

**277.** Take a syllable of two letters from a girl's name, and leave a musical instrument. *Clementina.*

**278.** By a machine many —— can be made from one ——. *Harlan.*

**279.** Marks of an —— are often found in ——. (Fill the blanks with the same word reversed.) *Minx.*

**280.** When are politicians particularly sweet? *Beauclerc.*

**281.** Why is my inkstand like the leaning tower of Pisa? *A. Older.*

**282.** When does a temperance lecturer say a grammar lesson? *Jim.*

**283.** Transpose a noun in the singular number, and form its plural (in sound). *C. M. E.*

**284.** I am composed of 7 letters:
My 1, 4, 3, 2 may be found all over the civilized world.
My 7, 6, 5, 2 is a girl's nickname.
My whole is the name of a shrub or tree. *Clite Clinton.*

**285.** I am composed of 17 letters:
My 9, 2, 17, 6 is a book.
My 7, 13, 4, 6 is a pawn.
My 16, 12, 10, 7 is a kind of eel.
My 1, 11, 3 is to study.
My 14, 8, 15, 5 is a resting-place.
My whole is a form of government. *F. W. C. Crane.*

**286.** I am composed of 17 letters:
My 3, 6, 11 is an important article with editors.
My 15, 6, 13, 2, 15, 16, 17, 6 requires wit.
My 4, 8 is a preposition.
My 3, 12, 1 is a culinary utensil.
My 9, 7, 8, 9, 10, 1 is an article of confectionery.
My 14, 3, 13, 5, 17 is a kind of fruit.
My whole was a hero.
*Daisy Wildwood.*

**287.** I am composed of 26 letters: Many ladies 26, 2, 25, 4, 5, 18 —— 21, 6, 11, 16 for those who 13, 4, 9, 21 while 13, 23, 8, 17, 12, 10, 11, 8. The fear of being 22, 3, 4, 13, 16, 24, 22 will induce many to 18, 7, 21, 10, 19, 16. —— "13, 23, 15, 24" is the signal for our boys to 1, 17, 14, 20, 16 the rebels. All Merry girls may be profitably employed in my whole. *Ellian.*

**288.** CAPES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.
(1) An animal. (2) A musical instrument. (3) A season. (4) A fish. *Rob. C. L.*

**289.** Add a letter to a fastening, and leave a stigma.
*D. P. & W. W. W.*

**290.** Express, with three letters, a sentence containing four words and fourteen letters. *Kittie.*

**291.** Spell a sweetmeat with two letters.
*C. W. J.*

**292.** Curtail a covering for the head and leave an animal.
*Geo. T. McKinney.*

**293.** 55005001000100K. *Fred W. C.*

**294.** HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

**295.** 1CE a horrid X took 2 bt his wife stoo500 a time bearing 1000an de provocation ed but she THEINSTE5IIOLN for he JUcouldRE her came she 500E1000050ISHE500 'H'I$^{m}$M$^{e}$ with a 100U500GE50. *Wilforley.*

(*Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of November.*)

## PRIZE PUZZLE.

Caroline is lauding Nan's enumerations, but smile not so, in fun; real mercy is kind. Ants eat salt corn. I miss some tin. An ax I lost.

I propose to give to any one who will send me a solution to all the anagrams and transpositions embodied in the above puzzle, a book worth at least five dollars.

*Adjacent* words, to any number, may be used. For instance, in the sentence "A flirt! Not I, Fred; in truth I rule not so," "A flirt! not I" = flirtation. "I Fred" = fried. "Fred in" = friend. "I rule not so" = resolution. "Rule" = lure. "Not" = ton.

(*Answers must be sent in by the 10th of Jan.*, 1863.)

## Answers to Questions in Aug. No.

**208.** Snow-drop.
**209.** War, raw.
**210.** Willow.
**211.** Trifling, flirting.
**212.** Ape, pea.
**213.** Danes, sedan.
**214.** Dawn, wand.
**215.** Madison.
**216.** Montpelier.
**217.** Charlestown.
**218.** Annapolis.
**219.** Bangor.
**220.** Newport.
**221.** Phenomena, anemone.
**222.** Napkin.
**223.** Horse, rose.
**224.** Monkey, money.
**225.** Canoe, ocean.
**226.** Practice flows from principle, for as a man thinks, so he will act.
**227.** Rough and Ready.
**228.** John B. Floyd.
**229.** Madam.
**230.** When it is very rare.
**231.** Because it's a *fellow*, d'ye see? (felo de se.)
**232.** Steganography.
**233.** Beauregarde.
**234.** Enfranchise.
**235.** Lieutenants.
**236.** Ministerial.
**237.** Arbitration.
**238.** Two bear in jury eye snow sign of a cow ard. (To bear injury is no sign of a coward.)

LUCY W. C. answers all but 208, 211, 225, 226.

*Bertha* answers all but 211, 226, 228, 232, 238.

*Clementina* answers all but 208, 211, 227, 228, 231.

*Alpha* answers all but 211, 213, 221, 226, 231.

*Ned W.* answers all but 211, 226, 227, 228, 223.

*Mary A. E.* answers all but 208, 211, 226, 233, 238.

*A. S. W.* answers all but 208, 211, 226, 228, 233, 238.

*M. T.* answers all but 208, 211, 221, 226, 228, 229, 231.

*Adelbert Older* answers all but 208, 211, 221, 226, 227, 228, 231, 232.

*E. W. W.* answers all but 208, 211, 213, 214, 225, 226, 228, 229, 231.

*C. F. W.* answers all but 208, 211, 213, 214, 221, 226, 227, 228, 229, 231, 238.

*J. A. R.* answers all but 208, 211, 213, 214, 221, 226, 227, 228, 229, 231, 232, 233, 238.

*Jim* answers all but 208, 211, 213, 214, 226, 227, 228, 229, 231, 232, 233, 235, 238.

*D. P. & W. W. W.* answer all but 208, 210, 211, 213, 214, 221, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232.

*Alice Clayton* answers all but 208, 211, 213, 221, 225, 226, 227, 228, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 238.

*Blanche* answers all but 208, 211, 221, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238.

*Geo. T. McKinney* answers 209, 210, 212, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 223, 225, 227, 229, 237.

*Heber* answers 210, 212, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 222, 223, 224, 227, 230, 237, 238.

*Em* answers 215, 216, 218, 219, 220, 222, 223, 230, 234, 236.

*Echo* answers 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220.

*Saucy Nell* answers 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220.

*Maurie* answers 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*N. C.*—You sent no answers with your puzzles. I found out the "great statesman" (Webster), notwithstanding you say—"my 4, 2, 6, 7" (seer!) "is a young ox;" and "3, 6, 5" (bet!) "is woven by spiders." That kind of weaving won't do for the *Merrys*, *N. C.*

*Adelbert Older.*—Socrates, or some other wise man, says "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and I quite agree with him.

*Harry Bowles.*—Many thanks for the stamps; the "U. S. P. O. dispatch" was used in Philadelphia some time since.

*Elfie Dryad.*—Your message shall be forwarded to *Wilforley*. Thank you very much for your vignette; I have placed you in my album *vis à vis* with *Geo. T. McKinney*. How I should like to have been at "Grandmother's." *I* like you the better for loving the kitty.

*Daisy Wildwood.*—Your wishes have been attended to. Were my days all 48 hours long, I *might* write to *all* my correspondents.

*C. M. E.*—List of words received. If you send any more, you may omit the plurals, and avoid repetition by giving a word all its varieties of transpositions consecutively, as "stone, onset, seton, notes, tones."

*Geo. T. McKinney* is "off" with the "Duryee Zouaves," sends love to the cousins, and intends writing to us monthly, "unless he is killed." We hope he will write for a great many months!

*William R. Q.* wishes me to give the Chatterers some hard puzzles—hang the hatchet up in the tool-house—smuggle him into an obscure corner, and leave the back door open, so that he may come in unobserved. I have given them a pretty tough prize puzzle this month, *Will*, so I think you may enter safely. Anything for the Puzzle Department may be addressed to Aunt Sue, care of Mr. Stearns (see cover), or to Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y. Your answers were correct, but came too late.

*M. T.*—A list of answers (from Indianapolis) without signature I credit to you; am I right? The puzzle you send *is* an excellent one, but has been so often before the public that it is hardly worth while to reprint it. Although we only want original puzzles for MERRY'S MUSEUM, I always appreciate the kindness which prompts any of my correspondents to copy and send me an old puzzle, because of its excellence; provided they tell me (as you do) that it is not original.

*Wanderer.*—Are you satisfied?

*Troja.*—"Fall in."

*Tommy.*—Many thanks for your *c. de v.* It is a decided improvement upon the first.

*Lucy W. C.*—The few at the time are rather more "convenient" than a "batch."

*Wilforley.*—Your note received from Winsted (did you go to see "Aunt Chloe?") and "permission" from Chicago. All right. Thanks for the address.

*Orange Blossom* desires to be introduced to the cousins, and would like a corner near *Daisy Wildwood*. I only hope she will attract our dear *Busy Bee*.

*Alice Clayton.*—Must I father the printer's sins? In the 5th voyage it should have read "Mrs. C. and *Mrs.* B. go over," as *Mr.* B. was already on the opposite side. *Alice* is ready to exchange *c. de v.* with *Wilforley* and *Agnes*. Address "Chelsea, Mass., Box 16." It *may* be Box 86, but if it *is* the latter, it is a very consumptive "8."

*Saucy Nell.*—Thank you for furnishing me with a good laugh. The "beauties" shall be forwarded.

*F. E. Burnham.*—See notice to *Beauclerc*, page 95, September number.

*Josie* was "delighted to receive Jasper's letter;" and wants to know what has become of Ellian.

*A. S. W.*—All honor to Philadelphia for her labors in the good cause.

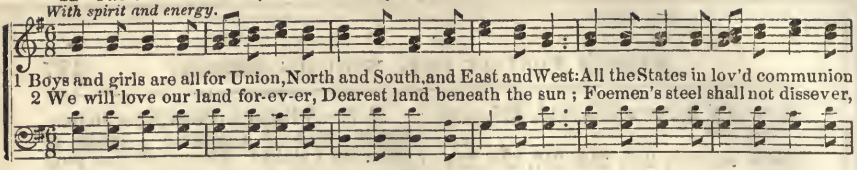
*J. A. R.*—It was a mistake. It should have read "Mrs. C. and *Mrs.* B. go over."

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Jr.*, *A. Older*, *Clementina*, *J. A. R.*, *C. C.*, *Jim*, and *A. S. W.*

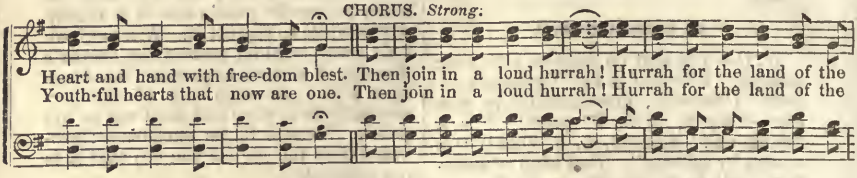
## THE UNION SONG.*

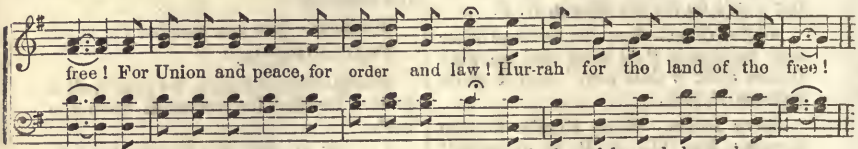
12—*Two to each measure,*
*With spirit and energy.*

Words by Wm. Oland Bourne.


1 Boys and girls are all for Union, North and South, and East and West: All the States in lov'd communion
2 We will love our land for-ev-er, Dearest land beneath the sun ; Foemen's steel shall not dissever,

CHORUS. *Strong.*


Heart and hand with free-dom blest. Then join in a loud hurrah! Hurrah for the land of the
Youth-ful hearts that now are one. Then join in a loud hurrah! Hurrah for the land of the




3 We are all a band of brothers,
All the States are sisters too,
And in time there will be others
That shall happy vows renew.—Cho.

4 Let the hopeful words be spoken,
On the wings of promise borne ;
Never shall the links be broken,
Never shall the flag be torn.—Cho.

5 Union now and Union ever!
Boys and girls for Union all!
We will keep it safe, and never
Shall our glorious Union fall.—Cho.

## A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

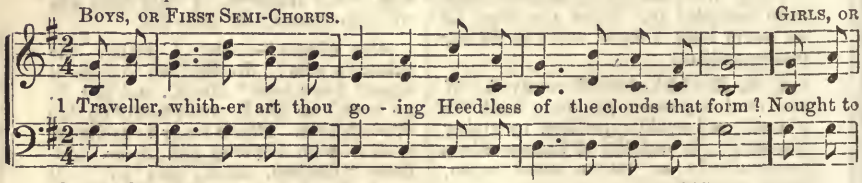
Words by Kate Cameron.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

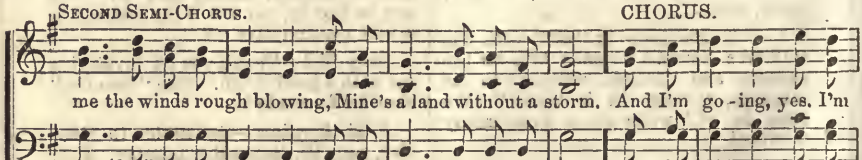
25—*One to each quarter note.*

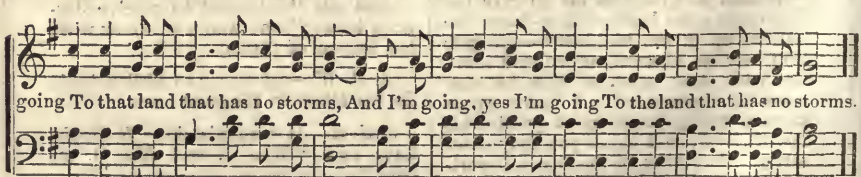
DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

Boys, or First Semi-Chorus.

Girls, or

Second Semi-Chorus.

CHORUS.




2 *Boys.* Traveller, art thou here a stranger.
Not to fear the tempests power?
*Girls.* I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower. *Cho.*

3 *Boys* Traveller, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.
*Girls.* No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore. *Cho*

4 *Boys* Traveller, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.
*Girls.* Yes! but I shall be immortal
In that Land without a storm. *C*

* Wm. B. Bradbury. From "Golden Shower." By permission. Copyright secured.

## "JUST FOR FUN."

THAT'S what I said to Johnny Bell one Saturday afternoon, as we were sitting together upon some boards that were laid as a roof for the pig-sty, watching the lazy grunter below. We had played at marbles, had hunted all the hens' nests, and had exhausted all the games we knew of for two to play at, and were ready for something new.

"Let's set Ponto to bite the pig," said I.

"What for?" said Johnny.

"Oh, just for fun."

"But it will hurt the pig."

I didn't stop to think of that, but pointing below, I shouted—

"Take him! Ponto."

The obedient dog sprang down in an instant, and away went the pig and Ponto around the sty to our great amusement. Presently the dog seized him from behind, when, with a terrible squeal, he gave a spring directly against the board on which I was sitting, and in an instant I was upset into the sty, and the dog and pig were in full chase over me. I might have been seriously injured, but the frightened pig gave a bound out of the sty, with Ponto after him, leaving me sprawling in the filth and half frightened out of my wits.

The consequences were, a spoiled suit of clothes, being sent to bed without my supper, and a lame back for a week, all "just for fun!" From that day I learned that it is not safe to engage in mischief "just for fun."

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER XII.

NIGHT was approaching. "Father," said Majory, "are we to encamp in the waterfall valley? You told me you thought we might. You know you said it was safer than that place on the mountain top where we pitched the tents before."

"Yes," replied her father, "I have decided to settle there. If a storm arises again, we shall not feel it to such an extent as we did."

"Are we far off?" asked Gilbert in an impatient tone. "This being tired and hungry too, is more than a fellow bargained for."

"Not far," said Mr. Morgan quietly, and without observing Gilbert's ill-humor. "We should have reached there sooner, but the last part of the way has been so steep."

"Yes," said Majory, "that is just what makes the difference in the coming and going; we find it very easy traveling to grandfather's from the *top* of the hill, on this side; but a great deal harder coming from grandfather's and mounting it." She heaved a slight sigh as she spoke. Her mother looked at her anxiously. There was no evening meal in prospect for to-night, and hungry little Madge was to go to bed fasting with the rest of them. It was this that gave Mrs. Morgan uneasiness, and for Gilbert too on this account she felt troubled. The lunch in the middle of the day had been but slight, and that unfortunately was to be the last meal until they reached home.

By slow degrees the ravine was finally attained. As the last step of the path down the precipice was taken, and human beings and animals were safely treading again on good, solid earth, a feeling of relief took possession of the party. Each member of it felt him or her self nearer home, and in their present dispirited condition that was a comfort. The romance of traveling through the woods was now almost entirely worn away under the united influences of weariness and hunger.

The sun was setting when preparations were made to pitch the tents. As Nathan was turning Dove-Eyes and Flash-Fire loose to browse on the excellent pasture which the place afforded, he saw an enormous turtle in the grass, moving away from him and the mules as fast as it could, affrighted evidently at the appearance of such intruders. Nathan looked after its retreating form, and thought with a half smile of the turtle which had figured so conspicuously in his mother's adventure. It had just disappeared among the grass and bushes, when suddenly he recalled a story of crude life which he had once read, of a little girl lost in the wilderness, who found, roasted, and ate a wood-turtle, and by this means saved herself from death. He left the mules and darted among the underwood after the creature, before it should escape entirely.

"I wonder," he said aloud, "I *do* wonder if it would be wicked to roast

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. N. Stearns, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

this poor turtle? We are all *so* hungry! I'll catch it and ask father."

But to catch it was easier said than done. Nathan poked eagerly in and out among the bushes, and hunted the grass over where he had seen it last, but he could not find it. Wondering how it had fled beyond his reach so completely in so short a time, he abandoned the search and returned to the mules. He had scarcely done so when he saw the turtle emerge leisurely from under a small, thick blackberry vine where it had hidden itself, and crawl still farther away. In a moment Nathan was after it, and had it in his hands carrying it to his father. It did not struggle, but, like most turtles, drew in its head and feet, and closed its shell the instant it felt itself touched.

"See, father!" cried Nathan, proud of his prize, "see, I have caught a wood-turtle! Isn't he a fine, big fellow? How he *did* run!"

His father turned and took the turtle from him, examining it carefully. Nathan could scarcely keep from smiling as he saw by the expression of his father's face that some such idea as had occurred to himself about the disposal of the animal, was suggesting itself to him.

"Nathan," said he, "you have found a treasure! This turtle is one of the most nutritious of the race, and a fine fat one at that. What do you think of—of supping off him?"

"Oh, father!" said Nathan, and then he stopped. Some say his tender heart felt wounded at this open proposal to kill the poor harmless creature, even if it were for the good of sick Gilbert, and his mother, and little tired Madge.

"We can't help it, my boy!" said his father, gravely. "I am as sorry about it as you can be. It will not be cruel, for God has surely put him in our way to-night for food. See, mother, what a turtle Nathan has captured! It is one of the largest I ever saw. We shall have a good tea, to-night, after all!"

At his father's request, Nathan set to work, not very cheerfully, it is true, to build a fire by which to cook the turtle. He was hungry, but he felt that he could not touch a mouthful of it, the mere idea growing more and more distasteful every instant.

In the dusk the valley appeared even more beautiful than ever. Majory almost forgot her trials as she looked at the white waves of the waterfall dashing furiously over the precipice above. The red flames from the fire Nathan was kindling were beginning to shoot boldly into the darkness, making a strong contrast against the snowy back-ground of the waterfall itself.

"I shall never forget this spot—*never!*" cried Majory at length. "Father, I *do* believe the waterfall is fuller. It certainly seems larger than when we saw it the other day.

"Very likely," said her father, "You know we had a great deal of rainy weather while we were at grandfather's, and that of course would tend to increase it. Come, Madge, jump up, my girl, and help your mother settle these beds for the night. We shall sleep well, for the air is not too warm, and we are all tired. Besides, we shall not be as hungry as we thought, owing to the supper with which Nathan has provided us."

Very thankful were they all for that supper, when at last it was placed before them smoking hot, and emitting a delightful appetizing odor. The

spirits of the party were decidedly elevated after having partaken of it, small as was the share that fell to each person. Gilbert said it was the best thing he had tasted since his illness, and Mr. Morgan too found it so good and praised it so highly that even Nathan was persuaded to partake of it. With grateful hearts to the kind Providence who had provided for their wants and blessed them even by such humble means, the family at length retired to rest. Majory slept in the tent with her father and mother as before, and Nathan and Gilbert occupied the other. Nathan had proved himself so gentle and thoughtful toward Gilbert, since the accident, that his father was no longer afraid to trust the two boys together.

With a prayer of thanksgiving the day was concluded, and all withdrew for the night. There was no moon, but the sky was thick with stars, whose light softened somewhat the gloom of the little valley. After he had helped Gilbert into bed, and smoothed out his pillow for him as tenderly as he knew how, Nathan fastened back the door of the tent which had been flapping in the breeze, and threw himself on the grass at the entrance to meditate a little before going to sleep. He felt strangely restless, and could scarcely persuade himself to retire to rest. He looked up to the beautiful starlit sky, and listened in silence to the sighing of the breeze among the trees and the wild, musical dash of the waterfall. He felt in his boyish soul the full beauty of the hour and the scene.

"Why," thought he, sadly, "why is it that all nature is good and beautiful, while, as my hymn-book says, 'only man is vile?' Why is everything lovely, and I am wicked? Why do anger and revenge come over me sometimes, as they did when Gilbert was in the marsh? I wish I were like one of those stars. Maybe I shall be one of these days! I'm going to try! I am going to try to follow the golden rule, and keep a clear conscience always in my breast. *That* will be a star to me on earth, and if I should ever get to heaven—"

He stopped, and the slow tears trickled from his eyes about the fingers which he clasped suddenly over them. He felt so weak, so poor, so unworthy, that heaven seemed a long way off to such a struggling little wanderer as he was in the ways of life. He did not go to bed, but weeping silently, at last unconsciously fell asleep on the grass at the tent-door, the breeze blowing his long hair about his young, fair forehead and over his sad face.

The night passed, and the gray dawn appeared. There was no trace of the sun yet in the east, for it was too early. The sky everywhere was full of the quiet, soft hue of the new twilight.

What was that sudden sound that, with a crash and a reverberation, filled all the little valley? What was it startled the wood-birds from their nests and sent them screaming with alarm to the tops of the highest trees?

Was it thunder? Had a storm been gathering in the night, and was it now preparing to break? Or was it the flow of the cascade into the ravine that our sleeping travelers had, in their first waking, magnified into sounds of danger? Certainly, one and all, they started up from their slumbers hurriedly and in affright.

Without, they heard indeed the roar of water, not the simple gurgling splash of the waterfall among its rocks, but the wild, frantic commotion of a fierce mountain torrent.

The truth flashed over Nathan in a moment, the whole awful truth, as soon as he heard the sound distinctly. He sprang up from the doorway of the tent, and half asleep, but wholly startled, stared about him through the misty early light. In a few seconds he was in the full possession of his waking faculties. He dashed outside the tent and looked up at the waterfall. His worst fears were realized. A sheet of white seething water was pouring over the whole face of the precipice into the valley!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FREDERIC AND HIS RABBITS.

"FATHER, may I buy a pair of rabbits?" asked Frederic Waters one evening after he had learned his lessons.

"I have only one objection," replied his father; "I fear you will not take good care of them."

"Oh, father," said Frederic, "I'm sure I shall, it's nothing but fun; they look so cunning when they are eating, and they are so playful, I know I shall like to be with them all the time."

His father smilingly said, "We'll see who is right," and then gave the desired permission.

Early the next morning Frederic secured his prize, two beautiful white rabbits, with the longest of ears and the brightest of eyes.

"How could father think I should neglect such beauties!" thought he, as he stood watching them eat the green cabbage lea[illegible]t from the garden. [illegible]tching them until [illegible]chool, and returned [illegible]fast as his feet could [illegible]hol.

Thus he w[illegible]th them morning and evening for a whole week, until the novelty being over, he thought once a day enough to attend to them. Very soon he omitted to visit them for a day at a time, and the poor little fellows suffered sadly for want of care.

One morning, after having thus neglected them, he went to place some cabbage leaves in the cage, but it was nowhere to be seen. Rabbits and all had disappeared.

"Where can they be?" said he to himself.

Just then his father approached, and said, gravely—

"You see, my son, that I was right. In a short time your pets, as you called them, would have died of neglect, and I have given them away to one who will take good care of them."

Frederic could make no reply, but it taught him the lesson that his father's judgment was more to be depended on than his own feelings.

## WILLIE'S CHAT WITH HIS RABBITS.

Now, do not be uneasy, Bon,
  I will not harm him—no!
I'll pet him just a little,
  And then I'll let him go.
I love the darling creature,
  So gentle and so shy,
With fur so soft and silky,
  And such a curious eye.

I wish he would not fear me—
  No reason why he should—
Do not I pet and feed him?
  And am I ever rude?
I handle him as gently
  As if he were of glass,
And every day I bring him
  Fresh cabbage-leaves and grass.

Sure you're the strangest creature
  That Willie ever knew—
You never bark, like Carlo,
  You never squeal nor mew;

You never cry, like Nanny,
Nor sing, like bonny bird;
To all my talk and fondling
You answer ne'er a word.

Why don't you run to meet me,
With hop and skip and bound,
Like pussy-kit and Carlo,
And follow me all round?
Oh! how I'd like to have you
To play with them and me,
About the lawn and garden,
And under the spreading tree.

Nay, do not shrink or tremble,
Nor feel the least alarm;
I did not mean to frighten you,
Or do you any harm;
For noisy race and frolic,
I'll make my Carlo do,
And when I'm tired of playing,
I'll come and sit by you. H. H.

## REMEMBER THE POOR.

While plenty is smiling
Around thy bright door,
Amid pleasure beguiling,
Oh, pity the poor.

The blessings God sends us
In basket and store,
Are the riches he lends us
To succor the poor.

Each gift of his kindness
Shall increase more and more,
Unless in our blindness
We turn from the poor.

To earth condescending
Their garb once he wore,
And to *Him* we are lending
When aiding the poor.

Earth's vanishing treasure
May thus be secure,
By large-hearted measure
Of love to the poor.

In Heaven's high journal
The record is sure,
Giving blessings eternal
To the friends of the poor.

# ZELMA.

IN a little book, entitled "Zelma," written by the author of "Silver and Gold," we have an interesting account of little Zelma. One day, when Nelly returned from a visit to her teacher, she found a little girl named "Zelma," whom she had never seen before; but they soon became warm friends, and enjoyed many a walk and ride together. When returning home from one of their walks, they were followed by a half-grown kitten, who rubbed its sides against their hands and began to purr with pleasure.

Nelly's mother reluctantly added it to the already large number of "pets," and the next morning the girls were up bright and early looking after the interests of their new friend.

"Zelma," said Nelly, "I have been thinking about a name all the time I was dressing. I have fixed upon a name that is *splendid!* Now guess what it is?"

"Silvertoes?" questioned Zelma. "I am sure its toes *do* look silvery."

"No," said Nelly, "not that; try again. You guess too, mother, will you?"

"Oh, you are too romantic for me," said her mother, taking the last dish of pears from Zelma, who then flew to Nelly, who was sitting on the door-step, the kitten on her shoulder, playfully munching her curls. "I should guess such names as Peterkin or Popcorn, and I dare say I might even prefer Scratch-hard to Silvertoes."

"Oh! mother," exclaimed Nelly. "Scratch-hard would not do at all. Pop-corn might, because that is funny, and makes one think of a lively temper."

"So does Scratch-hard," said Zelma; at which the two girls laughed, and even Mrs. Brooks followed the example as she bent over her pears.

"The name I have thought of is just the best in the world, yes, *in the whole world!*" said Nelly after a pause.

"Then you may as well tell it to us," said Zelma; "for if that is the case we can not but like it."

"General Washington!" said Nelly, with dignity. "Could there be a better name, mother?"

"No," said her mother, amused; "I think not, Nell."

"Splendid!" cried Zelma; "that is just what we want. Aunt thinks kitty may prove very savage among the mice, so perhaps he may, indeed, become a general in battle. Come here, General, let me see how you look by daylight. Just as pretty as ever, I declare!"

And so, by common consent, the kitten was named.

One day Zelma asked and obtained permission to go over and see Mr. Spenser, who was sick; so, taking her little basket full of blackberries for him, she tripped along on her errand of love.

It was a lovely, golden sunset, such as Zelma, pent among city walls, had seldom seen. The sky seemed all alive with crimson clouds, shifting and drifting hither and thither.

"Everything is beautiful to-day," murmured Zelma as she sped along. "I have never been so happy. God is good—oh, how good!—to make the world so sweet to me."

The birds were finishing their plaintive songs—one by one dropping off from the mellow chorus—and dews

were beginning to fall. This warned Zelma to hasten. She flew rather than walked, at the risk of spilling her berries, and at last she reached the cottage.

A sound of lamentation was heard as she neared the gate. When she entered the yard, she saw little Abram sitting in the door-way, crying. Poor Zelma's mind was immediately assailed with the worst anticipations. Abram's tears so filled his eyes that he did not see her till she spoke.

"Abram, my dear little boy, do not cry so bitterly. Tell me what is the matter."

No answer but sobs and tears.

"Abram, *do* tell me—is your father worse—worse than he was yesterday?"

"No-o-o-o-o-o!" sobbed Abram.

She sat down on the door-step beside him, feeling greatly relieved. She put her arm around his slight shoulders. The boy did not repulse her, but, on the contrary, nestled up

to her and rested his head against her. Zelma knew from this that he would confide in her when he had mastered his grief, so she sat there in silence and bided her time.

"Oh!" said Abram, at last; "oh! mother and I will never get over this. Oh—oh! it makes me feel sick to *think* of it."

"Poor Abram, poor dear boy," said Zelma; still she did not question him. She was greatly perplexed, however, for, if Mr. Spenser were not worse, what could have happened to arouse such sorrow as this?

"Are you sorry for me and mother?" finally asked Abram, lifting up his head and eying Zelma.

"Very, very sorry," was the answer. "What can I do for you, Abram, to show you that I am?"

"I don't know," replied the little boy. "Nothing, I guess; *mother* is sick now, did you know that? She went to bed as soon as they took father away."

"What! Who took your father away? Where is he gone?"

"Gone away, gone away," was all Abram could answer, for fresh sobs shook his little frame. Zelma began to suspect the truth now. She felt almost appalled at the desolating misfortunes that had overtaken the child and his mother.

"Abram!" faintly called a voice from within. "Is that Mrs. Brooks' little girl? Ask her to come in. I should like to speak to her." The door was open, and what had passed had probably been heard by Mrs. Spenser herself. The boy rose at once, rubbing off his tears with his ragged coat-cuff.

"That's mother," he said; "she wants to see you."

Zelma followed him into the house.

The door opened directly on a small, poorly furnished room, and in this, lying on a bed, was Abram's mother. She was not undressed, and had thrown herself outside the bed-clothing, apparently overcome, suddenly, with grief and sickness. Her face was very white, and she looked altogether differently from when the little girl had seen her the day before. She did not speak for a moment; so Zelma said,

"I am sorry to see you so ill, ma'am, and aunt will feel sorry too, when she hears of it."

Mrs. Spenser took down the handkerchief she had been holding to her eyes, and intently looked at Zelma as she spoke.

But we will not follow Zelma farther. She delighted in making others happy around her, as we hope all the readers of the MUSEUM do. Those of you who have an opportunity to read the book will find it all very interesting.

## "GO FORWARD!"

EXOD. xiv. 15.

Go forward! Though before thee
The ocean depths may lie;
Though stormy clouds float o'er thee,
And threatening foes are nigh.
Be trustful and brave-hearted,
For soon as thou hast started
The waters will be parted
And leave thy pathway dry.

Go forward! Duty calls thee,
At once the call obey;
The danger that appalls thee
Will quickly pass away.
With God himself to guide thee,
With angel-guards beside thee,
What evil can betide thee?
Go forward! Why delay?

## ABOUT THE GOAT. (CAPRA.)

THIS genus of mammalia is distinguished by the horns almost joining at the bases, and bending backward. The horns are hollow, compressed, and rough. The goat has eight cutting teeth in the lower, but none in the upper jaw; and generally a beard on the chin. The goat is found in almost all countries of the globe. There are three species, and numerous varieties of the capra: *C. ibex*, *C. caucasica*, and *C. egagrus*, or domestic goat.

The goat comes to man without difficulty, is won by kindness, and capable of attachment; but often vicious and subtle withal. He likes not confinement, but strolls into solitude and ranges the ruggedest cliffs; even will he sleep on the verge of a terrific precipice. He is amazingly swift and agile, climbing the steepest mountains, and browsing perfectly unconcerned at the outermost edge of the towering cliff. How true they are to this instinct! strange a one as it seems. As you go from New York to Morrisania (some ten miles) you will see many domesticated goats; and by the roadside here and there is a goat with a rock all to himself—be it hot or cold it is the same. Not upon the ground do they lie down, but on the largest stone they can find; and even when they are standing quite still, it is the same—mounted upon a rock or big stone. The grass may be ever so green and soft, they take the rock. It appears like confirmed soberness to see them apart upon the cold stone; but yet they are sprightly, and they exhibit vivacity of feeling in sportive movements, quick and sharp, of head and heels. It does seem as if they must be *geese* as well as goats, to prefer barren heaths to luxuriant pastures; but it is true that they do so.

The female brings forth commonly two young at a birth—sometimes three or four. The milk is excellent, and thought to be serviceable for consumptive persons. It makes also the

finest cheese. The celebrated Parmesan cheese was of goats' milk. The flesh is inferior to mutton. The skin is the most valuable part of the animal, for various uses. (*Mem.* Rather dangerous to have a very valuable *skin*—somebody will be always wanting it.) It takes a dye better than any other skin, and is well known under the name of *morocco.* (The little green "*bootees*" that Letty wore to dancing-school when she was seven years old, were made of morocco; and the slippers in which she learned to *pigeon-wing* were of red morocco; she remembers them well, though it was long years ago; they made pigeon-winging easy, having grown and ripened on giddy heights above.) The tallow of the goat is finer and purer than of the ox or sheep.

The chamois goat is from the most elevated mountains of Europe. Its chase is laborious and dangerous. It leaps on pointed rocks and hangs on cliffs almost perpendicular.

The Cashmere goat is smaller than the domestic goat; has long, silky, fine hair, not curled as the Angora goat. These produce the materials for the Cashmere shawls, such as are sold by A. T. Stewart, in Broadway, for $1,500 apiece. Some are sold in France for $2,000 and upward.

The Angora goat is also furnished with long, silky hair hanging down in curling locks eight or nine inches long. Its horns are in the spiral form, and extend laterally. The finest camlets and alpacas are made from this wool.

The Caucasian goat is from the most rugged rocks of Mount Caucasus. It is superior in vigor and agility to all others. One writer states that he saw one of these creatures leap from a high tower, and having reached the ground on his horns, immediately, without dislocation or contusion, rise to his feet.

The Rocky Mountain goat furnishes the principal part of their food for the natives of the country at the head waters of the Columbia River. The skin of this goat is very thick and spongy, and is used chiefly in making moccasins. The goats of Wales are white.

We have said nothing about the young, which are called *kids*—pretty, sportive little creatures, with their half-human voices. Every one knows that all the soft, pleasant gloves were once made of their delicate skins, but *it is said* at present, that the kid gloves are made of the skins of rats! Dreadful thought, that these hyacinth and lemon-colored kids on A. T. Stewart's cosy glove counter have, once on a time, been *nosed* about in such horrible nooks and holes of wharf and cellar!

Probably all housekeepers *do rejoice*, and will think it no sin to wish devoutly, that every created rat were well skinned at this present juncture. I, for one, will heartily join them; and hope the pretty kids may wear their soft skins in peace a little longer.

L. E.

## A PLEA FOR THE CAT.

FROM MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A FEW days since, in a letter I received from Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, dated Hartford, Conn., Aug. 2, she says: "I have at length found in an old miscellaneous work, quite out of print, the poem about the cat and kittens, which you desired, and which narrates a fact occurring in Norwich, my native place, during my early years. I think the feline race were favorites there, and reccollect many antique aristocratic mansions where pussy sat by the parlor fire in peace, 'with none to make her afraid.' What is the reason of the contrast in the mode of treatment now? I feel always a lingering tenderness for her, perhaps from the circumstance that, never having had brother or sister, I made her a playmate and sort of com-

panion in my childhood. I send you the poem referred to, which I began to copy for you myself, and then left it to a younger hand to finish."

AUNT MARY'S CAT.

Aunt Mary's cat three snowy kittens had,
Playful and fat and gay. So, she would sport,
And let them climb upon her back, and spread
Her paws to fondle them, and when she saw
Her mistress come that way, would proudly show
Her darlings—purring with intense delight.

But one was missing, and Grimalkin ran, [eagerness,
Searching each nook with frantic
Garret and parlor, sofa, box, and bed,
Calling her baby with a mournful cry,
And questioning each creature that she met
In her cat-language, eloquently shrill.
And then she left the house.

Two hours passed by,
When dragging her lost treasure by the neck,
Her head held high to shelter it from harm, [twain,
She joyous laid it with its sisters
Who mewed loud welcome, and with raptured zeal
Washed and re-washed its velvet face and paws.
It had been trusted to a lady's care
By my Aunt Mary, out of pure good will [tigued
To pussy, fearing she might be fa-
By too much care and nursing. But she sought
From house to house, among the neighbors all,
Until she found it, and restored it
To her heart's jewels. [again

One full month she fed
And nurtured it; then in her mouth she took [it back
The same young kitten and conveyed
To the same house, and laid it in the lap
Of the same good old lady, as she sat
Knitting upon the sofa. Much surprised, [cat,
She raised her spectacles to view the
Who, with a most insinuating tone,
Fawning and rubbing round her slippered foot,
Bespoke her favoring notice.

This is true—
Aunt Mary told me so. Did pussy think
Her child too young for service? and when grown [show
To greater vigor, did she mean to
Full approbation of her mistress' choice, [find
By passing many a nearer house to
The lady that its first indentures held?
This looks like *Reason*, and they say that brutes [hard,
Are only led by *Instinct*. Yet 'tis
Often, to draw the line where one begins,
And where the other ceases.

But I know
That kindness to domestic animals
Improves their nature, and 'tis very wrong [cross
To take away their comforts, and be
And cruel to them. The kind-hearted child
Who makes them humble friends, will surely find
A pleasure in such goodness, and obey
The Book of Wisdom in its law of Love.

E. M.

# SELFISH RICHARD.

"OH, what do you know about boats?"

This was said, quite pettishly, by Richard Campbell to his sister Emma.

Richard was very busy with Thomas Clark, one of his schoolmates. They were making two little boats to sail upon the stream that ran not far from their house. Emma wanted them to make one for her, that she might go with them and enjoy their sport, for she had no sisters with whom to play. Richard usually was kind to her, and willing to play with her, but now he had another companion, and he selfishly said he couldn't be bothered with girls.

Thomas was willing to help Emma make a boat, but Richard objected, saying they had no time to spare.

So they finished their craft, and went to the brook to launch them. They were not very stylish vessels; only a piece of shingle with a round upright stick in the middle, and a piece of stiff white paper fastened upon it for a sail. But then they imagined them to be first-class frigates, and named them the Constitution and the Monitor, and fine times they had, sending them out on a cruise against the imaginary rebels.

While thus engaged they heard a laugh from the opposite side of the stream, and looking up they discovered Wilkes, the hired man, watching them.

"Splendid boats," shouted he.

"What does a lubber like you know about boats?" cried Richard, saucily.

Wilkes had been working for Richard's father only a short time, and Richard did not know that he had once been a sailor, nor what he was thinking of at the time, or he would not have thus insulted him.

Wilkes made no reply, but turned and walked slowly to the house.

"That's the way to serve such fellows; teach them to mind their own business," said Richard.

As Wilkes was entering the house, he saw Emma looking very sad, and kindly asked her what was the matter.

Emma told him how rudely Richard had treated her.

"Never mind," said Wilkes, "you shall not be sorry. We must try and teach Richard better. We will show him how to repay good for evil." He then went to the wood-shed and selected a block of pine free from knots, and began hewing it down with the ax. As Emma watched him, she soon saw he was shaping it to the form of a rude boat, and she guessed what he was doing, though she said nothing.

Presently he took out his knife and worked away at the block until dinner-time, when he had already made it look much more like a boat than either of the boys' vessels.

As soon as his work was over for the day, he whittled away at the block again, being careful, however, to keep out of sight of Richard.

Thus he continued to do at leisure hours, until in a few days he had made a beautiful miniature sloop, all rigged complete, with the name "Emma" nicely painted on the stern. Then, when Richard had gone to school, he presented it to the little girl, who received it with the greatest delight, and immediately went to the brook to try it.

She found the sloop sailed beautifully, and for hours amused herself with watching its motions as she guided it along the stream with a bit of twine.

The next day was Saturday, and Thomas came again to play with Richard at sailing boats.

"I'm going, too," said Emma.

"Yes, let her go," said Thomas; but Richard objected.

"Oh, Richard," said Emma, "I want to lend you my boat, and see you sail her;" and she brought out her beautiful little sloop.

Thomas clapped his hands with delight, but Richard hung his head with shame.

"Pretty good for a lubber, isn't she?" asked Wilkes, who was standing near.

This completed poor Richard's confusion, and he was glad to ask pardon of Wilkes for his rudeness, and of Emma for his selfishness, and after that he was always ready to try and oblige her.

A Jewish rabbi pressing the practice of repentance upon his disciples, exhorted them to be sure to repent the day before they died. One of them replied that the day of any man's death was very uncertain. "Repent, therefore, every day," said the rabbi, "and then you will be sure to repent the day before you die."

You who are wise will know how to apply this to your own advantage.

## CHARLIE AND MEGGIE IN CHESTNUT TIME.

"OH, I am so glad!" and Charlie Johnson threw his straw hat up to the ceiling of the ample, comfortable breakfast-room in his father's house, "so g-l-a-d," he repeated, while capturing the hat upon its return from the involuntary trip.

"Oh, Charlie! to treat your hat in that way, a hat that has been so kind all the summer, too," said considerate Margaret (with only ten years of life in the which to have gathered her stores of experience), as she climbed into her seat behind the coffee-urn.

"Poor old thing!" and Charlie looked for a second upon its sun-tanned crown, with the slightest mist of a tear in his boy-eyes, for he remembered many adventures in which his straw hat had proven a friend; "but who cares for hats any longer?" he cried, looking out from the window, "and besides, Meggie, *all* boys throw up their hats, you know they do, and men too, sometimes, when they are not *very* new. Look out here! just you see what's been done in the night; Jack Frost's been racing round as fast as a locomotive, and, what's a great deal better, he has left his cloud of steam behind him. Good Jack Frost, I want to kiss him."

Charlie's father came in in time to hear the demonstration, and said,

"I don't, Charlie."

"Don't what, father?"

"Wish to kiss Jack Frost. He has killed my garden treasures; no more Lima beans—no more tomatoes—no more melons—they are all destroyed."

"Then we'll live on chestnuts," said Charlie.

"And coffee," suggested Margaret, "cold, too, papa, if you stay out so long looking at what you can't help;" and the small hand trembled with the weight of the treasure-full cup she extended to her father.

"You are right, Meggie," said her father, "and it is well that I can not help it. I am afraid I should manage the frost and snow, the heat and cold, in a very bad manner. I should want my beans, and melons, and tomatoes so long, that Charlie here would have no chestnuts."

"And the poor squirrels would starve," said Margaret.

"Just think what guilt would be upon my selfish head; how thankful I am that I am saved from such a fate."

"I don't think you are selfish one bit, papa, and I am sure Jack Frost isn't; what long fingers he must have! and how tall he must be to reach all the way up to the tops of the big chestnut-trees on Crown Hill and down in Singing-Brook Valley! and then, papa, how *does* he get the pricky burs open? don't you think he makes his fingers bleed sometimes? mine do, when I try a bur that Jack has left shut."

"I wonder if he cries as Charlie Johnson did last year, when he came home from chestnutting with prickles in his hands and feet," said Margaret.

Charlie did not seem well pleased with this allusion to his trouble in nut-gathering. He said,

"Well! if Jack Frost doesn't cry, I know what he does that is worse, isn't it, papa?"

"What does he do that can be worse than crying, Charlie?"

"He snaps—he does, for I have heard him in the night, when it was all dark and there wasn't anybody else around to be making a noise."

"That is because he is cold, though,"

said Margaret, "and can not help it."

"I am sure snapping is much worse than crying, but I know I shan't cry this time, for I've got new boots on, real nice, thick boots that the burs can not get through. When may I go and try them, papa?—after school is over to-night?"

"Remember my basket," whispered Margaret, "please do."

Mr. Johnson did not hear this, and he said, "You may go, unless Meggie wishes you"—and he kissed Meggie and Charlie and went out to the business of the day.

"Let the basket go till some other time, do now, Meggie, there's a good sister," said Charlie, as soon as his father was gone.

"Poor Mrs. Anson! her little baby will be so cold without the nice warm clothes," urged Margaret.

"Then if you wish to have the clothes carried so much, you can carry them yourself—I want some chestnuts."

Poor Margaret! She was lame—she could not walk without crutches. Tears glistened in her brown eyes, when she answered, "I wish I could, Charlie."

"Poor Meggie! I didn't mean to make you cry," said repentant Charlie, "but girls *do* cry so easily."

"Chestnut burs make boys cry, sometimes," replied Margaret, sending back into her heart the tears and hiding them with a smile, "and cold makes little babies cry too. Won't you carry the basket, Charlie? Mrs. Anson will be so glad, and so shall I, and you, perhaps."

"I guess I'll carry it, if it isn't very heavy; and I won't make you cry again in a long time."

And Charlie went out to walk in the garden, and see what changes had been wrought there. Margaret stayed within the breakfast-room to see that events went on properly within her little sphere, for she was the only one to look after her father's happiness in his home.

Charlie came in, looking less elated after a view of the plants, of late so green and vigorous, in their life, and now so close to the ground in their brown, withered condition. Some of Margaret's darling flowers were blighted. He brought them to her, thinking that she would look sadly and mourn their loss, but she only smiled and said, "Yes, Charlie, I know, I thought they were touched, but they will come again, when it is time."

Charlie could not comprehend his sister Meggie's way of looking at and talking of events, therefore he simply said, "You are very queer, Meggie—good-bye;" and taking up his books he went to school.

At the close of the same school-day a party of boys were gathered at the corner near the school-house. They urged the respective claims of the localities within two miles square for chestnut gathering, as vehemently as ever miners pleaded for their own particular views, where so much of gold or silver may be found.

They could not agree. The result was a division of the forces. It was decided that one party should take the two miles east, the other west, bringing the results of their gathering, and piling them upon two large flat stones for the "teacher" to measure, the party bringing the lesser number to atone for their error of judgment by building the first snow-fort of the season. Charlie Johnson was but a small boy, therefore his opinion was

not sought, but in the division he was voted into the party going westward. Dinner-baskets and tin-pails having done duty in the same cause, emerged from their places of concealment as if by magic. I think the boys must have brought their dinners to school, in view of such an event, that day.

The parties separated. Charlie was so much excited that he had gotten fully a quarter of a mile before he thought of having said to Meggie, "I guess I'll carry it, if it isn't too heavy."

At once his footsteps lost their vigor—he fell behind the other boys and held the following conversation—between Charlie Johnson and Chestnut Charlie.

*Chestnut Charlie.* I said, I guess, that wasn't saying, I will.

*Charlie Johnson.* You meant, I will, and Meggie knew you did.

*C. C.* Meggie shouldn't think I mean anything more than I say, and besides, she didn't know there was to be such nice fun, and I want our party to have the larger pile.

*C. J.* Mrs. Anson is very poor, and her baby will be cold; my fingers are cold this minute; poor baby! perhaps it will be crying before I can get there.

*C. C.* I can't build a snow-fort any way. I don't know how to put in a single block, and I shall have to, if I don't help get chestnuts.

*C. J.* Meggie will be *so* disappointed.

*C. C.* The boys will laugh at me.

Charlie Johnson looked up at this moment to see a pretty trembling brown thrasher on the end of a waving branch. It uttered its one lone note, half a cry of trouble, half of disappointment. Meggie loved birds; this one brought to Charlie's memory Meggie's distress when he had told her "to carry the basket."

Charlie Johnson bade a most unceremonious farewell to Chestnut Charlie, and turning his face from the boys, ran as fast as he could, that he might get out of hearing before they missed him. He did not stop until he was past the school-house. More than half an hour had been spent in talking and walking, and when he reached home, he saw his poor lame Meggie just waiting for the gardener to open the gate for her. She was acting on his suggestion, going to carry the basket for herself.

"Charlie, I am so glad that you have come," she said, "for the basket is so heavy, and I don't think I *could* carry it there and come back before dark."

At that moment Charlie thought himself more wicked than he really was; he took the basket from its fastening to one crutch and started with it, without saying one word. Mrs. Anson's house was down in the valley of the "Singing Brook," half of a mile away. She had two children, the baby, and a boy older than Charlie. Her house was very small, little more than a coal-burner's lodge, which it had been at first, for Mr. Anson had been a coal-burner, and during the summer but lately gone, had died. Without her husband's providing care, Mrs. Anson had become very, very poor, so poor that when once food came and was eaten, she knew not whence to expect more. Charlie knocked at the low door, made of chestnut-boards, and hearing a "come in," he pulled the latch-string which hung outside and went in. Mrs. Anson sat in the middle of the room, rocking the cradle that contained the baby.

Charlie put the basket down close to Mrs. Anson's chair, and said, in a low tone, "My sister Meggie has been

making some warm clothes for your baby—they are in this basket."

The mother stopped the motion of the cradle and began taking out the articles, and Charlie was quite sure that he heard her say, "I wonder if all angels are lame," before she thanked him. Charlie, intent upon making as much happiness as he had trouble this day, concluded his errand by giving Mrs. Anson the altogether gratuitous item of information, that "Father had been trying for two weeks to find a more comfortable place for her."

When the last message of thankfulness for Miss Meggie was given, Charlie picked up his basket and said "good-bye." At a little distance from the lodge he met Harry Anson.

"I guess my basket's heavier 'an yourn," shouted Harry, before the two met.

"Mine is empty now; you'll see what made it heavy when you get home; now let me see what you have got," answered Charlie.

"Nothing but chestnuts—but they're mighty heavy; just you lift."

Charlie's arms proved unequal to the task laid upon them, and the basket fell. "I ought to have known such a little fellow as you couldn't do it; never mind, chestnuts don't roll, you know; you go on—I'll pick 'em up in no time."

Charlie was quite content to stay. He found out where Harry had gathered all his chestnuts, and ran back to the lodge to ask Harry's mother if Harry might go nutting with him to-morrow.

Pleased with the answer she gave, Charlie hastened home, where he arrived just as the sun went down behind Crown Hill.

The day following, at school, many were the lamentations over the dearth of chestnuts. Neither party had found enough to measure. The boys, unwilling to give up the effort, extended the time to Saturday, three days, with permission for each boy to gather nuts where he pleased, so that he did not cross the boundary line, the boy bringing the greatest number to be captain of the snow-fort. Charlie heard one large boy say, "There isn't any use in having a little fellow in one's party that runs away before he sees the first tree," but he made no reply, choosing to wait and let them see if he was of any use. Harry Anson was waiting at Charlie's home when school was over, the day following. Charlie told him the motive he had for getting chestnuts, and the ill-success of the boys the day before.

Harry was quite strongly disgusted with the ignorance of school-boys (his mother was not able to send him to the same school). "I wonder if they don't know that Jack Frost walks down the river-valley first; just to think of their expecting to find the burs open up on the hills with the first frost!"

"Never mind, Harry, the boys don't any of them live down in the valley, like you do, so they don't know; but we will show them."

Charlie was very careful that Harry should not pick up a single chestnut to drop into his basket, nevertheless it was so full that Harry had to lend a helping hand in the carrying home. Harry had climbed the tall trees, and gone out as far upon the branches hanging on the stream as he dared to do, frightening the squirrels who were busy gathering in their winter food.

"I am so glad you made the clothes for that little baby, sister Meggie," said Charlie, kissing her as they met in the tea-room, and were waiting for their father to come in.

"Why, Charlie?"

"Because—because [Charlie scarcely knew how to express his reason], if you had not made them, I should not have carried them, you know, and then Harry Anson would not have told me where to find chestnuts, and now, I guess, I'm going to be captain of a snow-fort."

"A great glory that is, isn't it, Charlie?" asked Mr. Johnson, entering at the moment, "I remember when I thought so."

"I guess I shall think so when I'm giving those big boys orders."

"Papa," he said, suddenly changing his tone, "what do you suppose God makes the largest chestnuts grow 'way out on the ends of the limbs for, where we can't get at them? Harry went out as far as he dared, and he isn't afraid of anything hardly, and he had to leave the best ones all there."

"Can't you think, Charlie?"

"No, papa."

"What would become of all the poor little squirrels and animals that live through the long winter on nuts, if God did not store away some for their especial use? He builds up the trees year after year, and then puts their portion out beyond the reach of man."

"Why, papa, that's real nice. I won't ever try to get squirrel's share any more. I did not think."

Charlie did think that night, when the time came for him to pillow his head, that God was good to him as well as to squirrels, for He did not let me tell sister Meggie a lie when I wanted to, and then He told me where to find my chestnuts, for I should never have met Harry Anson if I had not run back, when something wicked kept whispering to me, "to go with the boys."

Charlie Johnson had the largest pile of chestnuts when Saturday came—so many, that Thomas, the gardener, had to carry them to the school-house. And he was captain of the first fort, built when the December snow fell thickly over the earth, and the large flat stone on which the nuts were laid for measuring was its foundation.

Charlie did not make Meggie cry again for the long time of one month, and then he was very repentant, still he excused himself *to her* by repeating, "Girls do cry so easily," and Meggie asked, "Charlie, who is it that makes them cry?"

## STAND LIKE AN ANVIL.

BY BISHOP DOANE.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the strokes [fast;
Of stalwart strength fall fierce and
Storms but more deeply root the oaks,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the sparks
Fall far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the sound [ear;
Of ponderous hammers pains the
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that can not fear.

"Stand like an anvil!" noise and heat
Are born of earth and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

# THE CRANE.

"WHAT long legs, and what a long neck!" is the exclamation of every one at the first sight of a crane. The bird stands nearly five feet high. He is a sort of walking observatory. His stilt-like legs are just what he needs for wading along the creeks and among the marshes where he makes his home. By means of his long neck he is able to take a wide survey of the surrounding scene, and quickly discover the frogs and fish on which he feeds. It would be very awkward work for him to bring his head near the ground, were his neck short like that of the duck; as it is, he can snap up a stray frog in a twinkling.

The body of the common crane is of an ashen gray color. The throat, fore part of the neck, and the back of the head are darker. The crest of the head and the quills of the wings are black. The bird weighs in the neighborhood of ten pounds, his body being about the size of an ordinary turkey.

Cranes are great travelers. They spend their summers at the far north, and on the return of winter take wing for the more genial climate of the south. They usually fly very high. Flocks of them are often seen in Europe, where they are most abundant, moving through the air in the form of a wedge, in the same way as wild geese and ducks arrange themselves. They often fly in the night. They give a loud, sonorous cry during their flight. When they utter their peculiar noise during the daytime, it is considered a sign of rain. When a tempest approaches, they are very noisy, and fly near the ground, frequently alighting. They are very watchful, and it is quite difficult to approach near enough to get a shot at a flock of them. They keep sentinels posted at some distance from the main body, who instantly raise the alarm with their trumpet-like screams, upon the approach of a stranger.

The crane is not used as food at present, although it was regarded quite a luxury among the ancient Grecians, and also in England. The food of the bird gives it a strong fishy taste, very good for those who like it, but modern tastes are more refined, and prefer meat with a less rank flavor.

## THE "TRY COMPANY."

A GENTLEMAN who was riding in the cars, noticed a bright little fellow, between five and six years of age, sitting with his father and mother, and engaged in the attempt to unloose a knot in a string that bound a small parcel. The knot had become well compacted, and the child's tiny fingers seemed to make no impression thereon. The patient earnestness of the little fellow was contrasted with the apparent indifference of his parents, who made no attempt to assist him. At last the gentleman, whose sympathies with children are warm, could bear the sight no longer; so, partly to help the child, and partly to rebuke the parents, he took out his knife, and handing it to the boy, said:

"Here, my little fellow, try the virtue of a sharp blade. You can't untie that knot!"

Something to his surprise, the knife was not taken; but instead, the child answered with a smile:

"Please, sir, father don't allow me to say *I can't.* I belong to the 'Try Company.'"

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, drawing back his hand. "I never heard of that company before."

"Oh, I've always belonged to it, haven't I, father?"

And the child turned, with an expression of loving confidence in his face, toward his father.

"He's a worthy member of that excellent association, sir," remarked the father, now speaking to the gentleman, and smiling in a pleasant way.

"Ah! I understand you!" Light was breaking in upon his mind. "This is a part of your discipline. You never permit your boy to say, 'I can't.'"

"But, instead, 'I'll try, sir.'"

"Excellent," said the gentleman—"excellent! Here is the way that men are made. It is the everlasting '*I can't*' that is dwarfing the energies of thousands all over the land. A feeble effort is made to overcome some difficulty, and then the arms fall wearily, and the track is abandoned."

"And who is most to blame for this?" was inquired.

"Parents," was the unhesitating reply.

"Parents who fail to cultivate patience and perseverance in their children. Parents who carry them when they should let them walk, even though their feet may be weary. I see it all as clear as light, and see my own fault at the same time. I cut the knot of difficulties for my children every day, instead of requiring them to loosen it themselves. But, sir, they shall join the 'Try Company' after this. I'll have no more knot-cutting in my house."

How is it with you, reader, child or man? Are you a member of the "Try Company?" If not, and you have any ambition to be something more than a drone in the hive, join it at once; and from that time forth, never let the words, "I can't," find a place on your lips.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

---

SALT LAKE is probably the saltest body of water on the globe. Three barrels of this water are said to yield a barrel of salt. The water is of a light green color for about ten or twenty rods, and then a dark blue. No fish can live in it, no frogs abide in it, and but few birds are seen dipping in it.

## AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

ALL SORTS OF MINDS.—There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man can not conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong common-sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors, common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion, large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

THE late government survey of the great lakes gives the following exact measurements: Lake Superior—greatest length, 355 miles; greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 988 feet; height above the sea, 627 feet; area, 32,000 square miles. Lake Michigan—greatest length, 360 miles; greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; height above the sea, 587 feet; area, 20,000 miles. Lake Huron—greatest length, 200 miles; greatest width, 160 miles; mean depth, 300 feet; height above the sea, 574 feet; area, 20,000 miles. Lake Erie—greatest length, 250 miles; greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 200 feet; height above the sea, 555 feet; area, 6,000 miles. Lake Ontario—length, 180 miles; mean breadth, 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; height above the sea, 262 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. Total length of five lakes, 1,345 miles; total area, 84,000 square miles.

FALSE SPELLING, FROM SOUNDS.—A curious list might be compiled of English words conveying in their present form meanings totally differing from that of their derivatives. The sound of such words has given birth to a new idea, and this idea has become confirmed by a corresponding but erroneous mode of spelling. For instance:

*Dent de lion* (lion's tooth), so named from the root of the plant, is corrupted into *dandylion*, from an idea of the bold, flaunting aspect of the flower.

*Country-dance*, is from *contre-danse*, which refers to the position of the dancers, opposite or "over-against each other."

*Cap-à-pie*, armed from head to foot; from this the homely phrase, *apple-pie* order.

*Folio-Capo* (Italian), first size sheet; corrupted into *foolscap*.

"A GOOD surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand."

TEARS are nature's lotion for the eyes. The eyes see better for being washed with them.

We embark in the cradle for a long voyage; in the coffin for a far longer one.

Four things are grievously empty: a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

When you give up the *substance* of virtue, you may as well give up the *ghost*.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

A Cautious Lover.—"When I courted her," said Spreadweasel, "I took lawyer's advice, and signed every letter to my love—'Yours, without prejudice.'"

This reminds us of a St. Louis friend who recommends his bachelor acquaintance to put on their visiting cards, "Good for this night only."

Louis XVI. asked Count Mahoney if he understood Italian. "Yes, please your Majesty," answered the Count, "if it is spoken in Irish."

A Western editor, in dunning his subscribers, says he has had *responsibilities* thrown upon him which he was obliged to *meat*.

"There was a time when I almost thought that your wife had no tongue at all." "Yes, but 'tis very long since."

The Chasm that Swallows up Wit—Sar-casm.

A Military Road—One that is full of cartridges.

An Irish paper announces that a Mr. Kenney fell from a carriage and broke his neck, but received no further damage.

"That's what I call *capital* punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

Receipt for making pantaloons last—Make the coat and vest first.

When a Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant, he utters the following beautiful sentiment: Little babe, thou enteredst the world weeping, while all around thee smiled; contrive so to live that thou mayst depart in smiles, while all around thee weep."

An Irishman's Opinion of a Yankee.—"Bedad, if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' an' go round sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

It is certainly a paradox that we are naturally desirous of long life, and yet unwilling to be old.

Humor versus Wit.—Humor is the art of saying happy things that have the effect of making others happy; while wit, and especially that grace of it that takes the form of satire, is the art of saying smart things that are the cause of smarting in others.

A lawyer not over young nor handsome, examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her, and said: "Miss, upon my word, you are very pretty!" The young lady very properly replied: "I would return the compliment, sir, if I were not on oath."

A cheerful disposition is the cricket of the soul's hearth-stone.

A singular establishment exists in Russia—the imperial hotel for old, worn horses, built in the park of Tzorkoe Selo, for the reception of animals employed in the service of the emperor. A special cemetery is annexed to the building, and tomb-stones record the names of the horses buried, those of the sovereigns who have ridden them, as well as the battles and memorable events at which the animals have been present.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WOULD you like to take a look at Uncle Robert? The *ayes* will have it. Our young friends have long been coaxing him to present his picture in the MUSEUM. They have been more anxious than ever, since the fine steel engraving of Aunt Sue was published last January. After considerable hesitation, he has consented to be executed for your benefit. A first rate-artist is employed to produce a first-class steel engraved portrait for publication in the MUSEUM next January.

Now we know you will all be desirous of possessing the likeness of one who has so long labored to amuse and instruct you. The conditions on which it will be sent are not hard. We will present the engraving to every subscriber who, before December 26th, pays up what may now be owing for the MUSEUM, and sends one dollar for the next volume, and also to all new subscribers who send their dollar in advance. This will require a large additional outlay, and we look with much confidence to the friends of the MUSEUM to aid us in the matter by increasing our subscription list. Will you each send us at least one new name for 1863, and as many more as may be obtained? We do not ask you to work for nothing, although we know that many will use every effort just to show their good-will to their beloved MUSEUM.

Look over the splendid list of premiums offered, and try and secure one. We have, during the past week, sent two of Wheeler & Wilson's superior Sewing Machines as premiums for obtaining new subscribers—one to a little girl of twelve years, which we shall tell you more about next month.

Meantime look around you, and see how many of you can secure subscribers enough to obtain a sewing machine or a melodeon.

All new and old subscribers who send their pay in advance for next year, will receive the steel engraving of Robert Merry. First come, first served.

---

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *October*.

Just think, Uncle Hi, how long I—and that I a chatterbox—have been "mum," and please don't chop me into mince-meat, nor let the "hydraulic Uncle" make essence of me. I'll *try* to be brief. So, please, let your better feelings predominate, and let me have my say—just this once, that's a dear, good Uncle.

Now, Cousin Black-Eyes, "seeing" I'm "in," my first word is for you. I received *that* photo. I'll tell you privately my opinion thereof—some time. When the A—— becomes a little more antiquated in the art, may I not see you again? Jean Du Casse, certainly, sir; here is my hand affectionately proffered. But, by the way, did you ever hear of Pat's cat? They say I am like it, *i. e.*, "little, but ould."

Lizzie H., I accept and reciprocate; ditto, dear bonnie Daisy and (my) Pet.

Come and see me, cardwise, won't you, please? You too, Homely Face, Pertine, Lucy W. C., etc. I promise truly to return the call. Henry A. Danker, my shooting cousin, I've some curiosity regarding both you and your *carte*. Saucy Nell and Blue-Eyes tell *such* conflicting stories regarding both—do you understand? I should like to judge for myself.

A "great gross" of welcomes and "best wishes" for you, my soldier cousin, Adelbert Older. I agree with you. We ought not to be at peace when almost every other community, whether civil, religious, or social, are "in for it hot and heavy." We wait but for some one to "raise the standard."

Dan H. Burnham, "is you satisfied?" You ought to be. You asked for one, *we* sent you two. Brown-Eyes, you know my sentiments on the "corner" question. Sojourn in Saratoga next August, C. F. Warren. Cousin Oliver, thank you. Apply as my sentiments to yourself what you said to me.

Wanderer, your name looks strangely

familiar in print. I accept with sincere thanks. Come again.

I shouldn't wonder, Johnny Jumpup, if we girls thought of you "poor civilians" just as Jim does. Wait until our maliciouses return, and judge for yourself.

Marian, Saucy Nell, I would be happy to see you at "T. G. I."

Now, dearest Aunty, that letter was not neglected from lack of love. You know that, and you also know *the* reason. Now that the difficulty is removed, expect me soon. WINIFRED.

---

*August* 10*th.*

Fleta, you darling good cousin, how much I thank you for letting me get a glimpse of your sweet self! Let me whisper, when nobody hears, how much I love you. I'll send my "phiz" along soon.

Black-Eyes, how do you know I am always happy? Everybody says so. I don't know how they can tell. Many thanks for your picture, dear cousin; I'll send you mine soon.

Annie Drummond, you'll hear from me soon. Johnny Jumpup, I don't care whether you "believe it" or not! That's cool enough, isn't it? I wish to inform you, also, thou great Jumpup, that I'm not by any means an incorrigible creature. I'll leave it to Fleta if I am.

Jolly Jingle, why don't you let your light shine again? *Sober* damsel! That's good. Oh, no, *I* never romp; very quiet and sedate. "Seems to me" the cousins are not quite as affectionate as of yore. Kisses and such immense bundles of love don't fly round so rapidly as then; but we are growing wiser since. Wilforley honestly came out in his true colors, and knowing not upon whom we are showering our affections, we wisely keep them ourselves.

Aunt Sue, don't think your loving Nellie Van has forgotten your sweet face and kind letter. Her face will soon greet you. Your true MUSEUM-ITE,

NELLIE VAN.

---

*October*, 1862.

There being no circumlocution office with the door-handle tied up with "red tape" attached to the Chat, we can come to the point at once. What a privilege! and mine is a sword's point. These are no "piping times of peace," and why can't we have a little civil war in the Chat—some amiable fighting to keep us from rusting out? O for a *casus belli!* We have no algebraic problems, but already is there a *French invasion* upon the English language, and threatenings of a Latin one—*I* cry "*peccavi.*" We'd have broadsides from Jasper and Tommy, a bayonet charge by Geo. T. McK., "strategy" by the veterans, cavalry skirmishes by Brown-Eyes, Madcap, and company, with the "invincible and invisible" Home Guards as aiders and abettors. How exciting! Won't somebody make a raid?

Saucy Nell, I *am* of "our sex," appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

A white star, Jim, on the forehead of a fine horse is rather desirable, I believe, indicating at least one bright spot in the animal.

I *try* to be short, my Uncle, but I don't wish to be pie-crusty. A. N.

From A. N.'s desire to "*pitch* in," we judge his (?) courage is up to the "*sticking* point."

---

BATAVIA, N. Y.

DEAR CHATTERBOXES:—It is so dull and lonely here this afternoon that I can not resist the temptation of writing to you and having a good long chat, so, Hiram, just keep quiet and grind your hatchet while I am talking. George T. McKinney, I am delighted to make your acquaintance; please send me your carte—I want it ever so much. Jim, you seem to fare better than the rest of us; you have two letters in this month's Chat—how is it? Fred Warren, certainly I'll accept you as Charlie's substitute, but on this condition, that you send me your photo. When shall we have that game? Remember the wager. Don't be afraid, J. L. Monico, we'll none of us hurt you. Wilforley, what's coming next? your letter only occupies half a column; are you growing short in your old age? Did I not see you at the State Fair at Rochester? I saw a gentleman there who looked like your carte. Dan H. Burnham, what young lady do you think would send you her carte before you sent yours. Send me yours, I'll send you mine. Oliver Onley, of course I'll exchange. Daisy Wildwood, if you will come to Batavia I'll show you whether or no I can "caper." Cap Davis, consider yourself introduced to me. Adelbert, I am ready to fall in with your recruits who

are going to "pitch in." But what are we going to "pitch" into? Wanderer, happy to see you; I intend writing to you some time. Marian, I love you already—do you attend the T. G. I.? And now, dear cousins all, won't you all send me your photos? Direct to Box 174, and I will return the favors as soon as possible. Love and half a dozen of kisses to Henry A. Danker, Saucy Nell, Leslie, Winifred, and all others. Uncle Merry, what has become of my old "lovyer, Son of Evening? Do please find him. BLUE-EYES.

---

*Oct.* 13, 1862.

Oh, ingenuity, thy name is Aunt Sue! Hurra for the Prize trials! I've done *heaps* of "pick*à* duty," Uncle Hi, though I haven't been as smart as one of the "brave soldier boys" who went from "our town," whose father, in relating his wonderful exploits, said, "Why, he jumped *right over the picket!*"

J. Jingle, I was in Concord, N. H., a few days since, but didn't see you. I am afraid you haven't the *genuine ring;* or are you the *belle* of the city, otherwise known as the P. est G.'s? Mary of J., are you any related to our Governor? he is always "*Berry well.*" So you've been up in N. H., C. F. W.; why, that is just where *I* live, and I can testify that there *are some* Merrys up among these Granite hills.

Uncle William, if you want to have a merry meeting this autumn, I'll invite you to meet in my father's chestnut woods. "So come one, come all, both great and small." Love to Ellian, and Daisy W., and Pertine, and all the *eyes' family*, and all the rest. LUCY W. C.

How that invitation carries us back to the days when we used to run races with the squirrels among the chestnut-trees. Thank you, Lucy, for the invitation and the pleasant recollections. Were it possible, Uncle William would lead the climbers as of yore.

---

DEAR MERRYS:—Has no one a welcome for me? Uncles, aunt, and cousins, what! do you think it proper for us Merry girls to write to our soldier cousins, as Fred Ryder and Jasper propose? Fleta Forrester, Pertine, Stumbler, and Ellian, I wish very much that you would send me your *c. de v.'s.* I think I shall be able to send you mine in return the first of next year; that is not long to wait. My *vis-à-vis*, George T. McKinney, please send me your *c. de v.* also. All notes, letters, or photos will come safe if directed to Elfie Dryad, Providence, R. I. Fred Ryder, I am proud to extend my hand to you in truest, warmest friendship. May God bless you, and may you return safe from the war with a heart as pure as when you left home. Lucy Nell, I like you, and with you say, let us have plain English in the Chat. Gipsy, I should like to have a good dance with you in the woods. Winifred, here's a kiss for you if you are not "sailing under false colors." If any have a boon to ask, be quick, for I'm away. ELFIE DRYAD.

Come again, Elfie, and bring your whole merry troop.

---

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have come to say that if my "mewing" does not gain me an entrance to the "Chat" now, I shall *scratch* my way in the next time. Mattie, I think that we shall be good friends, as we both possess the same name. Will you send me your photograph? Uncle Merry will give you my address. O. O., I hope that as you are living in Boston, you will stand up for the P. G.'s of that place. I have not seen a single letter in the "Chat" this year from a Californian, and think it is queer that Hesperia, who promised to write an occasional letter, has failed to keep that promise. Wilforley, the artists in this place are so busily employed taking pictures for the soldiers that they refuse to take any more at present than they have on hand, so will you not "take the will for the deed," and send me your "photo?" You can send to "M. E. C., Box No. 16, Jamestown, N. Y."

Uncle Merry, *please* put this in the November number, and I will be under "everlasting obligations" to you. Love to all the cousins, from PUSS.

We thought Puss would be *mews*-ical, but we decidedly object to the *claws* touching the doorkeeper.

---

LONG MEADOW, *Oct.* 8.

DEAR UNCLE:—My MUSEUM showed its welcome face yesterday, and I will chat a little now with the cousins.

No, Mary, I don't live in the "Garden State," but in the good old Bay

State, the best State in the Union. And, Madcap, I *will* stand up for the dignity of Long Meadow. Agnes, I don't believe you live in a better place.

C. F. Warren, I don't live on the Merrimac, but in the green valley of the Connecticut. Be sure that I won't forget you when I come to Boston.

Saucy Nell, you are very spicy; I am not sure but you merit your name. I own a cat named Gipsy, black as a coal. What beautiful weather we are having! but you can not enjoy the soft, sunny, Indian summer days as we do in the country. Love to all the quartette.

Your affectionate niece,

JENNIE B. D.

When we "go to grass," commend us to long meadow.

---

### Extracted Essences.

WANDERER is very grateful for his reception. He pays his respects to O. O., Cap Davis, Black-Eyes, and Wilforley. He inquires of Daisy W. whether, in swallowing the magazine, the letters didn't taste spicy, and the *extracts* a little *irony*. He cautions A. Older that in *pitching* in, some of the *tar*-dy ones may have a *brush* with him.

CAP DAVIS inquires if Nina Gordon left her wits at David's Island. He wants the cousins to knit for the soldiers, to send him their names, and wishes to know if they skate. Won't some of them write to him on *Cap* paper?

AGNES casts sheep's eyes at Oliver, bids Johnny Jumpup remember that "he who springs highest gets the worst falls." She proposes to give Wanderer something jawbreaking, and threatens to "lamb" Uncle Hiram.

CARRIE S. asks us to name her beautiful Newfoundland dog. What say the cousins to calling him "Merry," and occasionally inviting him into the parlor. He might be useful, at times, in guarding the door.

TALKATIVE promises to keep quiet if admitted into the Chat, and wants to sit near Annie Drummond. She is welcome, if she will speak at the right time.

LIBERTY compliments (?) Uncle Robert as looking like Abe Lincoln. Ha! ha! The flowers sent to the Five Points Mission were from her Sunday School. We hope many Sunday Schools will take such *Liberties*. She sends love and blessings to Danker, Jasper, Tommy, Adelbert, and Busy Bee.

JR. is cordially admitted to the parlor. His answer was correct.

HEARTSEASE.—Yes, come in, we all need you, and you shall take turns sitting near each of us.

WINIFRED would like to exchange photos with any and all of the Merry family. Her address is, Emily C. Kellogg, Temple Grove, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

W. R. QUINAN.—We will take the "postage currency" in payment for the MUSEUM, or, what is better, a one-dollar bill of Eastern funds, or Government notes.

---

## Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ADELBERT OLDER answers correctly 25 out of the 28 enigmas in the September number, and as he wins his third prize, I congratulate the remainder of the puzzlers upon getting such a formidable rival out of the way. But Adelbert, you can take your place in the class as competitor for the prize puzzles now on the carpet, and for prize hieroglyphics, etc.

## Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

**296.** My first is half of what you do
When you are wildly dreaming;
My second our two horses drew
One day when Jack was teaming.
My whole the wolves eat when they can;
'Tis said they love me dearly;
And when I'm stripped to cover man,
I run about quite barely. *E. W.*

**297.** Deep in the wood of spreading oaks,
Beneath the tangled boughs,
Where Nature dwells untouched by man,
My first in luxury grows.
My next in gorgeous robes arrayed,
Is queen of all her kind,
Where Nature's touch is most displayed
In beauty undefined:
My whole a lovely garden treasure,
Emblem of love, of joy, and pleasure.
*Jim.*

**298.** My first is one of the features; my second is sometimes used as an interjection; my third is expressive of anger, and my whole is an exercise for which a prize has been offered in the MUSEUM. *Lucy W. C.*

**299.** My first is a tree; my second (by making the final letter double) is what we all do; my third is a measure used by merchants, and my fourth is a quality applied to different things by the same persons; My whole is the name of one of the martyrs of the present war.
*E. & A. Cherry Cheeks.*

**300.** My first first is a pronoun; my second an interjection; my third (in sound) is a passage: what is my whole? *Sam.*

**301.** An island in Oceanica.
A range of mountains in Europe.
A city in Russia.
A county in North Carolina.
A lake in the Middle States.
A mountain peak in North America.
A river in British America.
The initial letters name a county and its capital, and the finals the State it is in. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

**302.** My first is often received yet always was disliked; my second is sought for and found by pleasure-seekers; my *whole* is an article of traffic.
*Busy Bee.*

**303.** My first is a noise sometimes made by an animal; my second is part of an animal, which may be transposed into a whole animal; my whole is criminal. *Blanche.*

**304.** My second is the same as my first, and my whole is a shrub. *Tommy.*

**305.** My first is a bird; my second an insect; my whole is "daddy-long-legs." *O. O.*

**306.** I am a beautiful tree; curtail and transpose me into another tree; transpose the latter into a useful article; replace the last letter, behead and transpose, and you have a boundary line. Curtail the entire word twice, and you have a picture; take the second and third letters away from the entire word, transpose the remainder, and you have another tree. *C. C.*

**307.** Behead a hod, and leave a kind of cloth. *C. F. W.*

**308.** *I met a gunner* —— his game.
*A. S. W.*

**309.** *Rob, I came not* to apply the ——.
*Harrie B.*

**310.** He was so —— that he did me an *evil turn.* *A. O.*

**311.** *I mob seven cats* owing to my ——.
*Bertha.*

**312.** A —— often has to *mind his map.*
*S. D. H.*

With the letters of the words in italics form the original words to fill the blanks.

**313.** Entire, I am something funny; beheaded, an entrance; beheaded again, I am a fragment.
*Fred. W. C. C.*

**314.** My first is a body of water, my second a relative, my whole a time.
*Myrtle P.*

**315.** E10100010001000UN1100ATXN.
*Clite Clinton.*

**316.** Which are the most entertaining of bats. *Clementina.*

**317.** Change my head several times and make (1) a color, (2) a regard, (3) a nickname; (4) to harden, (5) to excite, (6) a mate, (7) an implement, (8) a fish, (9) to form in mass, (10) a part of a coil, (11) to catch.
*Fred. W. C. C.*

**318.** I am composed of 8 letters:
My 7, 4, 6 is a tumor.
My 5, 3, 1, 8 is a fluid.
My 2, 6 is a pronoun.
My whole is sometimes worn by a lady or gentleman. *J. A. R.*

**319.** Why is the hottest country the best? *A. Older.*

FLOWERS, PLANTS, ETC., ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

**320.** A conjunction and a tree.
*D. P. & W. W. W.*

**321.** An insect, an interjection, and a cross. *C. F. W.*

**322.** Part of the body, and what is often worn on it. *Kittie.*

**323.** Part of the body, and what often has to be done to it. *Jennie Clarke.*

**324.** I am composed of 13 letters :
My 11, 12, 4 is a trap.
My 7, 8, 13 is an animal.
My 9, 2, 9 is a nickname.
My 1, 2, 3 is a pronoun.
My 5, 10, 6 is a pronoun.
My whole is a very nice book.
*C. W. H.*

**325.** I am composed of 18 letters :
My 12, 10, 8 is a number.
My 4, 7, 16 is a color.
My 2, 10, 15, 11 is to dissolve.
My 13, 14, 9, 1, 5 is an article of food.
My 6, 3, 18 is a boy's nickname.
My 7, 5, 17 is part of the body.
My whole is the name of the writer's father. *Nedloh.*

**326.** I am composed of 15 letters :
My 14, 13, 7, 10 is a reptile.
My 4, 5, 3, 14 is what gardens are made of.
My 9, 2, 15, 1 it is unfortunate to be.
My 6, 7, 8 is a girl's nickname.
My 3, 11, 12, 14 we all need.
My whole was a celebrated navigator. *D. Bell Butler.*

**327.** My first is a pronoun ; my second is one half of my last ; my third is an important person ; my fourth is an exclamation ; my fifth is twice my second ; and my whole is a peculiar expression. *Juvenis.*

(*Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 10th of December.*)

## Answers to Questions in Sept. No.

**239.** Lake.
**240.** Union.
**241.** Licking.
**242.** Warlock.
**243.** They have always agreed.
**244.** Flake, lake.
**245.** BOOK-CASE. Baltic, Odessa, Olympus, Killanaule.
**246.** Desolation.
**247.** Liquorice.
**248.** Oliver, Olive, Levi.
**249.** Lover, cover, hover, mover, rover.
**250.** Philosophy.
**251.** Turks, sturk.
**252.** Owe nothing.
**253.** Arm-chair. (Several have answered "*Footman.*")
**254.** R U A TT. (Are you a tease?)
**255.** Antoine Coysevox.
**256.** Uncle Hiram Hatchet.
**257.** Waste not want not.
**258.** Phaeton.
**259.** Always speak the truth.
**260.** Because it is void of offence (a fence).
**261.** Preternatural.
**262.** Preliminary.
**263.** Ichthyosaurus.
**264.** Rodomontade.
**265.** Charleston, South Carolina.
**266.** Watch over your heart, to keep out all vice.

ADELBERT OLDER answers all but 251, 255, 257.

*Jeannie M.* answers all but 243, 251, 255, 263.

*Mary A. E.* answers all but 245, 247, 251, 255.

*A. S. W.* answers all but 242, 243, 251, 255.

*E. W. W.* answers all but 243, 247, 251, 255.

*Frank* answers all but 243, 247, 251, 255.

*Ned W.* answers all but 243, 246, 251, 255.

*Clementina* answers all but 243, 248, 251, 255, 263.

*Anna W. N.* answers all but 243, 247, 248, 251, 255, 256.

*Bertha* answers all but 245, 247, 248, 251, 252, 254, 255, 257, 264.

*C. W. J.* answers all but 242, 243, 244, 246, 247, 251, 253, 255, 263.

*W. R. Q.* answers 239, 240, 241, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 255, 262, 263, 264, 265.

*Josie* answers 239, 240, 241, 246, 248, 249, 250, 252, 257, 258, 259, 265.

*M. L. Dolbeer* answers 239, 241, 249, 252, 256, 258, 259, 265.

*Echo* answers 239, 241, 242, 254.

*Clara* answers 260, 261, 262, 266.

*Zouave* answers 250.

*Fred. W. Burnham* answers 266.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Clara.*—Many thanks for the *c. de v.* I'll return it when you send a better; at present I am very well satisfied.

*A. Older.*—The anagrams are very good. Don't forget your promise.

*Pertine.*—You have left some one else in the dark, too.

*Black-Eyes.*—*Pertine* and *Zephyr* wish to know what has become of you, and so do I.

*Osceola* wishes to be introduced to all the Merry cousins who are in the army or navy (*Jasper*, *Tommy*, *Geo. T. McKinney*, *Wanderer*, and others, will please to make their several bows, and consider themselves introduced); he sends his love to all the Merry cousins.

*Clementina.*—A short sensible sentence would be "considered better" than a long senseless one, but of two equally sensible sentences the longest would have the preference. The *c. de v.* received with thanks. Give my love to her who kindly writes while you study.

*M. L. Dolbeer* desires to be introduced to the cousins. That was very terrible, certainly, the loss of those melons: perhaps your father was whistling as he drove along, "Away with *melon*-choly"—?

*Jeannie M.*—I don't wonder you are proud of Philadelphia.

*Anna W. N.*—Welcome back again.

*Beauclerc.*—I wish you all manner of success.

*J. Jumpup.*—*Beauclerc* would like to "scrape acquaintance" with some of the Merry cousins, and as you are in his neighborhood, he wishes me to give him "a tip" to you. (TIP; top, end, point, extremity, to tap, to lean, to incline.—*Worcester.*) Help yourselves to "tips," gentlemen.

*Echo* takes a special fancy to Pertine, and would like a seat by her; but would like the *cartes de visite* of *Zephyr*, *Madcap*, and *Brown-Eyes*.

*Zouave* is much pleased with *Wanderer's* letter, and hopes he will write again.

*Marian.*—*Saucy Nell* wants your address.

*S. D. H.*—With regard to the Sept. prize puzzle, only one sentence will be accepted from any family where only one copy of MERRY'S MUSEUM is taken. Each competitor is allowed but one word, and but one sentence from that word. Six prizes are to be distributed to six different competitors.

*D. P. W.*—See remarks to *S. D. H.*

*C. M. E.* is "masculine," and lives in Illinois. Your letter came too late for further notice.

*C. M. E.*—D. P. & W. W. Wight would like to have you write to them.

*Lucy W. C.*—See notice to *Clementina*.

*William R. Q.*—Your resolutions are certainly praiseworthy, and for the publisher's sake I hope they will be *unanimously carried*. You will see that your solution to the rebus was just one word deficient.

*A. S. W.*—While "try again" is your motto, success must attend you.

*Geo. T. McKinney.*—I am to ask you if you are acquainted with a *Mr. Words* of your regiment, who spent a day at Rockaway with *Josie*.

*S. R. B.*—Your answer is not correct, and the riddle *is* "complete." I should think your handwriting a boy's, but for the crossings of the t's.

*Nell of B.*—Does "James" end "well"? He *was* a neighbor, but I moved.

*Alice Clayton* sends her love to *Agnes* and the rest of the cousins.

*Mamie E. M.* sends love to all the cousins, and wants to know if any of them are Brooklynites.

*Annie E. D.* says, "Will Alice Clayton, and Elfie Dryad, and Agnes, and all of them, send me their cartes?"

*Alice Clayton's* box is 86.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *A. Older*, *Clementina, Jr.*, *Harry's father*, *C. W. J.*, *Blue-Eyes*, *S. D. H.*, *W. R. Q.*, and *Mamie E. M.*

NOTICE.

Since I wrote the article, "Deaf, Dumb, and Blind," I have received from Dr. Skinner a copy of a little paper published at their institution in Trenton, N. J. The paper is a curiosity. The editor is a blind man; the compositors are deaf and dumb; the presswork is performed by the blind; the papers are folded by the blind, and wrapped by mutes. If any of the Merry cousins, in the kindness of their hearts, want to subscribe for the paper (one dollar a year), or to send any contribution to such a worthy cause, I shall be most happy to be their agent, or they can direct "to the Mute and the Blind, Trenton, N. J." AUNT SUE.

## CHARLIE AND MEGGIE AT CHRISTMAS.

FROM off the very tall trees, with boughs branching wide over Singing Brook, the leaves were fallen. Wide open were the chestnut-burs—no longer may boys or squirrels search for nuts. High up on Crown Hill, hemlock, cedar, and whispering-pine, with the laurel nestling at their feet, were the only verdure-clad children of all the forest. November winds had chilled the life-current in all else of vegetable life. December's still, cold, resting-time was come. Earth, from a New England point of view, wore a quiet, comfortable, sleepy, tucked-in expression. White sheets were spread over Singing-Brook valley. No voice came up from it but the far-away, deep under-sound that has only the felt murmur of a dream.

Mr. Johnson's home is just where we left it three months ago, in the time of the September frost, when Charlie was so joyant. The snow-fort was built from December's earliest snow. The sun has melted it away since then—its foundation-stone is covered with winter's deeper snows. There is no one in the breakfast-room yet, in Charlie's home. There's a nice fire burning on the hearth. It's shockingly careless, though, to leave this chestnut or walnut wood, that snaps its fiery bits over the rug, and half way across the carpet, without any one to watch it. On a small table lies a large book. I will look into it while waiting. I open it, and my eyes fall upon the words, "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

Do all the children who read this story know what book I have opened, and who wrote those words? This book, little ones, is our Holy Bible, the most precious thing that this round world contains—all life-truth is in it. A great prophet, into whose

heart God poured much wisdom, to whose sight were given wonderful visions of what would come to be in future years, and who heard beautiful words and precious promises from the Lord of heaven, which were given unto him that he should tell them unto all the people, wrote the words that I read. They were part of a song that Jehovah bade Isaiah to say "should be sung in a coming day in the land of Judah." Listen! I hear them now, in the land that we are in, centuries after they were written. Margaret, lame Margaret, who was so kind to Mrs. Anson, sending clothes nice and warm for her wee baby, when the cold first came, is on the stairs. I hear her crutch striking every one, and keeping time with her voice. She sings, "Trust in the Lord, for He is good." And Margaret knows that He is good. How did she find it out?

Charlie opened his door before Margaret had reached the hall floor. On the top stair he cries out, "Now, out of the way, Meggie, I'm coming—frozen, too, and you're afraid of icebergs, so off the lee-shore, quick." Margaret was cold, too—her fingers were stiffened by it. She called to Charlie to stop, but he had commenced his slide upon the baluster, and came down, a boy avalanche. His feet caught Margaret's crutch, and she fell, but not on the floor, for their father, hearing Charlie's words, came out of his room in time to save her.

"I didn't mean it, Meggie, I didn't," said Charlie, "but then I've been a great help to you."

"A precious help you are to your lame sister—for shame, Charlie!" said his father, still holding Meggie, and kissing her good-morning. She took the chance to whisper, "Don't scold him, papa—I am sure he won't do so again."

"Just see, Meggie, how much I have helped you," said Charlie, with merry mischief in his eyes and voice. "I have dusted all the baluster for you, and you can have time to finish papa's—" Meggie had gained the floor, and her little hand covered Charlie's mouth ere it gave its secret out.

"Don't tell, Charlie—that would be worse than giving me a fall."

"I hope my Meggie's falls will always be into as kind a haven," thought Mr. Johnson, as he led the way into the breakfast-room.

"The arms of the Lord are always around about those that trust in Him." Meggie trusts—she is safe.

My place in Mr. Johnson's home was ever open, and I had come now to stay the Christmas-time with them. Years ago, Charlie's and Meggie's father and I had been school friends, and the old friendship was still bright.

Breakfast came and was eaten, and the duties of the day began. Margaret was making her first large garment, in the shape of a dressing-gown for her father's Christmas gift; and many were the hours in which her small head had planned and her busy fingers toiled in its construction. She had a pattern. It was a much-faded and thoroughly-worn article, made by her dead mother's hands, and never worn since her death, but put carefully away amid her father's treasures. Therefore Margaret could only gain certain unsatisfactory glimpses of how it was made, for she could not take it out of the sacred chest which contained her father's treasures. It was this dressing-gown secret that Charlie was prevented from telling.

Christmas was now very near; three days only would the sun arise and go

down ere it would come. The same evening, when Charlie came in from school, he found Margaret using the last rays of western light in the stitching on of the trimming. It was bright and pretty. Charlie paused, books and skates in hand, to watch her.

"That's pretty. Father will look finely in it. I wonder how 'twould fit me—let's try it."

"Don't, Charlie. I'm in a big hurry. I want to finish this before candle-time."

"Will you make me one next Christmas if I won't tease you, just the least little?"

"I'll be a good sister if you will please me just the least little. I wish you to go down to Mr. Oliver, and tell him that I depend on his having my work done before Christmas."

"Mr. Oliver! Margaret, what do you mean? A blacksmith—what is he doing for you — shoeing your horse?"

"My horse is on the wild prairies yet, I guess, Charlie; but go now—you shall know all in good time."

Charlie went, and soon after, Margaret, seeing her father coming up the walk, hastened to put away the evidences of her unseen labor, and met him with the bright, cheering smile that always made itself radiant to his heart. They sat in the dimness of outward twilight and inward firelight, silently, for some moments. Margaret had been wishing for a whole month for the courage to ask a question. Her father very rarely said "No" to his lame darling—not because she was his darling and lame, but because she seldom asked unwisely. This unvarying wish of her father's to please only made her the more careful of asking.

"Now is my chance," thought she, "Charlie is away, and I'll try." She began with, "Papa, you know Cedar Grove school-house?"

"Yes, Meggie—what of it?"

"It's very near, and nobody's using it now."

"Well?"

"Won't you please rent it to me?"

"What for, Meggie, and how much will you pay me for it?"

"Just for two days, papa. You'll not charge me very much, and I'll pay you."

"When?"

"On Christmas Day."

"What?"

"Please wait and see—something good as gold, I promise you."

"So I am to take your word, which I am to believe 'as good as your note.' I think I will trust—you may have it."

"Thank you, papa; but now I've got that, I want a great deal more—ever so many things. I'll pay interest in advance, now;" and Margaret arose softly from the footstool at her father's feet, and folded her arms around his neck, and two warm tears, fresh from her heart and eyes, fell on his forehead to prepare the way for the kisses just behind. That was all a mistake; but then we are inclined to believe Charlie's statement, oft repeated in chestnutting-time, that "girls do cry so easily," and that Meggie couldn't help it.

"Let us have the ever-so-many things, only don't put any tears in them."

"I won't, father. I want, let me see—first, you know, you gave me an old stove. Mr. Oliver is mending it, and putting in the parts that are gone. When he sends it home, won't you let John put it up for me right away, for it won't come any too soon for Christmas?"

"Granted, chickie—what next?"

"Some corn?"

"After that?"

"All in one, papa. I wish you would put Hannah under my orders—that's all, and a great deal."

"Isn't she always under your orders?"

"Yes, to do the ordinary work, but mine is extraordinary."

At this moment Charlie made his appearance, with the news that Mr. Oliver "will have Miss Meggie's work all done to-morrow."

"Go to the kitchen, and tell Hannah to come to me, Charlie," bade Mr. Johnson.

Hannah came.

"I put you under the orders of Miss Margaret from now till Christmas; anything she bids you to do, do it; only don't forget the dinner for myself and friends on Christmas Day—she might wish you to starve me."

Hannah went back to the tea-getting in a mist. She couldn't think "what was going to happen—something, sure, for she never got no such talking to before since she'd been in the house," she declared to Mary, who was waiting to know "what the cook could be wanted for in the parlor."

Meggie was perfectly satisfied for the present. Since Charlie had suggested the idea of having a dressing-gown, she had come to the conclusion that she might make him one. She had nearly enough left of the material of which she had made her father's. "It will be so pleasant," she thought, "such a surprise to both, just alike—one large, one small"—and all the evening her hands were aching to open the closet-door and examine the hastily-put-away remnants. But no; there sat her father, not too much drowned in his newspaper to leave her unnoticed, and Charlie would be sure to betray her if she went to the closet, so still she sat, knitting a stocking for Mrs. Anson's baby, for Mrs. Anson was still very poor, and living in the "Lodge."

Mr. Johnson was not unmindful of Margaret to-night. If she had looked at him, she would have seen that every now and then his eyes rested upon her with the quiet satisfaction of one who is *sure* that he holds a treasure.

Margaret did not know how her face was illuminated by the pictures she sat painting on the Christmas canvas.

She had arrived at a glowing point in one, when all unconsciously a wealth of smile broke over her sweet features at the instant her father looked up.

He spoke. "Put up that knitting, Margie, dear—"

"Just let me knit into the middle of my needle."

"And come to me."

She came.

"Margaret, would you like to go away to school?"

"No, sir;" and a cloud dropped over the Christmas gallery.

"Why not?"

"Because I can't go away from you, and Charlie wouldn't be good—would you, Charlie?"

"Wouldn't do at all, father! I couldn't stand it, possibly. I should miss the music of that old crutch *indescribably;*" and Charlie was a long time in performing so large a word.

"That's it, father," whispered Margaret, and her parted lips trembled, "that crutch."

Mr. Johnson saw, heard, and felt, but he appeared to do nothing of the kind, for he replied to Charlie only by the question, "I believe we are all fond of music—aren't we?"

"I love it," said Margaret.

"Harry Anson knows how to whistle," suggested Charlie.

Father and sister laughed at Charlie's evidence of his love for music.

"Go to bed now, my children, and, Margie, ask Hannah to give us breakfast half an hour earlier than usual. I'm going away to-morrow."

"Going away! Where to?" asked both children at once.

"To Boston."

"Boston! oh, how nice!" exclaimed Charlie; "I wish I could go and see the fine things."

"I couldn't leave Meggie all alone; I shall return the night before Christmas, so have supper ready for me when I come."

"I wish he would take Charlie," thought Margaret, "then I could make his dressing-gown; but, I'll manage him, I guess," and she went to bed with only one more question, whose answer was perfectly satisfactory. It was that "she should not be sent to school."

Mr. Johnson went to Boston—Margaret finished her father's dressing-gown, and getting out a jacket of Charlie's for a measure, with Mary's help she finished his the "night before Christmas" had come. Mr. Oliver sent home the stove. John turned out the corn, husks and all, that had been stored in the unused school-house, for such were his master's orders, swept out all evidences of a granary, and put in order the place generally. The stove was duly placed in a heating locality, and the fire lighted in it.

"I've been so busy," said Margaret to John as she went out to see what had been done, "I meant to have fixed up this place."

"How, Miss Margaret?"

"Gotten some evergreens from Crown Hill, and dressed it up for Christmas, but it's too late."

"What kind would you have put up?"

"Anything green makes the place look cheerful. I'm much obliged to you, John, for making it clean; and now I wish you to go to six places for me," and she mentioned them all, "and ask the children at each one to come here to-morrow at two o'clock; tell the mothers that I want them, and don't forget yours, John—I want all four of them."

It was almost time for her father's coming, and Margaret hastened back to see that the "supper was waiting."

He came. Every thing was in readiness for the morrow. Hannah had done her duty by obeying orders for two dinners instead of one. The two dressing-gowns were folded and waiting; the stockings for Mrs. Anson's baby had received the last stitch, and Santa Claus' time was very near.

The children were in a state of ignorance concerning that "going to Boston," which was extraordinary to a large degree—but Mr. Johnson chose to leave them thus.

After Margaret and Charlie were gone away for all night, Mr. Johnson went to search for John, whom he had informed of a piece of work waiting to be done. He found him in the Cedar Grove school-house, doing what? Putting trees of green in the corners and winding rude vines around the windows.

"What's this for?" asked Mr. Johnson, for John had been obstinate about the trouble of removing "all that corn."

"Miss Margaret hadn't time to fix it," she said, "and I thought I'd try. I didn't know 'twas for the young lady, or I shouldn't have thought the corn too much trouble, sir."

Mr. Johnson helped John to beautify

the premises, and then the "piece of work" began to be executed.

All quietly through the darkness of evening a large wagon had been driven to the side-door and left there. Now, its contents began to be loaded, and it was two full hours before they were housed and in order. Charlie was not too old for stocking-hanging, and it was well filled ere Mr. Johnson slept. A new sled, larger and finer than any the village knew, awaited his opening eyes. Meggie, dear Meggie, slept—no clouds in her dream-land; her gift was too large for her tiny stocking—two could not have held it.

Dawn-light crept over the earth, the latest star had not gone away beyond the depths of light when Margaret looked out from her window. "Papa isn't yet up," she thought, "and if 'twere not for this crutch of mine, I might steal in and lay it beside him, without his awakening, if Charlie would only be quiet just for this once. I'll try him," was her final resolve, and she awoke him from a busy dream, wherein he was sliding down Crown Hill, over the tops of the snow-covered trees, on a sled as large as the roof of the "Meeting House."

"Why didn't you wait till I got to the bottom?" he said, with mock mourning in his voice, "I was just going against Half-Way-Price—but where's my stocking?"

Margaret succeeded in making Charlie understand what was his mission, telling him that she had hidden his gifts, and would make him wait for them till he came back.

Charlie achieved his morning task to his entire satisfaction, nevertheless Mr. Johnson's eyes were opened fast enough to gain a shadow of proceedings, and then they closed again, till his boy had gone. A bit of paper was upon the whitely covered pile. "Mamma's is too precious for wear—Meggie's won't be."

In the interim of Charlie's absence Margaret had been very busy; she drew in the mammoth sled and laid the stuffed stocking thereon. The "wee dressing-gown," with its bright colors, she placed very near, with "Wear it to breakfast," written on a bit of paper on it; then she heard Charlie coming and hasted to meet him in the hall. She had not gained her room before Charlie's voice broke into great drums of sound and fifty hurrahs, that left no sleep lingering in the house. Soon the iron-bound sled was dealing destruction to the hall-carpet and pleasure to the boy, who proceeded with it to Margaret, dressed in his pretty dressing-gown. "Who says dreams don't come true—and that you aren't the dearest, preciousest sister that ever was, even if you do cry?" he said, kissing Margaret. "What can I give you? I haven't anything for your Christmas present."

"Yes, you have, Charlie, just the very thing I want most."

"Ask it."

"The old sled."

"What for? You can't slide."

"Harry Anson can; and he can carry his mother's wood from the forest, and the heavy clothes-baskets home on it—won't that be nice?"

"Yes, for Harry; but that isn't for you."

"Yes it is for me, because it made me ache to see him last night with the heavy pile of wood tied together on his back—and now I shall not ache any more—*for him.*"

"What a queery you are!—but the sled is yours."

Great was the surprise and pleasure in the breakfast-room; the two new gowns were charming fits, and just alike, save in size. Order seemed departed from the place. Mary was bidden "to build the parlor fire" before breakfast was done. Margaret asked why, and received for reply that "a new inhabitant had come."

"We don't make inhabitants visitors."

"We pay them extra attentions, though, when they first appear."

"I haven't seen him—when will he come? why didn't you wait breakfast? we have not been very polite, I fear," and Miss Housekeeper looked troubled.

"Our inhabitant doesn't eat breakfast, Margaret—don't be troubled. Come, I'll introduce you, only don't expect any shaking hands."

The party moved on to the parlor, by this time warmed slightly, and then beheld Margaret's Christmas gift—a piano.

"This is the best Christmas that ever came, I know," exclaimed Charlie walking up and down before the new inhabitant.

"Oh! no, Charlie, remember the *first*," whispered Margaret, ere she said,

"How shall I thank you, dear papa?"

"By proving the truth of your assertion, that you love music."

Dinner-time came, and with it the expected guests, all friends; included were the clergyman and his family of the church in which Mr. Johnson worshiped.

"Papa, I've two dinners to preside at to-day, please excuse me now; my second party are hungry, I know, and the first are satisfied, I think," said Meggie, when dinner was over.

"We will excuse you, you may go," was her father's reply. John was doing the reception honors when Margaret arrived, and saw for the first time the "evergreen adornments, and the rosy faces that December's cold had painted.

"What for did we come?" asked one wee one.

"To see me," replied Margaret, "to eat some dinner, and to hear a story that I have to tell you afterward; don't you like stories?"

"Yes, and dinner, and you, too."

Hannah entered into the spirit of the occasion, partly because John's children, who were her nephews and nieces, were of the party, and yet more, because she loved gentle, lame Margaret.

With the united efforts of John and Hannah the table was soon made ready, and upon it was laid a dinner, not less ample and comfortable than that first eaten by the guests of Mr. Johnson. The second was the larger party—nineteen children composed it. Harry Anson was of the number, and this was the best dinner he had ever seen or eaten. All were children in whose homes Margaret knew the ample board was never spread. After dinner came the story—Charlie and the clergyman's children came out in time to hear it. It was an old-fashioned, glowing story that made the children's eyes grow full of wonder and their hearts beat with new love, told in Margaret's sweetest tones, and with the voice of love. It was made up of the hill-country of Judea, the city of Bethlehem, in which was an inn where lay God's great Christmas to man, a little child; of wise men coming from the far east, guided by a moving star to the cradle where the infant lay; of a bright-winged angel in the depths of night coming down from high heaven to a group of watching shepherds keeping flocks on Judean heights, and crying unto the frightened ones, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy," and ere the one angel's words were done, and the shepherds' eyes lifted up, the great hosts of angels coming down and pouring a flood of light and music o'er the hills. "And they sang," said Margaret, "'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.' This was God's gift to all on earth, and it is because of it, and God's love thus shown unto us, that we give *little* gifts to show our love for our friends and the suffering; and if we accept the Christmas of the good God, and love His dear Son, and obey His words, then we shall receive another present from Him when we die;" and dear, lame Margaret painted the new gift of eternal life in the glorious heaven, and her father heard the story, though unseen, and whispering, said to the clergyman, "I know now why I built this school-house—I have ever considered it waste of money; hereafter I shall hold it as my choicest investment." The little ones went home rejoicing. The stove made a journey the same evening, on the sled that Margaret gave to Harry Anson; it finished its wanderings at the coal-burner's lodge, and in wintry days diffused its warmth through the home and heart of the widow.

A fragment of Mr. Johnson's Boston mission arrived the evening of Christmas day. It was Margaret's governess. Eventually, Cedar Grove school-house became frequented by many little ones, coming up to be taught by Margaret's instructor. Margaret's Christmas story—will they remember it *forever?* It will be the last knowledge of earth that will be of use first in heaven. Tell it over, children all—tell it until your hearts feel its slightest echo—tell it until every little one shall have heard the notes of the sweet story—lisp it at morning and at evening, until you see the gates whereon it is written in stones most precious.

## MOUNT SPIRLINGSTEIN.

THIS singular-looking mountain is situated near the right bank of the river Elbe, in the country of Bohemia, which you will remember is the northern state of the Austrian empire. Travelers say that at a little distance it exactly resembles the ruins of a huge castle. In ancient times, before cannon made such defenses useless, every great lord or baron, as many of them were styled, had his castle or fortress. The banks of the rivers of Germany abound with such works. Spirlingstein, with its many turrets, looks as if the Giant of the Mountains might have held his court there.

Such mountains are wonderful monuments of the tremendous power which sometimes heaves up the surface of the earth. Geologists tell us that the interior of this world is a mass of glowing fire. At times this is disturbed by some means, and it bursts its way through the surface or crust of the earth, and finds an outlet by forming a volcano. Hundreds of miles of mountains have thus been forced up above the level of the surrounding country, some of them to the height of many thousand feet. On such occasions terrible earthquakes are felt, and whole cities have been destroyed by them in a single hour. Fortunately for man, most of these convulsions occurred before the creation of the race, and the towering mountains indicate periods of time long previous to the day when God completed creation on this planet.

# SILVER AND GOLD;*

## OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MARTIN AND NELLY BOOKS.

### CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"A FRESHET, a freshet!" Nathan screamed with all his might, and ran to the other tent to give the alarm. He met his father half way. He saw more by the white, livid look on his father's face, than by anything else, the great danger to which they were exposed.

"Wake Gilbert—be quick, Nathan, be quick!" cried his father. "Run up the hill as fast as you can—all of you!" he added, as his wife and Majory appeared at the doorway of their tent but half dressed, fear and consternation written on their countenances. "Be quick, for the water is gathering fast! We shall be overflowed—the valley will be overflowed! Run, mother! run, Majory!"

But to splash through the fierce stream of water that was every moment gathering depth and strength around them was easier said than done. The tents, fortunately, had been pitched on a slight elevation. As yet they were not reached by the flood, but stood unharmed on their little knoll. Before the distracted travelers could recover from the first shock of surprise, this knoll had become an island, and there they stood, appalled, and almost despairing, cut off from the mainland.

Every moment of hesitation added to the danger. The height from which the water fell gave it a savage impetus. Its current was strong like that of rapids.

The mules, poor beasts, having been tied to a tree to keep them from straying away during the night, were snorting and struggling in the very strongest part of the stream.

Hurriedly, Mr. Morgan seized Majory in his arms, and shouting to the others to try to follow him, he attempted to pass across that part of the water where it flowed less violently. He reached the opposite shore with some difficulty, however; for although Majory tried to be a little heroine, and did not scream or shrink as she felt herself being borne over, her weight was not slight, and more than once her father felt himself tottering among the strong waves. When he turned to go back, leaving Majory in safety, he saw to his horror that the island had materially diminished in size. On its edge stood his wife wringing her hands, as by turns she ventured a little into the stream, and then retreated, alarmed at its force. Nathan and Gilbert stood near her, Gilbert crying loudly and half paralyzed with the same fear and indecision that influenced Mrs. Morgan, and Nathan, his face rigid and pale from excitement, vainly endeavoring to urge each of them to make the effort to save themselves.

"Come on—come on!" cried Mr. Morgan in a hoarse voice. "Don't hesitate—don't wait! Can't you see it rises every moment?"

His words were almost drowned in the rush and din of the waterfall, but by his tones and energetic gestures

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. N. Stearns, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

the little party gathered a portion of his meaning. When he reached them, in a few brief sentences he bade Nathan and Gilbert to come with him at once, as by the time he could lead his wife over, it would be utterly unsafe to cross again.

"Mother, give me your hand on one side," said he, "and Gilbert, you take my other, and Nathan take yours. We will wade slowly over together, and each one can protect the other."

All the while as he spoke the water was rising, rising. All the while as he spoke, the force steadily increased in volume, while the mist from it slowly pervaded the air.

The boys grasped each other's hand. Nathan felt Gilbert's shiver as they did so. Mr. Morgan put one arm around his wife's waist, and with the other steadying Gilbert as well as he could, they plunged into the torrent. It was shallow at first, but gradually deepened. Now it reached the knees, now the waist, and now it bubbled and hissed under the arms of the boys, and made their footing uncertain and irregular.

Once, when they seemed to have reached the roughest and deepest portion of the current, Nathan heard his mother murmur softly to herself, "Oh, God, Thy will be done!"

On, on they went, slowly but surely.

Occasionally, a frothy wave would dash over the face of the children, leaving them gasping and stunned. But they saw Majory on the bank to which they were approaching, and heard her calling to them with all her might not to be afraid, and they took courage. Even Gilbert ceased whimpering, overpowered by the magnitude of the danger. Nathan never uttered a sound.

They neared the shore. The water was not shallow, as on the other side. It seemed almost as deep as it had been in the center. A few yards more only remained, and they would be on dry land again. An abrupt ledge of rocks lay immediately before them, and this was the boundary of the stream. To aid his wife to climb this, and thus place her at once in safety, Mr. Morgan let go Gilbert's hand, telling him at the same time to hold on by the rock for a moment, till his and Nathan's turn came.

But as Gilbert felt those strong fingers unclasp from his, he uttered a faint, stifled cry. He found that his feet wavered under him, from the withdrawal of the support. He was so weak from his recent illness, and so altogether unnerved by the events of the morning, that now his presence of mind deserted him entirely.

Instead of seizing on the jagged points of the rock, he dragged his other hand from Nathan and threw up both his arms wildly in the air, as if to steady himself. Scarcely making a sound, he sank suddenly backward into the swollen torrent. To regain his footing was now an impossibility. Before Nathan could realize that Gilbert had actually let go his hand, he saw him roll over and over with the force of the waves, as they leaped away from the shore.

Oh! how the look of Gilbert's wide, agonized eyes smote him! Oh! how the appeal of his poor extended hands went to his very heart!

Mr. Morgan had not seen what had taken place, as his back was toward Gilbert, and it required all his attention and strength to lead his wife, but as a frantic scream went up from Majory, he turned and saw—what?

Gilbert borne hither and thither on

the stream, now dashed against rocks, now hurled against the trunks of trees, and Nathan swimming, looking, floundering after him to save him if he could! To seek his companion's rescue had been Nathan's first impulse—his first thought. He did not pause to reflect on his own risks, but dashed at once into the current. He knew that he was the stronger of the two, and that while Gilbert could not make much resistance to the torrent, he, with a cooler head and a more powerful frame might, perhaps, not only do so, but also save him from it.

The waves came into his eyes and blinded him. He felt himself, at times, thrown rudely against the rocks, but a sickening sense of bodily pain and distress did not make him falter. He raised his head, after each fresh emersion, and shouted to Gilbert not to be afraid, for he would save him yet.

There was purpose in everything he did. He saw that to overtake Gilbert before it was too late, he must make all possible speed. The tide bore them both along pretty equally; the distance between them remaining about the same. In lessening this space lay Nathan's hope, therefore he swung himself along by branches of trees when they presented themselves in his course, and exerted all his strength to swim when they did not.

Suddenly, the thought struck him that just below that part of the stream was a mass of rocks, down which the water must make a second fall, immeasurably less than the first, but still a fall. To be borne over this, would be destruction to either of them. He *must* reach Gilbert at once. To save *himself* by clinging to the various objects which obstructed the way, he felt to be easy enough; to overtake Gilbert, and save him as well, became his firm resolve.

He dreaded that his strength would give way. This was his only fear for himself. To his delight he saw that now his attempts were successful, and that he was reaching Gilbert. He wondered that Gilbert did not resist somewhat, and he called to him to hold back all he could. He did not know that the poor boy had become insensible, and was being carried along at the mercy of each wave. At last Nathan found himself close to him. Just as he put out one hand to seize him, however, a huge wave rolled between them. Then it passed, Nathan dashed forward with a final effort, and grasped his companion tightly. Then he threw himself sideways toward a tree that happened to be near, and clasped it securely with one arm.

It was all over now; he felt that they were safe, for from the land he heard his father's encouraging voice, crying to him to "hold fast; hold fast!" and he would soon bring them both to shore.

All this happened in a very few seconds after Gilbert relinquished Nathan's and his father's hands and fell backward in the water. Nathan had leaped after Gilbert, and had seized him almost as soon as Mr. Morgan turned and was made fully aware of what had transpired.

To rush down the bank of the stream and wade cautiously out to the two children (for, although the water was above their heads, it did not reach above his shoulders), was the work of a very little while with Mr. Morgan. The only difficulty lay in stemming the extreme force of the current, and to bear at the same time

a heavy burden. He found it a perilous task.

Who shall describe the thankfulness of Nathan's mother, as the two boys were at length brought to shore?

A film came over Nathan's eyes as he saw himself in a place of safety, and heard his mother and Majory asking anxiously if he were hurt. It was not long, however, before he returned to consciousness. Hearing the roar of the water, he shuddered as he recalled all he had just passed through.

"Gilbert," he moaned, "where is Gilbert? Is he *dead?*"

"No, my blessed child," answered his father's trembling voice, "Gilbert is recovering fast, God be thanked! You saved him, Nathan—my good, brave boy, you saved him!"

It is needless to describe the forlorn journey of our travelers homeward.

The mules had been destroyed in the freshet, as well as all the baggage, and half clad, hungry, and sick, the rest of the way had to be performed, by one and all, on foot. To Nathan and Gilbert this was a severe trial, for the wounds they had received made every moment painful. They had to make a new, roundabout road, too, to avoid the course of the freshet, and this, considering the state of things, was an added misfortune. To break through wild under-brush with main force, when several of the party were only fit to be in bed, was very depressing work. Still, the remainder of the route was down-hill, and that was a great satisfaction.

"It is never so bad," said Majory, cheerfully, in allusion to this fact, "but that it can be worse." And she trudged along, now giving her arm to Nathan to lean upon, now darting ahead to protect Gilbert from some obstructing boughs.

Late in the afternoon they arrived home, completely worn out. Home! the word was as delicious music in their ears! Once there, Nathan's strength gave way. His bruised limbs had stiffened by this time, and the excitement having passed, left him in an enfeebled condition.

Aid was promptly procured, but it was too late to prevent the setting in of a violent fever. For weeks he lay ill, confined to his bed. He had the tenderest of nurses in his mother and Majory, but he was unconscious of all their care for a long, long time.

Gilbert, strange to say, escaped with a few days' indisposition. This could be only accounted for on the ground that his injuries while in the stream were far slighter than those of Nathan; and certainly his mental excitement and bodily effort had been less, because, while he was insensible, Nathan had fought like a lion, not only for his own life, but for that of another, too.

Nathan had risked much to follow the Golden Rule.

The day that Mrs. Morgan first saw signs of returning reason in Nathan was just four weeks after the freshet. She had been sitting by the bedside sewing, when hearing a faint, long sigh from her patient, she bent over him anxiously.

He recognized her at once.

"Mother," he said, "mother, I *did not* let him drown, did I? I did not let him look at me *that way* when he fell back in the water and not try to save him, did I?"

The tears rose to his mother's eyes.

"No, Nathan," she said, tenderly; "Gilbert is well and strong. We all love you, Nathan. You are our own noble boy once more. Everything is right again."

"Everything is right again," he repeated dreamily. "Oh, I am so glad! They will not despise me *now*, will they?"

He closed his eyes wearily, but a smile of deep, serene peace lingered around his thin lips, as they uttered lowly, not once, but many times—

"Everything is right again!"

THE END.

## PEACE AT THE CROSS.

Youthful follies lightly pass
Soon forgotten; but, alas!
Like the swiftly falling snow,
Soon a crushing weight they grow.

Joy and peace are quickly fled,
And the soul is filled with dread.
Oh, what power relief can bring—
From the heart the burden fling?

Vain the agonizing fear,
Vain the penitential tear,
Till before the cross we kneel,
And the grace of pardon feel.

## WORK.

There is work in the crowded street;
There is work in the silent cell;
'Mid the noisiest hum and the busiest feet; [meet;
In the hall where thronging multitudes
In the hovel where outcasts dwell.

Stay not to choose your path,
Shrink not from heat or cold;
Sow by all waters, the Master saith,
Then nourish the seed by prayer and faith,
And you'll gather a hundred-fold.

## FISHING—A HOLIDAY RHYME.

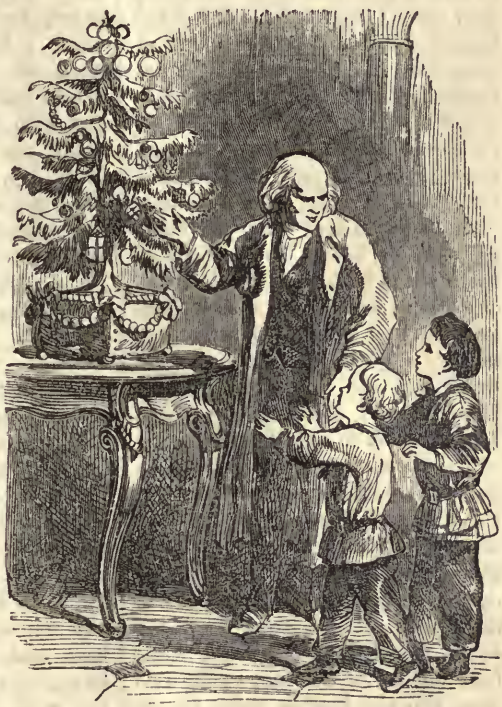
BY ADELBERT OLDER.

Just released from book and school,
And the master's rigid rule,
Brain brimful of evil wishes
'Gainst the cunning little fishes,
With my rod and line and hook
Straight I hie me to the brook,
To the little sheltered nook,
Where the trout that lie in wait
Eager snap the tempting bait,
And, with great surprise and wonder,
Find a sharp hook hidden under.
With a basket on my arm,
Tempting worms the fish to charm,
Seated on the grassy sod
Fix my line upon the rod,
Heeding not its twist and squirm,
On my hook impale a worm.
Then, close by a shelving brink,
Drop it in and let it sink.
See the fish, so shy and cunning,
Now approaching it, now running
Back into their hiding-places
In the funniest of races.
One, more venturesome than others,
Greedier than all his brothers,
Takes the morsel in his maw,
Finds the sharp hook in his jaw,
And, in spite of struggling, leaping,
Through the air he now is sweeping,
And then, bleeding, torn, alas!
Soon lies panting on the grass.
(Ye who say the sport is cruel,
Know, consistency's a jewel;
If 'tis wrong the way we treat 'em,
Do ye never cook and eat 'em?)
Thus I watch each jerk and pull,
Till at length, my basket full,
Carefully my line I wind,
And, departing, leave behind
Many more "of the same sort"
For another day of sport.

Le Roy, Ill., *Aug.* 18*th*, 1862.

# THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER.

## A CHRISTMAS DREAM.



SUCH an exciting time was never known in the great city of Tattletown as took place a few days before Christmas, 1861, if we go back as far as the oldest inhabitant could remember. The eyes of the little folks glowed and sparkled like so many dew-drops, and it really seemed that they had discovered what our wisest men, philosophers, and sages have been hunting after for a thousand years, but never found—the science of perpetual motion. Their little tongues flew so fast, it was quite impossible to answer one half their questions.

It seemed for a few days that everything would learn to talk, animate as well as inanimate. Long dialogues would occasionally be held with the old cat in the corner, who would shut one eye and lay back one ear, and look as wise as though she understood all that was said to her. The fire-dogs had paper caps put on their heads, and went through an interesting dialogue as Aunt Sue and Hiram Hatchet. The old rocking-chair had a shawl thrown over his shoulders, and was christened with the goodly name of Uncle William, and the graceful ease with which he would bow to their questions made him quite a gentleman among them. Each chair had a name taken from the contributors to the MUSEUM, and a grand council was held to talk about the greatest wonder of the year. And what was it? Why, simply this: The superintendent of our Sabbath-school had just given notice that a Christmas-tree would be prepared, and all the little folks invited to come on Christmas eve, and receive a gift. The most important point to be decided was who should stay at home, for all the little folks must go, of course.

It was finally decided, all yeas but one, that I must stay. I will confess

I was a little peevish about it at first, but finally submitted, with as much grace as possible under the circumstances, and lay down on the lounge to have a cosy time of it. How long I lay there I don't know, but I at last became sensible that some kind of conspiracy was going on around me. First, the fire-dogs began to bow very gracefully to me; next, the old cat in the corner stood up on her hind legs, and with her paw gave me a military salute in latest style; the old rocking-chair began to bend back and forth, and make his bows; long sections of books in the book-case, and the lamp on the mantle-stand, threw themselves into attitudes and passed before me, as their major-general, in grand review; and last of all, the queerest little old man the world ever saw jumped up on to a shelf in the corner of the room, and was just as polite and military like as all the rest. He was not more than two feet high, a face as round as an apple, a dozen ears all round his face, while his nose stood right in the middle of his face, and in the middle of each cheek he had a small, round, sparkling eye, while from the end of his nose swung two long, clownish-looking arms, for all the world more like grasshoppers' legs than arms.

The little old man kept bowing, bowing, and bowing, until I thought he would break his neck, till at last he broke out into a ringing laugh. "Well, well," said he, "you thought I should break my neck, did you? Oh, no, I am not so much of a fool as all that comes to; but as you and I are all alone, except these ladies and gentlemen [making his bow to the book-case, fire-dogs, rocking-chair, etc.], suppose we have a chat about old times."

"Old times, indeed! What do you know about old times? We have never met before."

"Never met before! That is too bad. Why, sir, I have stood here for twenty-five years, and met you every day. I have had to work, work, work all the time, with a heavy weight pulling the cords of my heart, and with this little hammer I must strike my bell seventy-eight times every day, ten hundred and ninety-two times a week, and fifty-six thousand nine hundred and forty times a year, to keep up with your time, and yet you pretend not to know me."

"I believe I have not that pleasure," I replied.

"Well, well, let me give you the time of day," he replied.

With that, he gave a low, chuckling laugh, as though he was immensely tickled at something, raised his hammer, and gave his little bell seven or eight smart raps, and as soon as the sharp, ringing sound died away, continued—

"I am not fond of complaining; but you see the amount of labor I have had to perform for the last twenty-five years is enormous, and all this work has been done *on tick*, to keep up with your *time*, and this is but a small part of my labor. I tell you when to go to bed at night, when to get up in the morning. I call you to breakfast, dinner, and tea, when to go to church, and the children when to go to school.

"Again. I not only do all this for you without pay, but I can tell you, with as many ears as I have got, I hear all that I will, good and bad. When your pastor called to see why you were not at church last Sabbath, you told him you were unwell, when in fact you got up too late, and had

all your political newspapers to read. You did not even say your family prayers—not only told a falsehood, but acted the hypocrite."

"Indeed!" said I, in some alarm. "Who are you? man, angel, or imp, sent to reprove me of my faults?"

"Neither of them, but an old friend, standing here to keep my *time* and tell the truth; and besides what I have said, I have a few more things laid up in memory to tell you. You have not acted honestly with your little folks; for many a time, when they have made so much noise, I could hardly feel my heart beat. You have told them to be still, or you would whip them all. In a short time they would be as noisy as ever, and they have found out you neither say what you mean nor do what you say you will. A pretty way to talk to young folks, who copy all your bad acts, and despise the good, because you are not consistent in what you say or do."

"Well, well," I replied, "I suppose such inconsistencies were quite too small to be noticed."

"They may be small, 'tis true, but a lifetime is made up of such small matters, and are constantly copied by the young, as the poet says—

> "The evil men do live after them—
> The good is often buried with them."

"Ah, ha! my good friend, I perceive you have studied poetry as well as philosophy. Please give a quotation from 'Don Juan.'"

The old man grew red in the face instantly, as he replied—

"I will do no such thing, and if you wish to insult me, I will have nothing more to say to you. You have read 'Don Juan' enough to corrupt your whole life."

With these words he seized a tumbler of water which stood by him, and flung the whole straight at my head. A cold shiver ran over me. The rocking-chair fell over against the book-case, and a whole section of books fell on the floor with an awful crash. The old cat in the corner fled for her life, and amid the general crash the door of the room was pushed violently open, and the room filled with as happy and noisy a set of little folks as this world ever saw.

Almost one year has passed away. The little old man still stands in his corner, and keeps as busy as ever with his little bell; but I must confess that I never take up a newspaper on a Sunday, or speak a word to the little folks, but I take an uneasy glance at him, and it may be fancy, but I sometimes think he gives me now and then a knowing wink with his keen, round, little eyes.

In fact, I have never ventured to take another nap in that room, which makes me think, after all, perhaps, I may be somewhat guilty.

UNCLE TIM.

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down the ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm, unruffled way.
Time with such a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.
Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die
Shapes of light are wafted hither –
Then, like visions, hurry by.
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

# RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

The Mastiff has a well-built form—
His shaggy coat endures the storm;
He is to man a faithful friend—
He'll guard his house—his life defend.

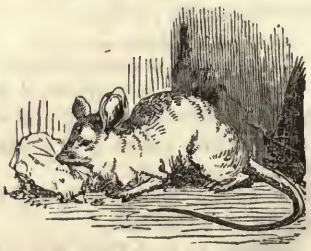
The great Bald Eagle looks on high—
Right on the sun he sets his eye;
His nest is on some dizzy height;
His strong wings bear him out of sight.

The Fox is very sly,
He's also very spry;
He's full of naughty tricks,
He likes to steal the chicks;
His cunning little head
And bushy tail are red.

The Owl hides away
From the light of the day;
He is droll and sedate
Until it is late;
And then all the night
His eyes are quite bright;
He steals birds and mice,
Which he eats in a trice.

The timid little Rabbit
Has a silky fur
Like snow—his eyes are pinkish;

And whene'er you stir,
He cocks up both long ears,
For he is full of fears.



A wondrous set of teeth
Has the ugly Rat;
He will gnaw everything,
Be it round or flat;
His whiskers and his tail are long—
Where there is one, there is a throng.

# THE DAUGHTER'S GIFT.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY—Will you please give me a snug little corner somewhere in your magazine? I want to tell your boys and girls a true story, the heroine of which was with me a few hours ago. She is so modest that I must change her name, and also most of the others, in this little history, but otherwise I shall, as far as practicable, tell the plain, unvarnished truth.

## THE DAUGHTER'S GIFT.

One sunny day in the summer of the present year, two pale, poorly clad children were seen timidly approaching a tasteful country residence within five miles of the flourishing city of Newark. Hand in hand they walked slowly up the broad path, glanced at the curtained windows, and finally loitered irresolutely upon the long piazza. Suddenly the appearance of a small dog with a very large bark decided their movements, and the elder child, a bright-looking girl of thirteen years, pulled nervously at the door-bell.

"Is Mrs. Wade at home?" she asked of the servant who answered the ring.

"Mrs. Wade ain't in—she's down to Newark," said the woman, and the door was closing gradually, shutting out the two anxious faces.

"Who's there, Ann?" called out a pleasant voice from the parlor.

"It's two childer, mum, asking for Mrs. Wade;" and Ann looked as if she wished that poor children and door-bells had never been invented.

"Ask them in, please."

In a kinder tone Ann bade the children "go in there," as she threw open the parlor door and whisked off to attend to her work. They entered, and while the younger child held tightly to the other's dress and looked wonderingly about her, the elder addressed the young lady whose voice she had heard.

"You don't remember Mrs. Martin, do you, ma'am?"

"No, I do not," answered the lady, half smiling. "Why?"

"Nothing, ma'am, only perhaps your mother does, and she isn't home," rejoined the child sadly; and her lip trembled.

"Tell me about her," urged the lady soothingly, "perhaps I may remember her."

"She's my mother, and used to live very near here, in the next cottage, ma'am, years ago, when father was good and she had everything comfortable; and sometimes when she was sick, Mrs. Wade used to come over to see her. I was a little baby then, but mother has often told me since about Mrs. Wade, and little Charlie and Kitty Wade, how they used to come see her, and think so much of her apple pies—the children did, I mean; and then when father took to drinking, everything went wrong with mother—she got poorer and poorer every day, until she had to leave the pretty cottage and take rooms down in Newark."

"And your father's name was John Martin. Yes, I remember the name," said the young lady, "and where is he now?"

"Mother don't know where he is, ma'am. He's been gone, oh! ever so long—more than two years; but he was dreadful bad when he was home,

and we were all afraid of him, on account of his drinking," added the girl, quickly, "otherwise he'd have been as good as any man."

"Does he ever send your mother any money?" inquired Miss Wade.

"Oh! no, indeed," was the reply; "he didn't support her even when he was home. Mother's had to sell 'most all her furniture, and work very hard to get on."

"How many children has she?"

"There's three of us, altogether, and Ida, the littlest, is getting to be very delicate. Mother's taken in sewing all along, but work is so scarce now that she is nearly discouraged. I've often wanted to come up here among her old neighbors and see if I couldn't get her some sewing, but mother couldn't bear for people to know how father had turned out, and so I never came; but this morning, when I saw Ida setting there so weak and pale, and mother crying to herself while she was trying to comfort her, I couldn't stand it any longer. Do you think, ma'am," added the child, raising her large eyes earnestly toward the young lady, "that your mother, or any of the neighbors, have any work they would let me take home? Mother's a beautiful sewer."

"I hardly know, my child, but we can try—come in the next room, and while you and—what's this little one's name?"

"Lizzie, ma'am, and mine is Addie."

"Well, then, while you and Lizzie are eating some dinner, I will write a note to a lady who may possibly give your mother employment." * * *

When the children reached their home that afternoon, they bounded into the room with a joyous shout—

"Oh, mother, there's a lady coming to see you in the morning, to bring you some work, and see, here are lots of things for you!" The mother's eye brightened. "Mrs. Wade remembered me, then. But, children, surely you did not *beg*."

"Oh! no, indeed, mother; Miss Wade sent the things of her own accord, for a present;" and the children gave forthwith an account of their morning's adventure.

The next day brought the promised work, and before a week had passed another customer was found, and still another. Addie's joy knew no bounds. After a while a little shop-work was obtained also, and the needle again flew industriously in Mrs. Martin's neat little room. Addie and Lizzie were busy and happy as bees; to their simple ideas work was wealth, and surely their mother would soon have work in plenty.

To Mrs. Wade's house Addie and Lizzie went frequently. It was a long walk from Newark, but were not pleasant words and kind counsel worth walking any distance for? The children had become known to every member of Mrs. Wade's household, and had received more than one substantial token of their friendship.

So the days and weeks passed on. Mrs. Martin, by working almost incessantly at her sewing, contrived to keep her little family at least clothed and sheltered. Ida became stronger, while Addie and her sister attended a neighboring public school.

"I can ill spare them," thought the mother, "but my poor girls must not grow up in ignorance."

One day Addie approached Mrs. Wade's door with a sad, weary air.

"Halloa! Addie!" shouted two merry boys as she entered the gate, "come here and we'll give you a swing."

"No, boys, I can't stay long. I want to see your grandmother or your aunts—are they at home?"

"Grandma and all, except mother, have gone to Newark," answered the boys; "but come in," added the younger, a laughing-eyed little fellow named Harry, "come in and see mother; Jamie, you go see if she's in the garden, and I'll look in the house."

The mother, a daughter of Mrs. Allen, was soon found, and she gave a hearty welcome to her visitor.

"Well, Addie, how are you all getting on this warm weather, and how is your mother?"

"Mother has plenty of shop-work, Mrs. Harrington," answered Addie, with a sigh, "but she isn't well; we tried so hard to get the sewing, and were all so glad when it came, and now I do believe it's killing her."

"*Killing* her, Addie?"

"Well, I don't know as it's as bad as that—but you ought to see her, Mrs. Harrington—she's so pale and tired-looking to what she used to be, I'm sure you'd say she is working herself sick."

"What kind of work does your mother do, Addie?"

"She makes soldiers' knapsacks for the stores, ma'am; they look just like leather when they're done, but they're made of coarse linen and then stiffened some way, and varnished black. There's a great deal of sewing on them, and—oh! Mrs. Harrington," she added, her eyes filling with tears, "it's awful to see mother sewing so steady, night and day, on those knapsacks, at eight cents apiece! We help her all we can after school, but all of us together can hardly earn enough to pay the rent, let alone buying food and clothing."

"Can not your mother get other kinds of work from the shops?" asked Mrs. Harrington.

"Yes, ma'am, there is plenty to be done, but mother says the prices are so low that she can not possibly earn more than two dollars a week with her needle. If she only had a sewing-machine she could get on very well, she says. Oh! Mrs. Harrington, how I do wish I could earn enough money to buy mother a machine!"

A sudden thought struck Mrs. Harrington.

"Addie, go and ask Jamie for the last number of his MERRY'S MUSEUM."

Addie brought it.

"Now," resumed Mrs. H., "do you think you could get some subscribers to this pretty magazine?"

"Subscribers, ma'am," exclaimed Addie, blankly—"what are subscribers?"

Mrs. H. explained. "And now, Addie," she continued, "hear what Robert Merry offers! To any one who will obtain for him eighty subscribers, he will give a $45 WHEELER AND WILSON SEWING-MACHINE NEW FROM THE FACTORY. What do you say to that?"

Addie's eyes grew very bright. "Oh! Mrs. Harrington, if I only could; but where would I go for subscribers?"

"Go? Why, to all the families in Newark, and, if necessary, in Elizabeth, Belleville, Irvington, anywhere within a circuit of six miles from home."

Addie's eyes fairly sparkled now.

"Mrs. Harrington, *I will do it.* If I live, mother shall have a machine this very winter—perhaps this month—who knows!"

God knew, and who can doubt that he put strength into that brave little heart!

Mrs. H. wrote at once to the publisher, Mr. Stearns, and received a generous reply, accompanied by full instructions, specimen copies of the magazine, and promising to furnish the machine to her for a smaller number of subscribers.

Addie felt that she had made another friend in the kind-hearted publisher, and went to work with a will.

In two weeks she carried to Mrs. H. $10 and the names of ten new subscribers.

"Good for you, Addie!" exclaimed her delighted friend. "I will send your first installment down to Mr. Stearns at once. Did you have much difficulty in getting them?"

"Yes, ma'am, a little, for the times are so hard; almost everybody liked the book, but said they could not spare the dollar for subscription, and a good many doubted my word before I showed them Mr. Stearns' letter. That was the hardest to bear, but it is only natural perhaps when they didn't know me. I won't give it up now, though," she added, "no, not if I had to walk hundreds of miles!"

To go into all the detail of Addie's efforts to obtain her list of subscribers would fill a volume, and I must be brief. After she was enabled to show the first receipt from Mr. Stearns acknowledging the $10, her word was no longer doubted, but she had of course some trouble to encounter—occasionally a harsh denial or unkind cutting word would fall to her lot, but for her mother's sake she could endure them all.

Day after day, through rain and sunshine, the little girl trudged cheerfully along on her errand of love, stopping at nearly every dwelling in the principal streets of Newark, and when these were exhausted she went to Elizabeth, Orange, Belleville, and Bloomfield, often walking a distance of six or eight miles to obtain the name of some promised subscriber.

In order to lose no time, Addie left her day-school and attended faithfully a night-school in Newark, where those who are engaged all day in earning their livelihood may go in the evening, from six to nine o'clock, and receive excellent instruction gratis. Many kind friends did she make during her canvassing, and many a substantial present was sent by them to her astonished mother. One day a barrel of apples was left at her door, and warm shawls, shoes, and dresses for the winter were sent to the little ones. At nearly all the houses at which she called, Addie left cards bearing Mrs. Martin's address and the words "plain sewing neatly executed." These were written by Mrs. Harrington at Addie's request, "because," said the stout-hearted girl, "I intend that mother shall have plenty of customers when the machine comes."

Her greatest friends, though, were the children; she had but to show them a few tempting pictures in the Museum and tell her simple project, when they would rush to their mothers and eagerly second Addie's more quiet appeal.

"I never coaxed anybody," said Addie one day to Mrs. H.; "I told my story honestly, and felt sure that whoever gave me their dollar would receive the full worth of their money," and between you and I, reader, I think she was right.

To make a long story short, I must hasten to describe a little scene that occurred at Mrs. Allen's about ten days ago. Mrs. Harrington was on the piazza busily engaged in attending to an aquarium full of fish, when

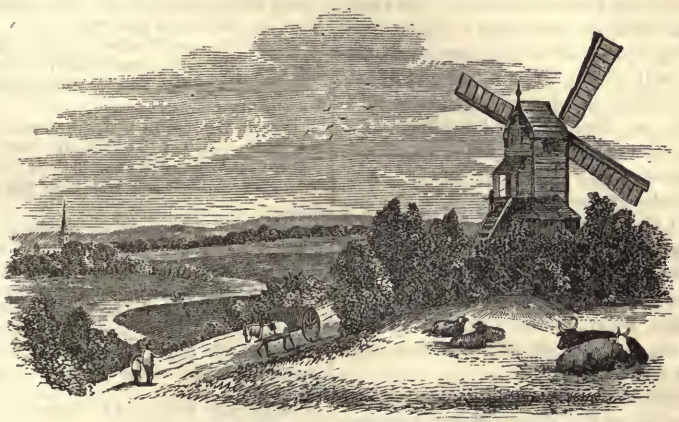
she heard a familiar voice, and, turning around, saw Addie, pale no longer, but ruddy and joyous, running up the garden path.

"Good news, Mrs. Harrington!" she shouted; "I've got them all, and I've brought up ten dollars and the last ten names—now mother can have a machine!"

And so mother did get her machine, a splendid one, "new from the factory;" and, what is almost as well, many ladies who had received the written cards have promised her work for the winter; and as for the knapsacks, why, to use Mrs. Martin's own words, "it will be as much fun as work to rattle them through the machine."

"After all," said Miss Wade the other day to Mrs. Martin, "it was worth passing through some sorrow to find out the worth of your little girl."

"Yes, indeed," answered the proud mother, "only I knew it well enough before—but really it's most like a dream; there I was so sorrowful and despairing less than three months ago—and now Addie has been so good and affectionate, and Ida's better, and we've a sewing machine, and plenty of work,—it really seems too good to be true!" M. E. D



## THE OLD MILL.

Oh! the old, old mill, with its moss-grown roof,
To ramble around thee is joy enough.
To sit beside you and listen your clank,
As the timber is turned from logs to plank—
To see the great wheel, as it slowly turns,
Dashing the water on the bright green ferns [brook,
That grow by the side of the running
Which, turning away with a sudden crook, [ling away,
Goes dashing and foaming and spark-
Like a frolicsome child at merry play.
Around the mill are a thousand sweet nooks,
As romantic as those described in books. [day,
And one might wander around it all
And yet when the eve came, wish still to stay. Elfie Dryad.

# Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE year is growing old; its bright garments have been laid aside for the plain brown, better suited to its declining age, and its locks are already whitened with the snows of winter. But the sadder the face of nature without, the more cheerful is the glow of our Merry parlor. Age grows young in the light and warmth of the smiles here beaming from every countenance. Here Uncle Robert gathers perennial freshness, Aunt Sue remains juvenile and jubilant, Uncle William forgets that he is aught but a boy, and Uncle Hiram, though now but a casual visitor, keeps up a joyous heart in the remembrance of the good times enjoyed. Boys and girls, what do you think? A few outsiders, unacquainted in our circle (as you will readily believe), have inquired if the Chat could be sustained through these war times. They have looked for the MUSEUM, parlor and all, to be extinguished by the war clouds. No, indeed—our stars are not so easily put out; they shine serenely far above the clouds—to come down from the stately to the lively style—they are full of *shines;* are they not, Fleta, Blue-Eyes, Madge, Daisy, Nellie Van, Black-Eyes, N. O., O. O., and all the other eyes and no's?

Christmas is coming; how shall we keep it up? Uncle William proposes that we fill Uncle Robert's stocking with gold dollars, or paper ones, accompanied with a request for a ticket to the MUSEUM for the whole of next year. What say you to that? Capital! Troops of old friends will, no doubt, engage a ticket, for you know Uncle Robert has promised to exhibit himself next month to all who pay their entrance fee. Sh— here he comes—say nothing. Let's take him by surprise. Now we'll go on with our Chat as though nothing was about to happen; perhaps Uncle Robert himself will have something to say about that picture before the Chat closes.

---

POINT GREEN, *Nov.* 1

What a glorious idea! Last year Aunt Sue's smiling face looked upon us, and now we are to be favored with Uncle Robert. Of course there will be a regiment of new subscribers.

Adelbert Older, Janus has been opened at last. Now for your chance. "Pitch in."

Uncle William, I have a place reserved for you in my album. Won't *you* exchange with me?

George T. McKinney, we, Wilforley and I, would be pleased to meet you, but I'll venture to wager something large that we are not going to chase the D. Z.'s all over to find you.

Wanderer, welcome to our Merry circle. Did you mean that request for the male as well as female portion of our group?

Oliver O., forgive my impertinence, but did the verdict which you told Sybil Gray of, relate to our lost Willie? If so, that has been my idea for some time.

Jim, 'tis a suggestion which should have been made before. Come, come, girls, pitch in; station your pickets.

Jr., your compliment was more than I expected, but as far as I am concerned, I think you do the others injustice.

Dan Z. B., how do you like the specimens? Guess some one is "up to snuff."

Winifred, Winifred! thou art our acknowledged queen.

Nell, I think we can be friends. I accept your proffered hand. Let there be a good, friendly shake.

Daisy W., you would long since have received the *c. de v.*, if you had only given me your address.

Blue-Eyes, thanks for the love and kisses; they were the sweetest that I have yet received.

Heartsease, come to me. I have needed the comfort that your name says you can bestow, many times.

Lieut. Ryder, Geo. T. McK., Jasper, Tommy, Wanderer, and all ye Merry soldiers and sailors, may the great God

grant you a safe return to the loving friends at home, after all traitors shall have been put down!

Fleta F., won't you exchange with me, and, in fact, all the Merrys? You will find my address in the August number. From LESLIE.

Uncle William will remember Leslie. Shall it be at full length, or cut down, like your letter?

---

DEAR UNCLE:—Won't you please let me come in? I'm a little body and don't take up much room. I have been wanting such a long time to join the Merry circle, but did not dare venture, although I knew that Uncle Merry had a heart so large and warm he could not refuse me admittance. Winifred, may I come and sit near you? You look so lovable, I can not resist the temptation; I must steal a kiss.

Leslie, don't you recognize? Look again; I think we have met before.

Daisy Wildwood, I see you among those flowers, over in the corner. Zephyr, can't you raise a "gentle breeze," and waft some of their perfume this way?

I miss Busy Bee. Where has she flown to?

Tommy, H. A. D., and G. T. McK., I have had the pleasure of looking upon a representation of your interesting features, and consider myself already acquainted.

Osceola, I believe we are fellow-citizens and reside quite near each other. Surely we ought to be good friends.

But there is Uncle Hi coming this way with that terrible instrument. Let me go while there is a chance for escape.

MINERVA.

Certainly, you may come in. Here's Uncle Robert's hand, always extended, and heart always open, to all the Merry boys and girls. Take a seat side of Winifred and Leslie. I have looked for you before; shake hands all around, for all are friends here.

---

*Oct.* 9, 1862.

Wilforley, I don't know about giving you my photo—send me yours first, and then I will see about it.

Good for you, A. N. I agree with you; if I had been a boy I would not belong to "The Home Guard of Yonkers."

Saucy Nell, you are right; don't introduce a foreign language into the Chat.

Ah, Jean Quilp, you are caught! I knew you were telling a story. Mattie whispered to me the name of that young lady.

Jim, there is a hospital for soldiers very near us, and all the lint I make goes there, so I can not send any as you propose.

Nell of B——, send me your carte and I'll send one of MADCAP.

---

As we anticipated, there is a lively time among the Merrys in anticipation of a visit from Uncle Robert in the January number. The promised portrait is being engraved, and will prove an excellent likeness. Please bear in mind the terms on which it will be sent, viz., to every subscriber, new or old, who shall pay for a year in advance.

It would give us much pleasure to send it free to every one who had ever been numbered among the friends of the MUSEUM, but the greatly increased expenses of publishing caused by the rise in the price of printing paper, war taxes, etc., demand that the greatest economy be practiced, and also make it more desirable than ever that our friends should do all in their power to aid us, by promptly paying their own subscriptions, and sending as many new names as they can gather. Will you each try to bring one more to enjoy with you the feast of good things now being prepared for the coming year? We have already engaged some of the best writers in the country, in addition to those already connected with the MUSEUM, and can promise a year's volume unsurpassed by any that have preceded it.

See if you can not secure one of the fine premiums offered for getting subscribers. Read the true story in this number entitled "The Daughter's Gift," showing what even a little girl can do, if she is thoroughly in earnest.

LIBBIE asks for a seat by Fred Warren, would like Wilforley's photo, and does like Daisy.

"A. M. L." has been waiting outside the parlor three years. Really her initials must stand for A Modest Lass. She asks for a corner near Aunt Sue and Winifred, to whom she sends special regards.

CORA ALDEN knocks timidly, and is welcomed in. She lives in Chicago, and would like to know Annie E. D., Brown-Eyes, Saucy Nell, and all the others.

N. O. MOORE, one of our Merry soldier boys, writes from Camp Tuttle, Iowa. He is full of patriotism and has warm friendship for all his brothers in arms. May we always have one *more* among our friends.

Several letters in type must stand over till next month.

THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—A new volume of Sabbath School Songs, by Wm. B. Bradbury, comes to us filled with the choicest music. We have tested it from beginning to end and find it all "very good." We know of no better collection of Sunday School music unless it be the *Golden Chain*. The children all love Bradbury's songs, and we hardly turn a street but what some one is singing, or humming, or whistling one of his beautiful tunes. Our readers will find an occasional selection in the MUSEUM from the SHOWER, which we know they will learn to sing.

To those who are in search of a good article of jewelry, we commend our friend Johnston, of the Bowery, who can furnish anything of the best quality at the shortest notice. Read his advertisement in this number, and try him.

# Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

BERTHA wins the prize for October, having correctly answered 25 out of the 29 puzzles.

## Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

A PUZZLE AND RIDDLE.

now up and full
Earth the trees Heaven
Your O turns to o X 1.

**328.** (Translate the above into a verse of poetry, and then solve the riddle.)
*Harry's Father.*

**329.** Express with five letters a sentence containing five words and 17 letters. *S. D. H.*

ANAGRAMS.

**330.** *A slim regent* may sometimes be seen in ———. *Hawthorne.*

**331.** *Mice in drains* can scarcely be accused of ———. *C. F. W.*

**332.** ——— sometimes hurt as badly as *those nails.* *H. N. Rouse.*

**333.** ——— went to *a great mart.* *Ida May.*

**334.** Why are misers quarrelsome?
*C. W. J.*

**335.** Entire I am composed of five letters, and am often seen on the face: in me may be found (a) something worn on the head, (b, c) two different animals, (d) a bird, (e) an adjective, and (f) an interjection.
*Blue-Eyes.*

**336.** My first is an important member of the body; my second is a kind of dwelling; my whole we all should be. *Jr.*

**337.** I am composed of 12 letters:
My 12, 8, 4, 10 is a girl's name.
My 7, 5, 6, 9 has been much discussed lately.
My 10, 2, 1 is an article of food.
My 11, 2, 3 is part of the body.
My whole was one of the prose writers of Germany. *Young Joe.*

ANAGRAMS ON THE NAMES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

**338.** No nice ball. *Sam T. K.*

**339.** A mantel up, sir. *Eddie.*

**340.** O! perplex a dean.
*D. P. & W. W. W.*

**341.** Fred of Javisens. *M. E. M.*

**342.** Jo loves to hunch Nero. *Ada.*

**343.** Take a letter from a surname, and still leave the whole. *C. F. W.*

**344.** Why is the warm season always short? *A. Older.*

**345.** 200000N1100. *Fred W. C. C.*

**346.** I am composed of 17 letters :
My 4, 5, 12, 6, 13 is a ruler.
My 1, 2, 11, 6, 7 is a boy's name.
My 8, 17, 10, 12 is a color.
My 9, 5, 14, 12 is a musical instrument.
My 3, 15, 16, 14 we all enjoy.
My whole is a celebrated musical composer. *Gipsy.*

**347.** I am composed of 7 letters :
My 3, 2, 5 is a boy's nickname.
My 5, 4, 1 is a household article.
My 7, 6, 3 is an animal.
My whole has been much talked about lately. *Jeannie R. B.*

**348.** I am composed of 22 letters :
My 1, 18, 6, 4 is a musical instrument.
My 8, 16, 3, 14 is a girl's name.
My 7, 11, 2, 17 is an animal.
My 19, 20, 9, 10 is a celebrated mountain.
My 12, 5, 13, 22, 21 is a girl's name.
My 15, 5 is a pronoun.
My whole is a very useful book.
*Jolly Rover.*

NAMES OF PLACES.

**349.** A sort of trunk, and an affix.

**350.** Half a girl's name, and a word signifying above. *A. S. W.*

**351.** My first (by adding a letter) is to select ; my second is much used by the cook ; my whole was a Lord.
*Dedicated to D. P. & W. W. W. by H. O., and J. W. Dusenberry.*

**352.** Curtail a ruler and leave an animal ; behead the animal and leave an ancient king ; transpose the king into a verb. *Clementina.*

**353.** Add an interrogation to relief and make a flower. *C. W. J.*

**354.** XXU805150E. *Blanche.*

**355.** A standard ; an animal ; part of an apple ; "also ;" and a town in Europe : these all spell backward and forward the same, and their initials spell another European town. *C. F. Warren.*

**356.** HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

*(Answers to the foregoing must be sent in on or before the 10th of January.)*

## Answers to Questions in Oct. No.

**267.** Surface.

**268.** Tennessee (10 A C).

**269.** Ounce, cat, pig, horse, seal, cow.

**270.** Weed, need, meed, feed, deed, heed, reed, seed.

**271.** Patapsco.

**272.** Puck.

**273.** Level.

**274.** Fund.

**275.** Mum, Abba, Dad, Anna, Minim—MADAM.

**276.** Poe (Edgar A.)

**277.** Rebecca, rebec.

**278.** Loops, spool.

**279.** Animal, lamina.

**280.** When they are candidates (candied dates).

**281.** Because it is ink-lined (inclined).

**282.** When he declines to drink.

**283.** Scent, cents.

**284.** Cytisus.

**285.** Congregationalism.

**286.** Napoleon Bonaparte.

**287.** Scraping lint for the soldiers.

**288.** Sable, Horn, May, Cod.

**289.** Band, brand.

**290.** O, C, W (oh see double you).

**291.** C and Y (Candy).

**292.** Cowl, cow.,

**293.** Woodcock.

**294.** Fin e words R no tall-waist hem ark sofa K in D heart. (Fine words are not always the marks of a kind heart.)

**295.** Once upon a time a horrid, cross, overbearing man undertook to beat his wife upon a very small provocation indeed ; but she understood and overcame

his evil intention, for before he could injure her, she demolished him in a little time with a cudgel.

BERTHA answers all but 279, 283, 284, 294.

*Jeannie M.* answers all but 271, 279, 284, 291, 294.

*Alpha* answers all but 268, 274, 275, 276, 284.

*Frank* answers all but 277, 283, 284, 290, 294.

*Lucy W. C.* answers all but 268, 271, 275, 283, 284, 294.

*Anna W. N.* answers all but 271, 274, 278, 284, 290, 294, 295.

*E. W. W.* answers all but 277, 279, 283, 284, 290, 292, 294.

*Clementina* answers all but 268, 275, 283, 284, 285, 289, 290.

*Ned W.* answers all but 271, 275, 277, 279, 283, 284, 294.

*Johnny* answers all but 274, 275, 277, 279, 280, 283, 284, 290, 294.

*Blanche* answers all but 268, 275, 277, 280, 282, 283, 284, 290, 291.

*C. M. E.* answers all but 269, 272, 274, 275, 277, 279, 284, 290, 292, 294.

*Mary A. E.* answers all but 271, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 279, 283, 284, 294.

*C. W. J.* answers 268, 269, 270, 271, 275, 276, 280, 281, 282, 286, 287, 288, 291, 292.

*M. L. Dolbeer* answers 267, 270, 273, 285, 286, 287, 288, 293, 295.

*S. D. H.* answers 267, 268, 286, 287, 288, 291, 292, 293.

*Josie* answers 270, 276, 280, 285, 288, 290.

*Mamie E. M.* answers 269, 271, 288, 291.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Bertha*, please send me your address.

*C. M. E*—You may not care to know it, but I like the tone of your letter very much.

*Wanderer*.—I was glad to hear from you again, and thank you for the inclosure, which I much prefer to the first you sent.

*Alice Clayton*.—Thanks to you for your *c. de v.*, and the pretty things in your letter. *Wanderer* is your *vis-à-vis*.

*Elfie Dryad*.—Not vexed, are you?

*Winifred*.—You have my sincere congratulations. Your letter to *Geo. T. McK.* was safely received. I thank you for writing to him. Several of my dear nieces have asked me if I think it "proper" for them to write to the soldier-boys. Indeed I do. There is a sanctifying influence about the correspondence of pure-minded females that may be of inestimable value to those subjected to all the evil influences of camp life. It is for you, dear girls, to see that it *remains* "proper." So write to the poor fellows, cheer and comfort them, and prove to them that they are not forgotten.

*Jenny D.* (of Great Barrington)—I shall expect you to write to me very soon, and I want you to kiss "Major" and "Star-Eyed Lottie" for me. I hope "Tip" and "Topsey" are quite well.

*Fred W. C. C.*—Somebody wishes I knew what a "nice fellow" you are. Guess who.

*Johnny*.—When you send *answers*, please send the numbers of the puzzles as they are printed in the magazine instead of "1, 2, 3, 4," etc.

*Wilforley*.—I did take the liberty of "doctoring" the puzzle. (To be continued.)

*Blanche*. — *Didn't* you overshoot the mark in answering 268? Your answers will do for original puzzles; so I will file them away. "The picture next to the hart" was merely a bush belonging to the *hart landscape*.

*Clementina*.—I am very glad you liked it.

*M. L. Dolbeer*.—Your letter was highly satisfactory, as it proved your interest in us and ours.

*Lucy W. C.*—I am as much in the dark concerning S. G. as yourself. Politically, you and I seem to stand upon the same platform: "God save the right;" aren't we there?

*Busy Bee*.—We do not forget you, nor love you less.

*Osceola*.—You will find the solution upon page 31 of the July number. The "pitcher" is a "ewer" (pronounced "your").

*Tommy*.—What's the matter?

*Jasper*.—I hope you received my letter.

*F. F.*—Gone?

Will the cousins who send sentences for the prize, please write them on a separate piece of paper, and affix their signatures?